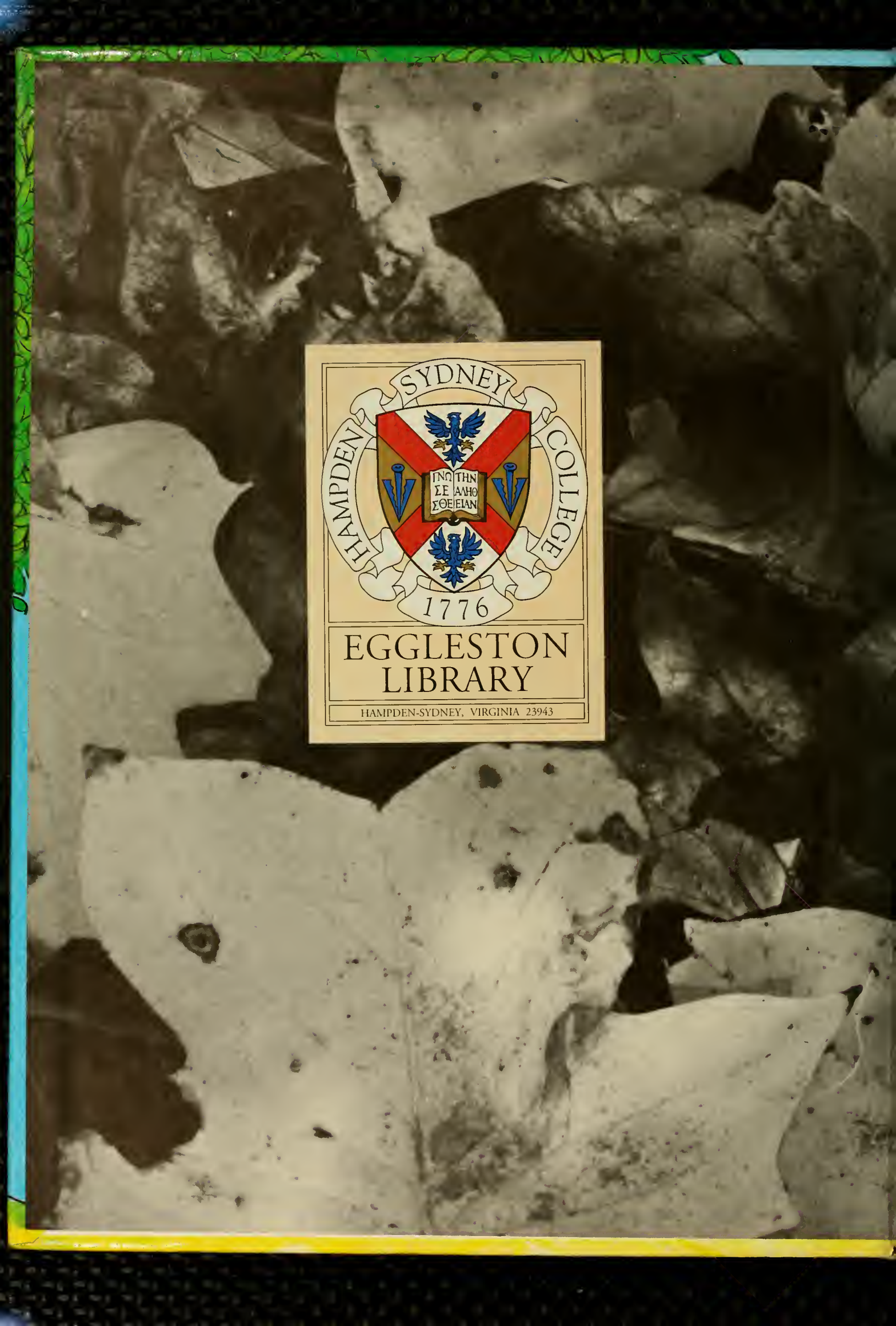

TREEHOUSE
Kaleidoscope
VOLUME LXXXVIII · 1986


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"Someday, damn it, we'll have a treehouse of our own. We'll build it out in the woods where Mother can't find us. And we'll eat when we want, what we want. We'll bring our friends. And no girls."

—Richard E. McLean



TREEHOUSE

Kaleidoscope

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Opening



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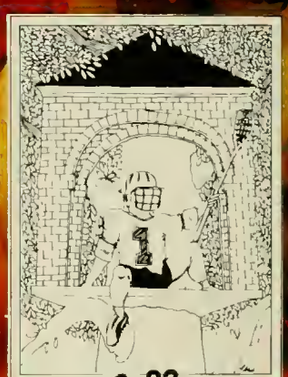
Demand not that events should happen as you wish but wish them to happen as they do happen and you will go on well

17



Faculty-Administration

to all the arts which are called liberal if taught best laws prepared the way for all wisdom and finally made it possible for them no longer to be called barbarians



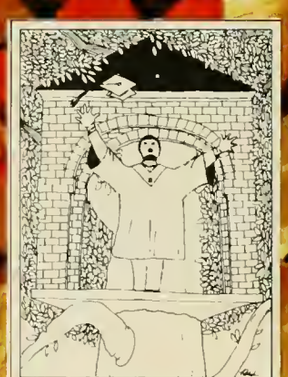
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You never really leave a place you love. Part of it you take with you, leaving a part of you behind.

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Someday we should build us all a fraternity house that wouldn't end. And we could initiate our friends and go off and drink like freshmen and never graduate

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Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife
Come hear the woodland linnet
How sweet his music! on my life There's more of wisdom in it

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"If you can read this, thank a teacher

226



Clubs

We were young enough still to prefer the glad disdain that organized forms of get together were unfashionable



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Harrison L. Clark, Editor
Cover illustration by
John W. Pollock

Little boy called home to dinner

One of the most intelligent and articulate commentators on our age and its woes, Irving Kristol, opened an essay thus: "The intellectual historian of the future, looking back on the past half-century of American experience, will surely be struck by a phenomenon we may call the tyranny of ideas. It is a tyranny exercised by academic, quasi-academic, and pseudo-academic ideas over the common sense embodied in the practical reason of traditional wisdom".

In area after area of American life . . . we have witnessed educated and well-meaning people trying to impose, enthusiastically and obstinately, their 'truths' about human nature or social reality upon the real world. Kristol, arguably the leading exponent of political, social, and economic conservatism, frequently, as here, approaches in a very gratifying as well as intriguing way the theological Neo-conservatism of Reinhold Niebuhr. He goes on to say:

"What one calls 'neo-conservatism' among American intellectuals is distinguished above all by a keen sense of the incongruence between popular academic theories and what used to be called 'the facts of life.' (The French phrase *la force des choses* — which may be roughly translated as the 'coercive power of permanent realities' — gives a more vivid impression of what is meant.) And what we call the 'populist conservatism' among ordinary Americans is marked by an outraged assertion of the validity of received wisdom as against abstract, academic 'innovative' theorizing." These attitudes are bound to become more influential as the suicidal consequences of defying reality (the intransigent world 'out there') are ever more evident. Of course we all, both the enlightened and the deluded, dream and hope and strive. In this fallen world, we live out the perpetual curse of scheming and working to overcome our humanity. It is part of human nature to try to transcend being human; this is one of the paradoxes of life. Practical examples abound. We devise preservatives for food and increase the incidence of cancer and other diseases. We invent convenient modes of transportation and kill cheerful travelers by the thousand. We build (one of Kristol's examples) prisons — pardon me, "correctional facilities" — that are opulent Temples of Rehabilitation, and see the crime rate, even the crime rate in prisons, soar. Dame Folly, we love you. All this, of course, is done in what has become, these past umpteen generations of the sons of men, the sacred name of Progress. But now there are stirrings — Mr. Kristol is a stirrer — that something ain't right. A lot of expensive change has, not apparently but obviously, compounded evil, not eradicated it. As Bertrand Russell (not alone, to be sure) remarked, "Change is one thing, progress is another." And so much of this agonizing change, with its consequent messes, has been foisted off on us because the changers could not or would not accept reality, or the realities. We at Hampden-Sydney have a grand opportunity to stand, in the pseudo-debate about co-education, for realism, if that is what "acceptance of reality" means. Hear Kristol again:

The sterility and ultimate futility of this tyranny of ideas are visible in matters large and small. Take education, for instance, about which there is now so much ferment. There is absolutely nothing mysterious about educating their society. The human race has been doing it for thousands of years and we Americans have been doing it on a large scale for



Continued on page 6



Gravestones penetrate the morning mist in one of the three pre-Civil War cemeteries on the Hampden-Sydney campus.

The light of dawn brightens Five Forks Road near the college gates.



some three centuries — never to everyone's satisfaction to be sure, but also without the process of education itself being regarded as an enormously problematic enterprise, riddled with seemingly insoluble difficulties that require the attention of specially trained experts. In the past several decades, however, we have trained hundreds of thousands of such experts ("educationists" as distinguished from mere teachers), have turned our education system over to them, and are dismayed and surprised at the miserable results.

The dismay is justifiable, the surprise is not. The educational theorists who have created modern public education in the U.S. never did believe in shaping young people for participation in this society. Their ambition was to shape young people so they could fruitfully participate in a much superior — but, alas, nonexistent — society. Hence the neglect of the traditional "basics" of education — not only literacy and numeracy, but also discipline, good manners, proper speech — in favor of a more "creative" curriculum, a more relaxed social ethos Surely we can all, if honest, draw appropriate lessons for college education, without a tedious rehearsal here of the miserable state of liberal education and the assorted corruptions that infect old, and once proud, traditional colleges and universities. Hampden-Sydney has suffered less than most, far less than some, but it has suffered. However, one ingredient of the essential Hampden-Sydney has survived and may be a secret of a greatness we have never dreamed of.

The growing popular sense that things are wrong with public education that the simple infusion of more money and more "innovation" won't cure is a hopeful sign. The spirit of counter-reform, a sort of whistle-blowing on the educationists, is abroad in the land. The most encouraging single feature of this phenomenon is that people want to return to reality — it's Kipling's "The Gods of the Copy-Book Headings" come to life. People want teachers that know what they are hired to teach; people want school time used for school work; people want schools to be schools. The same spirit is affecting the colleges: faculties are reinstituting

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An aerial view of the campus shows five of its predominantly Federal style buildings.



In the left foreground are The Memorial Gates, commemorating the Hampden-Sydney boys who died in World War I.



The tenth-oldest college in the nation — and its only bicentennial college — Hampden-Sydney claims such founders as Patrick Henry and James Madison, and such sons as United States President William Henry Harrison.

Venable Hall, now a freshman dormitory, was constructed in 1825 as the main building of the Union Theological Seminary.

Diana Bunting, wife of the College's President, enjoys the sunlight and snow with her daughter Elizabeth. Behind the trees is Cushing Hall, the oldest four-story dormitory in North America that is still being used to house students.



language, math, and English requirements; academic standards for athletes are being tightened; students are hearing from their older brothers that the easy route may not be the best route. In this context, in higher as well as secondary education, we can begin to take heart; we can, albeit cautiously, be (with Irving Kristol) "confident that reality will, in the end, prevail over even the most sophisticated of sophistical theories." Maybe — just maybe — we can remind our country-men, as part of their great awakening, of a reality: men are different from women. There are things they do in the company of other men that women do not enjoy, find necessary, or even comprehend — if indeed they don't find them boring or ridiculous. There are things men do better when by themselves. One of these just may be pursuing a liberal education. After all, women's notion of liberal education is different; in a way it is, in the long reach of Western education, more inclusive of the aesthetic components of intellectual development, but that need not detain us here. As liberal education has been defined and established in America, that for women is just different. Such a difference alone justifies different settings, different institutions, for men and women to pur sue their educations, both called "liberal," but demonstrably different.

Historically, coeducation is a new, a very new thing. Even in the public secondary schools it was not widely practiced, except in rural areas, until well into this century — and in those rural areas the chief reason for it was economic. The last public high schools to be all-male, Central in Philadelphia and Erasmus Hall and Bronx High School of Science in New York, did not become coeducational until within the last fifteen years. The first college to be founded as a coeducational place was the tiresomely eccentric Oberlin in 1833; the current hysterical push to co-education did not widely affect private colleges until the past twenty years, when it did so (as has been the case with most social changes in the same period) with puerile frenzy. Not all affected have been happy. Many alumni and alumnae of formerly single-sex colleges have signaled their displeasure in obvious ways. Some formerly all-female schools (notably Vassar) have, after a

Continued on Page 11









An unidentified student shucks oysters during a tailgate party.

Don Thomson entertains his family at the Theta Chi house during Parents' Weekend.



Marston Jones celebrates midnight at the CAC New Year's Eve Dance on the fashionably early date of December 3, 1983.

brief marriage, annulled the experiment and recovered their status. Of course, the authorities and spokesmen of most colleges that have taken the Big Step exult in the wisdom of their actions — but their pronouncements must not be trusted as evidence, only heard as testimony, for such functionaries are not at all above misrepresentation, if it eases their anxious lives or feeds their well-merited glory.

Yes, single-sex education has been part of the real world for far longer than coeducation. Why can it not be that to a society apparently stirring itself back to reality we boast that we here maintain not a dream-world, but a bright corner of that reality? After all, if all-maleness is "unreal," so is the Honor System. The little boy called home to dinner is just being petulant. We can make him wise, wise in "the practical reason of traditional wisdom." Any society, from club to commonwealth, that has a purpose has an authentic justification only if that purpose is positively constituted and articulated. A society properly conceived, and hoping for survival, cannot be based on negative principles, on keeping categories of people out. A single-sex college is a perfect example of such a purposive society. Operational tests of the success of such a uniquely purposive group as a college are the success of its products and the morale of its participants — members, if you will; no reasonable, disinterested observer can claim that any deficiencies in either of these areas have anything to do with the single-sex question. The single-sex matter is a convenient but specious diagnosis of undemonstrable ills; coeducation is snake-oil. Of course there are intangibles, the "ambience," of "atmosphere," or whatever, that defy the challenge to "philosophical justification;" there are among human values such things as tastes, beliefs, commitments, sentiments, that defy "philosophical justification." And there is among human institutions and values such a thing as historical justification, or heritage. Why be ashamed or apologetic in proclaiming a positive purpose: that here we try to give men the education they need in order to enter a world that compromises the real differences between men and women to its own sorrow and to the laughing judgment of the future?

—John L. Brinkley '59



A College for Men











Football games are just one of many occasions, social and academic, which bring women to the campus of the oldest of the nation's five remaining all-male colleges.





Philip M. Chu, architect, accepts the applause of the crowd assembled for the groundbreaking ceremony.



President Josiah Bunting Sydnor Settle, Chairman of the Trustees, unveil the portrait Arnold, whose generosity mad the construction of part of complex.

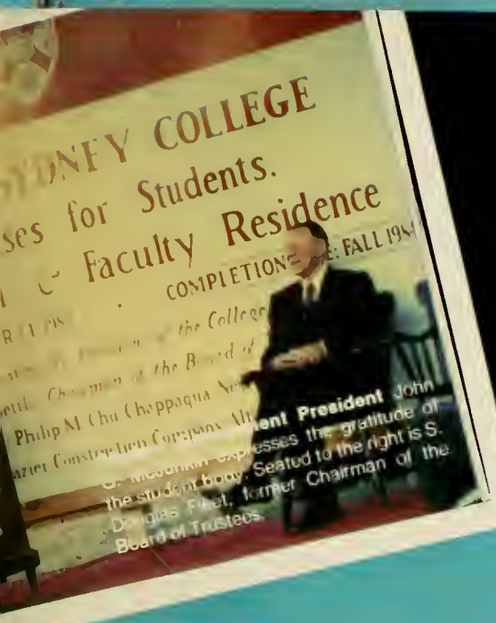
On October 14, 1983, Hampden-Sydney College broke ground for the construction of a cluster of five student residences, a faculty residence, and a *Forum* designed to serve as the social center of the new complex. The mini-community which will house 150 students is located near the site of the original eighteenth-century campus.



John ...and **Nat Acker,** ... assist ... spade.



A forklift dramatizes the work in progress.



A friendly trademark glows in the midst of the construction site.





Events

"Demand not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well."

—Epictetus

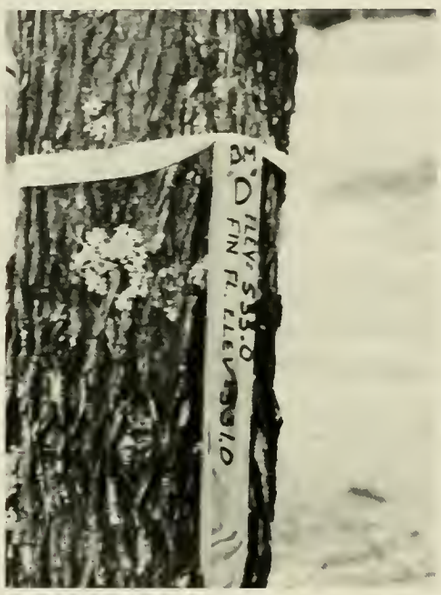
HAMPDEN-SYDNEY

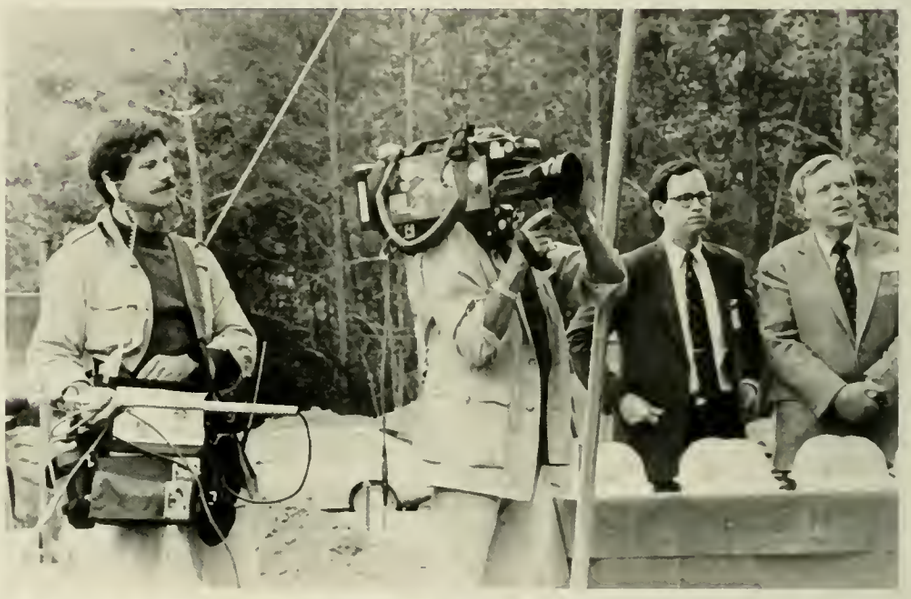
ALL EYES ON US



For four days in October CBS News turned its Eye on Hampden-Sydney, taping for a later broadcast a story about one of the nation's few-remaining all male colleges. Reporter Lem Tucker, Producer Dave Caravello, and the tape crew arrived on campus Thursday morning, October 13, and it did not take a network report to inform the campus community of their presence. Rumors of their appearance had been circulating for several days, and even their early morning arrival did not go unnoticed. The cameras were unloaded. The lights were placed. The work began.

The weekend of October 13-October 15 was perhaps the biggest weekend in the history of the College, and the fact that CBS was here to tape the events of the weekend only added to this distinction. Beside being Board of Trustee Weekend and a victorious





CBS cameramen film the Ground Breaking Ceremony as Shep Haw and Nat Acker look on.



B&G works hard preparing for the big weekend.

W & L Weekend — if this weekend's football game has anything to do with it, W & L would be dead rather than co-ed —, the College held groundbreaking ceremonies for its new residence halls. Earlier in the day Friday, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk gave a stirring address, following his being awarded an honorary Doctor of Laws. Throughout it all, there was CBS, camera at the ready.

The CBS Hampden-Sydney visit proved to be an experience for all those concerned, an experience that most will never forget. When the segment is aired, the nation and the world will get a two-minute glance at Hampden-Sydney College, a glance which artfully captures all that the College is about. What the piece will not capture, however, are those four short days that CBS turned its Eye toward us; it cannot capture the excitement that this event stirred on campus.

"This is Lem Tucker reporting" I have heard many times since the last Hampden-Sydney scene was shot, and each time I hear it I recall with a sense of pride Tucker's last words to me:

"I have never felt so welcomed as I have been here at Hampden-Sydney; thank you."

And that's the way it was, and you were there.

— Thomas A. Robinson '83





Jim Young chats with Mr. George Arnold after the Ground Breaking.



The Honorable Dean Rusk accepts his honorary degree during Fall Convocation.

Cameramen take a break during the Friday afternoon activities.

FRESHMEN ORIENTATION

REFLECTIONS ON BEGINNINGS

The act of beginning a new college year was, as every year, complicated by just about every new experience you can imagine. New students were asked to learn, understand, and appreciate all of the rules, regulations, and numerous traditions peculiar to this institution. This year, as every year before, was begun with the infamous and trying Freshmen Orientation.

Graham Hall became a processing center for new students with freshmen crowded around various tables while parents and administrators chatted over refreshments.

At one of many "Welcome to Hampden-Sndney" speeches, freshmen fidgeted anxiously in their seats as they tried to endure the sweltering heat while dressed in the obligatory blue blazer and tie. As freshmen Lucius Breeden so eloquently stated, "Man, there are enough blue blazers here to *kill* someone!"

Do you remember that day? It seemed that everyone was there to help you move in. Your always dependable resident advisor was there to greet you and aid you in your transition to dorm life.

Joining clubs and organizations was but one of the many commitments and decisions which faced the freshmen. Which to join, the Polish Eating Club or the College Republicans? Decisions, decisions.

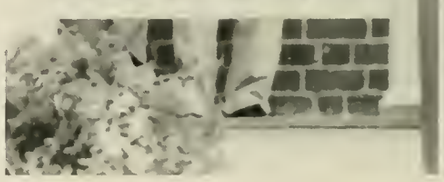


All of these new experiences seemed to require a lifetime to ad just to, but soon we realized that we were going to make it; that these adjustments seem quite petty in the face of this wonderful new life we had begun on that hot August day.



Father Martin informs the new class of freshmen about the dangers of alchohol in "A Chalk Talk."





Al Bryant, RA for Stagger Inn, passes the afternoon with the father of a freshman.



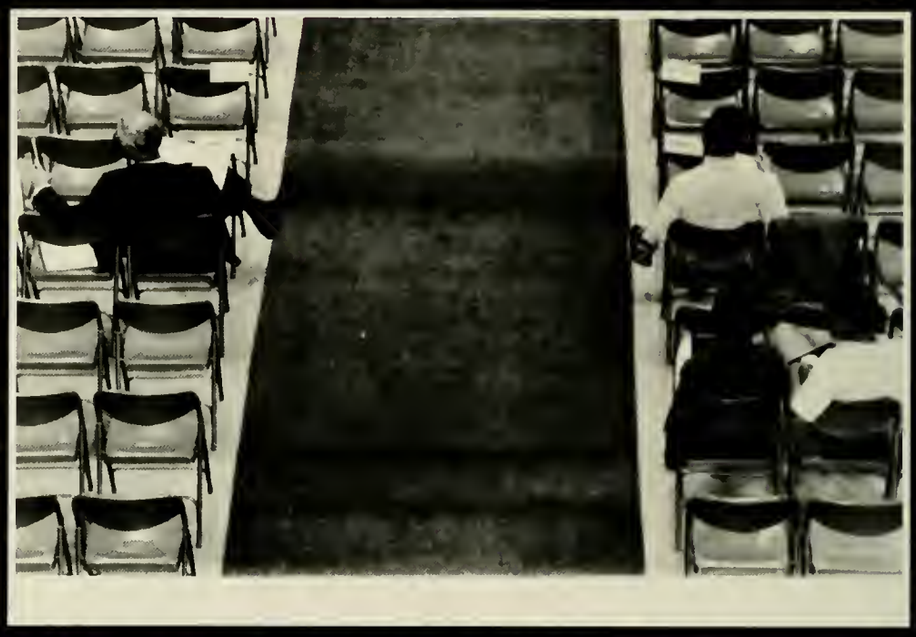


With maps in hand, new freshmen discuss the layout of the campus.

Harrison Clark, Editor-in-Chief of the *KALEIDOSCOPE,* solicits new freshmen members for the staff.

KURT VONNEGUT JR.

"HOW TO GET A JOB LIKE MINE"



At 7:15 pm the auditorium is still filling for the 8:00 Vonnegut lecture.

Necks crane in the still-filling gym. Rumors that some of the heavy hitters on the faculty won't be caught dead at this. A few mysterious and dispirited Children of the Sixties surface, some more weathered by the blast of time than others. Granny glasses. Eccentric hairdos. Intense. Vindicated. He's come! Out here *in deserto* theirs has been a lonely vigil but at last the prophet has blundered by. The question, I guess, is what the hell do they do out here between apparitions? Parking lot filled with Saabs and Volvos for the first time ever. You guys all get those blue jackets in the same store?

Hush.

Well, for Gosh sakes . . . He's a little old man. In a blazer, if you can believe it. And khakis. But they're not cooooootton . . .

And now there's Bunting: "Mr. Vonnegut grew up in one of those funny-shaped Mid-western states that none of us could trace to save his soul. Then some Germans caught him and shut him in a meatlocker. Mr. Vonnegut watched the slow decomposition of a nation he dearly loved and he began to yell. He yelled and yelled. He yelled that people were silly and vicious. People yelled back that Mr. Vonnegut was silly and vicious. One thing is certain: either Mr. Vonnegut or the rest of us must be silly and vicious. It is probably too much to hope for that it is Mr. Vonnegut."

Well, we pretty well know he's going to take a swat at us, don't we? So when he says we are all Republicans and all gun nuts and all "preparers for war" — whatever that is — we really aren't surprised. We take it about as well as might legitimately be expected of us. We titter and cast some sidelong glances at the most obviously refractory among us and paddle our palms gingerly and wait to see who he will light into now. Maybe the next one he lambastes will be a tad farther from home so that we can enjoy it a little less uneasily. He seems to think Bunting is a good joe and we can kind of agree to disagree, can't we, after all . . .

He snuffles and harrumphs into his mustache. Shrugs those shoulders and bats at the air with the back of a hand. "I'm sorry," he says, "I had no idea. I'll try to make it up to you." Applause. Applause. Applause. Doesn't sound like much to read that, but the old curmudgeon waltzes but in front of two thousand people and mumbles that he's sorry and has them howling. He says the Indians are dumb. The computers are dumb. The governments are dumb. Shakespeare is dumb. Don't think he likes Mailer or Styron much, either. He does whisper about the Nobel, doesn't he? Singer and Bellow. And . . .?

He's scratching on the blackboard. Uh! Oh! If he draws an asterisk, a batch of little old ladies are going to bolt for the door. I read *Breakfast.* Ah! It's O.K. Some kind of graph. Claims it's "geometry," and so now he's got all the analneurotics with him. Sinusoidal curve: he says tha's *Cinderella.* Graph of Y = O: he says that's *Hamlet.* Hrummmph. Snuffle. Stoop-shouldered scuffling around. We don't want to hear about Indiana. Telling us how dumb people who operate machines are. If he honks off all the gun nuts and computer lackies in *this* audience, ain't going to be many left to cheer. See a couple jaws gone hard already. Sullen, scowling, arms folded across heaving chests. We paid for this?

Uh, oh! He's worked one of them into a lather. Some guy is squawking about better living through chemistry and since the trains run on time and your dog has all the cheese he craves what's the problem after all? Vonnegut ain't sure. Last display of chemistry he saw was fire bombs over Dresden, Germany, "the Florence of the Elbe." Harrumph. Snuffle. Only one person ever lived better because of that sorry episode, he says: Me. I made about $3 for every man, woman, and child burned, blown, or crushed to death that day.

Might know he'd have to talk about penises, too. Titters. Sidelong glances. What the hell did you think he'd talk about to


SIGILLUM COLLEGII HAMPDEN SYDNEY IN VIRGINIA

an all-male school? That soggy little shard of flesh is about all the guy has in common with us gun-nut Republican fascist phallocrat lepers out here. He says the big worry of *his* generation was how big is enough? Lucky nobody out here worries about stuff like that any more. We're light years beyond all that.

Harrumph. Snuffle. Everybody is on the edge of his seat. He's going to *say* it. He's going to say the *word*. You know which one. That one. The one they burn up all his books for. Going to do it. Two-hundred and umpty-ump years on the hit parade and nobody's *ever* said that word *here*. Lots of sighs of relief when about the lowest of his tide — something about "breaking-wind" washes over us and it's done. Whew!

Waves a sheaf of rumpled paper at us. You want to print this? Hrummmph. Snuffle. You *bet* we do. He talks like that, too. He goes back to Kilgore Trout. Safe ground. He's rambling on about "man-woman hours" now or something like that. Sure. Sure. Now he's thumping this "preparers for war" business. Hrummmph. Snuffle. War is bad. People who do war are bad. People who think war are bad. People who say war are bad. Applause. Applause. Applause.

This man is a powerful presence. He reminds us of other great men who have used short words and cut into the human heart with them. Carved them into its tissue. The human heart is a muscle, don't you know. It takes sharp words to cut into it. And there is pain. And little gratitude. But sometimes that fat-and-fiber-swaddled organ needs work. I'm sorry.

Don't know about you, but he signed my *Deadeye Dick* with an asterisk. And so it goes.

— Dr. Alan Farrell
Associate Professor of
Modern Languages





Vonnegut is special guest at a wine and cheese gathering given in his honor by the faculty of the college.





Signing a copy of *SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE*, Kurt Vonnegut appears for a book-signing session after his lecture.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., author of *SLAUGHTER-HOUSE FIVE,* appeared at Hampden-Sydney College on September 27, 1983.

PARENTS WEEKEND

REFLECTIONS ON BEGINNINGS

"It came — my acceptance letter from Hampden-Sydney! I didn't think I'd made it."

"We weren't worried at all. Do you believe you're off to a new experience? Things will be so very different."

Are these comments familiar? They are common during the spring of senior years. One phase of a young man's life is ending and a new one is beginning. As a parent, one wonders if he has been taught all he will need to know in order to make the right decisions away from home; however, the time has come — ready or not!

"Where is my old blue sweater?



First things first, students escort their parents to the bookstore to purchase clothing, supplies, and those last little touches to make the dorm room more livable.



Winston Hall's first dance is for parents, students, and dates. Bill Olds, Amy Campbell, and Joe Metzger warm up the dance floor for the rest of the couples.

"Where is my old blue sweater? You know, the one Daddy can't wear anymore."

"You want to take that to school with you? It's old and stretched."

"Yes, I know, but it's so comfortable."

"Don't forget to iron your oxfords. They look so sloppy if you don't."

"Where's the iron?"

"I don't know. Check the trunk of the car."

A three hour drive and there is Hampden-Sydney, just waiting for eager young scholars. An R.A. greets everyone, helps unpack, "unjams" bunks, and answers parents' questions. The day ends with a beautiful chapel service. Quick — sad — happy good-byes are said. Will he like it here? Will he fit?

"A phone call for me. He wants me to call?"

"Hello. What's wrong? Are you coming home? Have you found a ride?"

"No. I've goofed on my first test. Do you know what color the walls are in this dorm — GREEN!! Before you called back, I decided I was coming home — ride or not."

After a little TLC by phone, the freshman anxiety attack begins to disappear. He is going to stay for the weekend and the next test.

Winter comes, spring comes, the end of the first year comes, and vacation comes.

"I'm sure my books will be less expensive this year. I know several guys who have had some of the same courses. Who will be my roommate? I'm having two this year. You know, they helped eat the goodies from the CARE package you brought last year."

He is ready to return. His life is different. His friends now include individuals whom parents do not always know. His daily experiences are shaping his future life. What will be the outcome?

As a parent, I feel our son's life and intellectual capabilities have been enhanced by his two years at Hampden-Sydney College. He has good friends, caring faculty members, and the proper setting for molding his future.

— Julianne Chappell
(Brett Chappell '86)



The central activity of the weekend, the football game against Bridgewater, gives Will Trevillian and his family a relaxing Saturday afternoon.

Parents' Weekend allows parents to take a better look at their son's college.





Advanced ticket sales caused the dance to be moved from Winston Hall to Gammon Gym.

Paul Franks, Andrew Gross, and their dates enjoy a break from dancing.



CAC CHRISTMAS FORMAL

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!









Rick Lanham, Lyn Lewis, and their dates celebrate New Year's Eve with over 125 other couples.

Rick Morris takes a break from decorating the gym before the dance.

Hampden-Sydney students and their dates celebrate New Year's Eve on the fashionably early date of December 3, 1983.

Baxter Pfeffer and jacket light up the dance floor.

BLOOD DRIVE

GO FOR THE BLOOD H-SC

"Close your eyes and think about what you could be doing at this moment." To what does this allude? Remember when you were lying in that lawn chair with a quarter-inch needle protruding from the flesh of your left arm? Your arm was attached to a pint-sized bag which filled itself with blood, depending on the frequency with which you squeezed the little black ball. "Pump harder . . . every five seconds," says the nurse. "One thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, Squeeze" . . . Ahh! Blackout! "You squeezed too hard," barks the triple image of the nurse. You see an array of colors while a patriotic vision of stars passes in front of you, and as suddenly as you disappeared from reality, you return. The sweet Zeta girl who has graciously devoted her time for your blood is still squeezing your right hand and telling you that there is nothing to worry about. The attention is magnificent, and for awhile you feel like the "one and only."

You have a reason to feel proud: you have just contributed to the Hampden-Sydney claim for the Tiger-Yellow Jacket Cup; you have just contributed to the Red Cross blood bank; most importantly, your blood just might save another person's life.

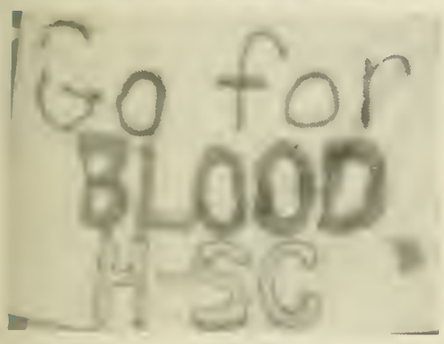
Regardless of the amount of blood extracted by the Tigers from the Yellow Jacket Insects on the field, Hampden-Sydney did not score as highly as it should have against Randolph-Macon in the blood drive.



Hampden-Sydney students put out 199 pints of blood with 28% of our student body participating; Randolph-Macon students put out 234 pints of blood with 31% of their student body participating. The men from the Roach Motel, fourth passage Cushing, won the freshman competition. Chi Phi won the fraternity competition with 76% participation. In order of generosity, the other fraternities contributed the following: Sigma Nu 63%, Alpha Phi Alpha 50%, Kappa Alpha 41%, Phi Gamma Delta 33%, Pi Kappa Alpha 25%, Theta Chi 23%, Lambda Chi Alpha 22%, Sigma Alpha Epsilon 17%, Sigma Chi 14%, Kappa Sigma 6%. It is pathetic that Hampden-Sydney permitted Randolph-Macon to steal the Tiger-Yellow Jacket Cup by a miniscule 3%. If 25 more people had extended an arm to the Red Cross then the Tiger-Yellow Jacket Cup would have remained in civilized territory. For your future reference, there are two ways for Hampden-Sydney to regain this cup: either we steal it or we show a higher turnout for the 1984-85 blood drive. The first method is unacceptable and the second is more rewarding. The next blood drive will be very discouraging for Randolph-Macon when Hampden-Sydney shows them how real men bleed.

The blood drive was made possible by Dean Lewis Drew, Barron Segar III, Sigma Nu Fraternity, Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority (Longwood College), the nurses





of Southside Hospital, and the American Red Cross.

— Robert Duke

Toby Hoblitzell cringes as the nurse attempts to bite his neck, or at least that is what it looks like.

(left) Rick Wynn wonders "Why me?" as the nurse smiles cynically in the background.



Students watch the lighting of the bon fire at a pep rally held the night before the ball game.

A bon fire opens the festivities of the annual Randolph-Macon rivalry.







Quarterback Brian Brotzman reviews his plays at the Macon/Hampden-Sydney football game.



The Hampden-Sydney man epitomizes chivalrous, gentlemanly behavior on all planes of existence. Hampden-Sydney, Virginia's finest liberal arts college, has been dedicated since its foundation to learning and, in Maslow's terminolgoy, "self-actualization." Because of the excellent opportunities afforded us, we Hampden-Sydney men face whatever challenges arise, however difficult or distasteful, with dignity and a healthy spirit of competition. Nothing could be as distasteful as having to venture forth from the graceful Federalist atmosphere in which we live in order to engage a group of vermin from the slums of Richmond — Ash "can" by name — in the great American pastime of football.

Each year we design to engage the inhabitants of the pseudo-college (pseudo is indeed appropriate as the courses offered at Randolph-Macon are little better



RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE



than those offered at the worst community college) in various forms of competition. Hampden-Sydney, the ODAC champions, fully intend to retain its title. After the Tiger-Yellow Jacket Cup was regained from Randolph-Macon after a far too long absence from its proper home, Hampden-Sydney, it took more than a little elbow grease to restore the cup to its original luster, having been in a cesspool for some years.

Can we talk — community efforts? Hampden-Sydney's outstanding victories in the blood drives of previous years is evidence enough of HS-C's undying concern for the welfare of the community at large. The slothful "insects" of RM-C simply prove their incapability of achieving anything by their continual losses. Darwin's theory of survival of the fittest is a truth. Another truth is that Randolph-Macon's Yellow Jackets are destined to defeat because they are not fit. As a matter of fact they are not fit to shine the leather loafer on any Hampden-Sydney man's foot. They, themselves do not have to worry about shining leather as they can run through the car wash. Vinyl is water resilient.

In summation, we men from Hampden-Sydney are going to venture forth to the land of namby-pamby infantile boys and of women who put Mr. "T" to shame in order to perpetuate the oldest rivalry in the South. The poor fops at Randolph-Macon are destined to lose because we are better than they are, and everyone knows that if you can't respect your elders then respect your betters. We are better than Randolph-Macon; we are great. We don't expect the jaundiced jackets to understand this or really anything at all because as Emerson wrote "To be great is to be misunderstood."

— Thom Miller

HOMECOMING
RETROSPECT

The "Turn-around" thirties. Was this a good time to attend and graduate from college? We had just sailed through the "roaring twenties" and put behind us the self-expression known as "flapper-girls" or male Gadsby-styles. The 1929 economics crash halted much progress and diminished the jazz-rhythms to more sentimental songs of love, home, and country.

At 18 years of age I became an HSC Freshman. I had no I.D. or Social Security card — no registration number or zip code after my address. We Valley of Virginia boys felt we were special so we formed a club, which met the needs of lots of us who did not have the money to join a fraternity. My easy amble, my soft sing-song voice led me soon to sing (or play) for my supper, like "Little Tommy Tucker," and give rhythm and song to frat parties, where I often came back to my room as dawn was breaking. I was given the nickname "Speed" a name also given to the quiet studious Valedictorian of our Class of '36. If I had not insisted on "Bill" later in life I might have had a "logo" that could have helped in business and professional programs.

Jobs at private homes and NYA leaf-raking chores were hard, but





On Saturday, November 5, 1983, Death Valley filled with students, alumni, and guests for the Tiger victory over Sewanee.

my fortunes changed when B. S. Oliver, a Hampden-Sydney legend, asked me to come live in his home and teach Graham "Tubby" Oliver some piano music. Also the resignation of the church organist for health reasons, gave me a job — church and chapel. Mrs. P. T. Atkinson, now H.S. Museum curator, often commented that my preludes and offertories sounded a lot like "Moonlight and Roses," a popular tune of the decade. "Tubby" Oliver, who should be the subject of a biography or biographical novel, got us all involved in the H.S. Collegians orchestra. There were programs from Bristol,Tennessee to Washington, D.C., across Virginia which may have lured student applicants with the idea that music and drama would help offset the demanding schedule of academic requirements. Examination of H.S. Annual "Kaleidoscope," shows many, who attained great objectives in law, medicine, ministry and government, made the trips with us when performances or Glee-Club; Quartette; Magic by "Ben Franklin" and the "Collegians," went on the road.

As we helped spread the "name of fame" of HSC we were suddenly given a bit of national publicity when "Who's Who in America" stated that Hampden-Sydney ranked first among all Colleges and Universities in America in the *percentage* of its graduates in that register of fame. Thus, we found "statistics" were making the American Scene. This reputation held up even in the face of mammoth numerical problems we were to face. Our colleagues of the early and mid-thirties have come through the Second World War with recovery and rehabilitation, and the ensuing forty years that made us a part of the scene that gave us experimentations and innovations in social systems, governmental functions, scientific discoveries and "breakthroughs; as well as religious-moral changes. Changes and emphasis saw Hampden-Sydney men standing tall. The college departed from its policy of appointing a "Prexy" from the ranks of clergy and educator; and appointed a man, Si Bunting, who stands tall among business and professional men throughout our country today. This administration now represents the finest in moral and ethical standards for the college as well as for the graduates sent out to face mankind's most difficult technological and economic situations.

At the fortieth reunion of the Class of '36, that group of HSC men came up with a surprising survey that helps to reveal the educational experiences of the college students in this the

(continued on page 36)





Tailgating allows many returning alumni to catch up on old times with their former classmates.



Hampden-Sydney environment. We as a class voted Dr. James B. Massey's Bible Class as the academic experience most remembered of all our classes.

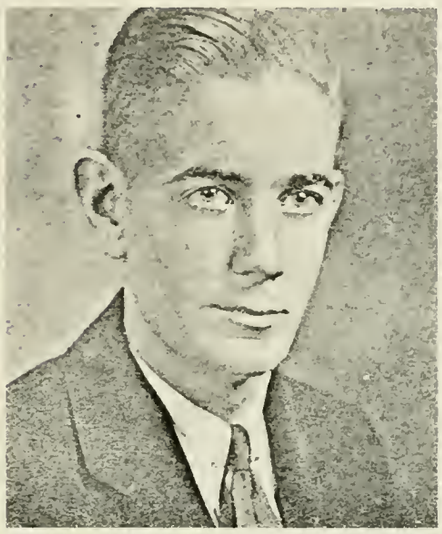
He required that we learn factual contents, not theological or theoretical ideas, and recite from memory many passages from the Scripture. This insistence of his gave us the great awareness of our Jude-Christian Heritage and quotations to reinforce us in the "Faith of Our Fathers." When Babel voices of today's political, activist, and media leaders are challenging credibility of leadership in all areas of responsibility, many of the great learning experiences of college days are brought back vividly to help us in difficult situations. The frustrating fifties, the self-seeking sixties, the incredulous seventies are behind us. We are all facing the frightening eighties with pressures that threaten to crush both young and old. My help is my "Million Dollar Education" from Hampden-Sydney and my music which I hope to be able to continue to share with Hampden-Sydney men on whatever occasion brings us together. Even though we are *aging* we are not *aged*. We don't need mind-altering substances, we need mind-strengthening dialogue and fellowship. Let's remove the doomsday fears and the oppressive burdens of protection plans and put our faith and resources in the hands of educational and administrative leaders who can realign the ideas that have confused our society. We need the courage and conviction to recognize what is true and what is just a hoax. May God bless you!

— William McChesney, Sr. '36





Mr. William McChesney, 1936 and 1983







The Tiger Inn served as headquarters for the 1983 Homecoming activities.

The College Republicans entertained many alumni and their families with a cookout during half-time of the football game.

(left) **The 1983 Homecoming Court.**



Miss Lynley Rosanelli

Mary Baldwin College

sponsored by lambda chi alpha



Miss Natasha Ferens

Longwood College

sponsored by phi gamma delta



Miss Tracy Goodwin

Longwood College

sponsored by kappa alpha



Miss Dianna Crandall

Sweet Briar College

sponsored by sigma chi



Greg Warner prepares for competition with David Hobbs and the SAE chariot.

THE PRODUCERS: Kyle Henderson, Van Temple, Wayne Famous, and Bryan Holmes.



FIJI members Joe Metzger, Andrew Clifford, Wallace Huff, Field Russell, Rob Citrone, and Will Trevillian line up at the starting line with their chariot.



GREEK WEEK 1984

A CELEBRATION OF GREEK LIFE

Hampden-Sydney's 1984 edition of Greek Week opened up Monday, April 2, building up to the weekend which culminated Saturday in a lacrosse game against Radford and a two-band party on the circle that night.

On Wednesday the fraternity houses were opened to the H-SC community from 4 to 5:30 p.m. Aware that they needed to become more involved with their neighbors, fraternities urged faculty, administrators, staff, and friends to visit them and meet house members.

Thursday at 5:00 the IFC held its Banquet at which new members of the council were welcomed. Also the $1000 Award was given to Sigma Chi for best "hands-on improvement" (as Dean Drew distinguishes from contracted work), and the Dean's Award went to Chi Phi which best maintained its community service commitments.

That night, Thursday the 5th, the partying began in earnest with the IFC's Semi-Formal Dance which featured "The Producers" and opened with Hampden-Sydney's own "Capitals." Tickets for this event went for $12-couple. This event was open to Greeks only; independent men could not attend.

Throughout the weekend, all of the fraternities were celebrating Greek Life with an array of parties, many having live music.

At 12:00 Saturday the 7th, the final game of Ultimate Frisbee was played on the Soccer field. Then at 2:00 the Tigers lax-men took on their cross-state rivals. Halftime of the game featured the traditional chariot race.

After the game the fraternities hosted cookouts for their members and invited guests. Finally at 9:00, "The Dixie Roadducks" opened for Delbert McClinton who played on the circle until 1:00.

Darren Burns





Sunday morning and Johnny McGhee is rummaging through the lagoon at what is left from FIJI Island the night before.

Burt Tait pulls Paul Luck and the remnants of the SAE chariot across the finish line.



PARTING SHOTS

HOLLYWOOD HERE WE COME!!!

Cast members Steven Johnson as Dr. Carney, Harrison Clark as Levi, Joe Metzger as Dr. Laine, Paula Moore as Anita Garland, and Bobby Crouch as John Brinkley.

CAC SPRING FORMAL

THE MASKED BALL





The Masked Ball was another CAC "sell-out" formal, however not too many people came in costume. Above: Peter Hardell, Harrison Clark, Rick Lanham, and their dates, Joe Metzger, Anita Garland, Tom Robinson, and Joel Hutcheson get into the spirit of the evening.

The March 31 dance turned into another birthday party for Lyn Lewis, whose real birthday remains a mystery.

COMMENCEMENT

THE VALUES OF A LIBERAL ARTS EDUCATION

With the advent of graduation, several of my friends brought me suggestions on things to say. One such friend thought that I should re-use a speech that he considered the best-ever "valedictory address." The speaker opened his speech with "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." He then sat down.

Another friend begged me not to mention "horizons" or "duty to school." Everyone else simply said, "Keep it short." And so I shall try.

I would like to share three thoughts that have stuck in my mind since freshman year. The first comes from a paper topic for Freshman Rhetoric. The question posed was, "What is the value of a liberal arts education?" I was glad to hear an alumnus tell me that very semester that this topic was totally inappropriate for freshmen — that it was something only an alumnus could answer.

That makes commencement the moment of truth.

Some of the things learned from a liberal arts education are (1) how to talk without saying anything, and (2) that it is possible to converse upon a subject about which one knows very little. The question posing itself right now is "What is the value in these?" The answer is that anyone who knows these will be able to recognize (1) when someone is trying to talk without saying anything, and (2) when someone knows very little about what he's saying.

The second thought concerns a threat made to us as a freshman class — that the four years at Hampden-Sydney would be over before we knew it. This prediction was certainly true and I think I know why.

Psychologists tell us that if a person receives some very painful stimulus, that whatever was in his mind at the moment will be lost. From my own experience, I can remember completely the night of my skiing accident, except for a short span of time during which I broke my leg. The human mind appears to have little capacity to remember pain.

After many late nights of study, cases of test-anxiety, and painfully rushed, night-before papers, there must be two years of life at Hampden-Sydney that I cannot remember.

This brings me to my final thought. The things that will be remembered about Hampden-

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Time correspondent Hugh Swanson Sidey delivers the Commencement Address.

Dean Daniel Poteet behoods Dr. Jonas Edward Salk after presenting him with an honorary Doctor of Science degree.

Seniors and their families enjoy the dance on Saturday, May 5, 1984.



Sydney are the people — professors and especially fellow students. At freshman orientation, we were told to look to our right and left; that the person sitting on either side of us would not last until May 1984. It was a statistical abstraction, but unfortunately true for several good friends.

Commencement is typically a time when people want to tell the graduates about their futures and all the wonderful "horizons" open to them, but I think that misses the point. The common factor is not necessarily that a wonderful future lies in wait for each graduate, but that each graduate has endured



Valedictorian Jim Gamble addresses the packed audience. The Commencement Exercises were moved to Fleet Gymnasium because of rain.

Commissioned officers Harry Hathaway Warner, Jr., Thomas Underwood Warren, and Andrew Blanton are pinned by their fathers.

Peter Andrew Hardell receives his degree from President Bunting.



the scrutiny and requirements of Hampden-Sydney. It is something to be proud of.

For myself, good-bye to the professors and fellow graduates. For the Class of 1984, farewell to Hampden-Sydney.

James Graham Gamble V







A few members of the Class of 1984 don beanies after the ceremony.

Graduate Bobby Crouch enjoys the reception in the Tiger Inn after the Commencement Exercises.

Members of the Class of 1934 celebrate their 50th reunion at a reception at Middlecourt.





Faculty-Administration

"...to all the arts which are called liberal; it taught best laws, prepared the way for all wisdom, and, finally, made it possible for them no longer to be called barbarians."

—Lorenzo Valla

President Josiah Bunting III



The Honorable Dean Rusk and President Bunting after Fall Convocation

Leaving the Dining Hall, President Bunting leaps into the rest of the day after his usual breakfast with the students.







President Bunting chats with a student and his father during Freshman Orientation.

The Buntings: Diana, Mary Alexandra Bunting, and Josiah IV. Dorothea, Elizabeth, Charlie, President



Dr. Daniel Pofeet, *Provost and Dean of the Faculty* and J. A. (Tim) Timmons, *Vice President for Finance*



Board of Trustees: first row: John B. Sartain '65, John B. Long '38, Charles M. Guthridge '68, W. Sydnor Settle '55 (Chairman), Richard M. Venable '50, Peter A. Leggett '68, and Edwin L. Kennedy; second row: Henry C. Spaulding, Jr. '60 (Vice Chairman), Josiah Bunting (President), Thomas N. Allen '60, William R. Hill, Jr. '36, Robert W. King, Jr. '52, W. Kemp Norman, Jr., J. Bruce James '53, and Lee Sanford Ainslie, Jr.; third row: Edwin A. Deagle, Gene B. Dixon, Jr. '65, Robert M. Richardson '38, Richard A. Michaux, M.D. '34, S. Douglas Fleet, Royal E. Cabell, Jr. '43, Norwood N. Davis, Jr. '63, George B. Cartledge, Jr. '63, and James L. Trinkle '50; not pictured: T. Kyle Baldwin '39, A. Leslie Ballard, Edward J. Campbell, James J. Coleman, Jr., Ernest P. Gates '45, John L. Gibson II, W. Robert Grafton, H. Hiter Harris, Jr., David W. Martin '52, Rodney B. Mitchell, Jack B. Norment '38, Mrs. William T. Reed, Jr., C. Daniel Shelbourne '36, The Honorable Paul S. Trible, Jr. '68, and Lewis G. Chewning '27.



Nathaniel H. Acker, *Vice President for Development*



Dr. Lewis Drew, *Dean of Students*



Anthony Campbell, *Director, Center for Counseling and Career Planning*



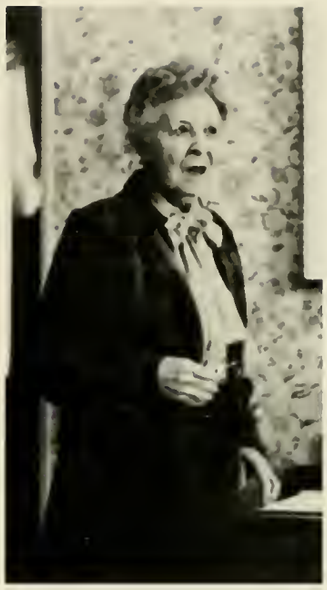
Toad Schill, *Associate Dean of Students*



Dr. Paul Baker, *Director, Student Aid and Records*



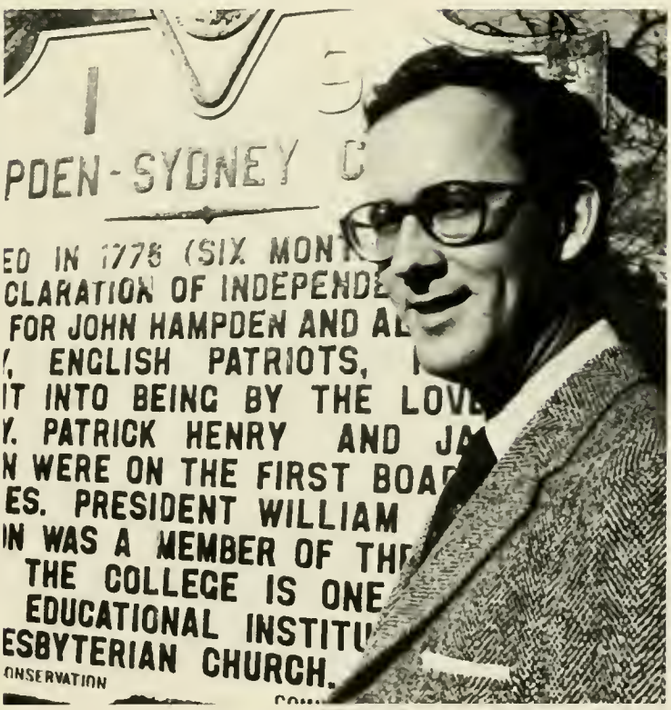
Rev. Sidney Hall, *Chaplain of the College*



Mrs. P. T. Atkinson, *Curator Museum and Hostess, Parents and Friends Lounge*



Brian Thomas and Jon Pace, *Annual Giving*



J. Sheppard Haw, *Assistant to the President*



Thomas A. Robinson, *News and Information Officer*

Admissions Office



Robert Jones, *Dean of Admissions*



Anita Garland, *Associate Dean of Admissions*



Assistant Deans of Admissions: Jeff Holland, Randy Randolph and Duncan Gibbs



Joan McVain, *Secretary;* Lucy Brightwell, *Office Manager;* Debbie Hendrix, *Word Processor*



Development

Jil Womack, *Graphic Designer* and Dr. Richard McClintock, *Director of Publications*



Jean Reid, *Xerox Machine Guard;* Shirley Mottley, *Records and Research;* George Peters, *Director of Capital Programs;* and Shirley Jones, *Coordinator of Special Programs*



(Sitting) Jackie Jarrett, *Secretary;* Brenda Garrett, *Typesetter;* **(Standing)** Jo Newcomb, *Secretary;* Sandy Bell, *Administrative Assistant;* and Gerry Pettus, *Switchboard Operator*



Book Store: Kim Roth, *Head Cashier;* and Pat *Manager;* Erlene Bowman, Stwodah, Clerk.



Eggleston Library: John Ryland, Florence Seamster, Jewel Fore, Rebecca Vanderpoel, Anne Berry, and Muriel Holshoe.



Post Office: Kathy Jenkins, *Postmistress;* and Shirley *Clerk;* Marianne Wells, Rice, *Assistant Postmistress*



Florence Watson, *Assistant Director of Records* and Joanna Pitt, *Secretary, Student Aid and Records.* **Not pictured:** Sally Waters, *Assistant Director, Aid and Records.*



Jim Bell and Irvin Robinson, *Lab Technicians*



Karen Harris, *Data Entry Operator* and James Gamble, *Programmer/Analyst*



Harold Phelps, *Campus Police*



Athletic Department: Joe Lammay, Don Thompson, Bill Glennon, Steve Messick, Gail Doss, Wil Chassey, and Bill Reid.



Greg Jackson, *Campus Police*



Dr. James Angresano, *Associate Professor of Economics and Cross Country Coach* and John Brinkley, *Associate Professor of Classics*



Dr. James Arieti, *Associate Professor of Classics*



Dr. Roger Barrus, *Assistant Professor of Political Science*



Dr. Neel Beard, *Professor of Physics*

Second Thoughts on Excellence

The *easiest* thing for a college professor to do is to demand excellence of his students. At first thought, not everyone may agree with this thesis. It seems easier to lighten up, to take it easy on the students, and to be popular. But to do so is to deceive oneself. Students will not long admire a professor who fails to make demands upon them. In their more contemplative moments they know that they are not getting their money's worth when they are let off without good, hard work. Nor will a professor's colleagues respect a teacher who is unwilling to make the demands a thorough acquaintance with his discipline calls for. Moreover, an administration worth having is constantly bombarded with rumors about easy courses and has no choice but to run down every such report.

Besides, it is highly ego-gratifying to make demands of excellence upon students. (I confess that I found graffiti which called my Quantitative Methods course the toughest in the college quite satisfying.) A caution: we are not here to bolster our tottering egos. Though making great demands upon our students may give us a reputation we enjoy, that is only a fortuitous by-product and not the reason for doing it.

The *hardest* thing for a college professor to do is to demand excellence of himself. In the public arena, that means proper preparation for each class. It is not enough to know the material, the solutions to the problems, the dates of the great events and their fascinating interplay — though that must come first — but one must also continue to improve his manner of presenting these things. Notes to oneself about a successful or unsuccessful presentation will, if one is committed to excellence, be translated into improved performance next time 'round.

Proper preparation includes continual consumption of the research in one's field. In a small college, the area may be wide; we do not have the luxury of dealing in a narrow specialty as some of our colleagues do in large universities. Nonetheless, one has no business pontificating on a subject without having read, thought about, accepted or rejected what scholars dedicated to the field are saying.

Even more important than being a consumer of the research of others is one's own personal research. Here is the opportunity to discover for oneself, again and again, the excitement of learning. Here one catches a contagion which passes very naturally to his students. One can hardly stop speaking of the exciting discoveries he is making personally in that small corner of his discipline which is uniquely his.

The great temptations for professors are attached to the second thesis, not to the first. Consider some of them.

There is the temptation to spend time demanding of one's colleagues what one should be demanding of himself. It is much easier to claim that a certain teacher or even a certain discipline fails to meet one's high standards than to spend that same time remedying one's own deficiencies.



There is the temptation of becoming busy with *allotria* — things which may be important themselves but are not the main reason we are called to be professors. And when those activities outside the realm of our main duties occupy too much of our time, our standards, though possibly higher than anyone else's, are not as high, as excellent, as they would be if we tended to the tasks to which we have been called.

There is the temptation of cosmetizing, spending one's efforts to look excellent. Public relations are not difficult on a college campus; they take little more than an old-fashioned mutual admiration society in which the individual members proclaim each other's sterling qualities to the innocent community and possibly to the exclusion of those who have no taste for such superficialities.

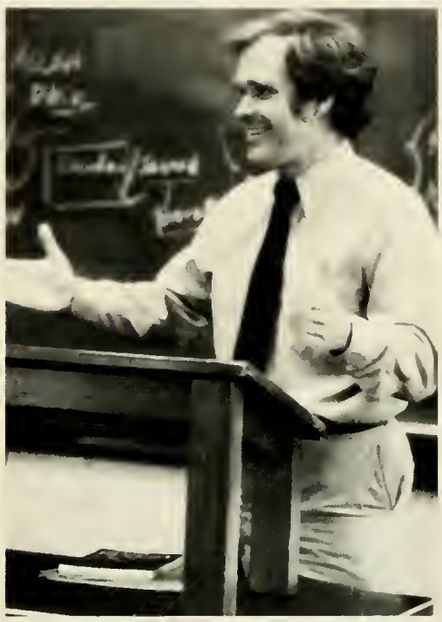
Closely related is the temptation to use sequipedalian words with which one parades his bombast while prattling proudly and pompously in well-rounded tomes — all the while substituting impressive words for real, hard-won facts and ideas.

The best way, I submit, of inspiring excellence in one's students and colleagues is to demand it constantly of himself. I mean really demand it, not speak of demanding it. Excellence, you see, is like teenaged sex; if one talks about it all the time, he gives the impression of being deficient in it.

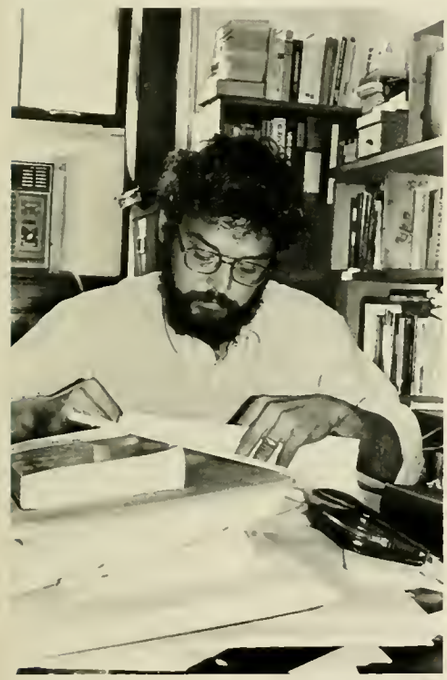
— Dr. Donald Ortner, *Professor of Psychology and Sociology*



S. Davis Bowman, *Visiting Assistant Professor of History*



Dr. Gerald Carney, *Assistant Professor of Religion*



Victor Cabas, *Visiting Assistant Professor of English*



Dr. Gerald Bryce, *Associate Professor of Mathematics and Computer Science*



Steve Coy, *Associate Professor of Fine Arts*



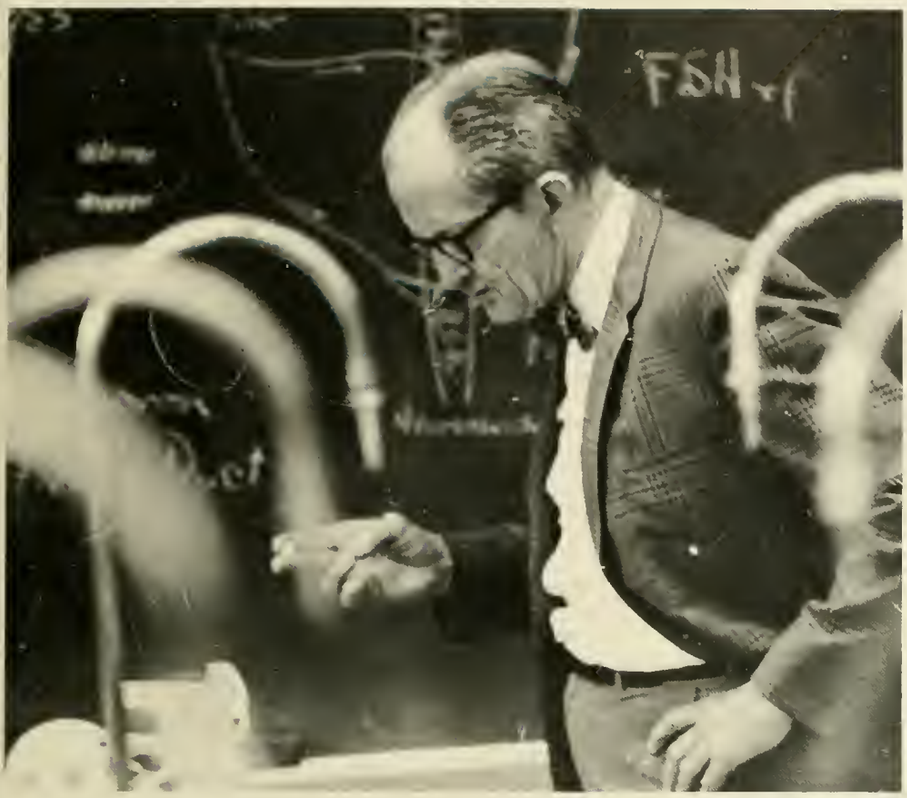
Dr. Thomas DeWolfe, *Associate Professor of Psychology*



Stokeley Fulton, *Head Football and Baseball Coach*



Dr. John Harrell, *Assistant Professor of Psychology*



Edward Crawford, *Professor of Biology*



Dr. Joseph Goldberg, *Associate Professor of Political Science*



David Gibson, *Assistant Professor of Economics*

Hampden-Sydney's First Computer

It all began in the spring of '68, when a call went out to B & G to send some men to help unload a truck parked in front of Johns Auditorium. A small crowd gathered as the men wrestled the huge crates into the basement. "What's in those crates," someone was heard to say, "pianos?"

"Heck no," Gerry Engel replied, "an IBM computer. But we won't be uncrating it today. We have to wait until the IBM engineer arrives tomorrow."

This was about the extent of the excitement that greeted the arrival of the College's first computer. The 67/68 college catalogue, published in the summer of 1968, could manage only five lines in describing the new computer facility which was, for the first few months of its campus life, located in the basement of Johns Auditorium. The February 2, 1968 issue of the *Tiger* described the acquisition of the new computer in a single paragraph on page 4.

The first record of a computer course offered by the College appears in the 65/66 catalogue, two years before the computer arrived. This course, simply titled Computer Programming, was first taught by Gus Franke using the FORTRAN IV language in 66/67. The first class consisted of five students, including Bob Deacle '69 who was immediately hired upon graduation to run the computer. How do you teach a programming course when you don't have a computer? Students would punch up their programs by hand and give them to Gus Franke who would take them over to Ashland and run them on Randolph-Macon's IBM 1800 computer. (Yes, they had a computer before we did.) One thing is for sure, you had to go over your program very carefully in those days because you didn't get very many runs.

Several things changed after the IBM 1130 arrived. For one thing the number of computer course offerings was increased from one to two and then to six. And now almost half of the students taking the courses were girls because Longwood didn't yet have a computer.

This was all before my time, mind you. I didn't arrive until 1970, but that same IBM 1130 computer was still here and girls were still flocking to our computer courses. It was a good machine — too good, perhaps. If you looked hard enough, there always seemed to be a way to get just a little more mileage out of it. Some called it the most cost-effective machine IBM ever built. By the early 70s there were more than 5000 of these units world-wide and talk about software — if it could be written for the 1130, it had been, several times.

In case you don't know the difference between an IBM 1300 computer and a Wang 320 calculator (Yes, we had one of those, too), perhaps the following will help. The 1130 was an early third generation computer that was introduced at about the same time as the IBM 360 (1965). It was a single user batch machine with card input, which meant that you had to stand in line with a deck of punched cards in order to run your program. It had a single platter hard disk with enough storage for one million characters, a printer capable of printing 80 lines per minute, and a card read/punch that could read 300 cards or punch 120 cards per minute. There is a beautiful color picture of the 1130 on page 16 of the 1970 *Kaleidoscope*. This picture was taken after the 1130 was moved from the basement of Johns to what is now the John Brooks Fuqua Computing Center in Bagby Hall.

Gerry Engel and Bob Deacle pretty much ran the computer operation during those early years (1967-72). They developed a Student Information System, (SIS), which was used by the Registrar. Registration in those days was a big affair, requiring most of the faculty and administration to get together down in Gammon Gym for a couple of nights to hand out course cards to students. These course cards were then batched together and read by SIS. SIS consisted of about 75 programs and was so complex that it would often "bomb out" in the middle of a run for no apparent reason. In 1971 Engel went away to get his doctorate but, instead of returning, he became head of computing at VIMS.

Perhaps Hampden-Sydney's most important contribution to computing during the early years was made by Bob Deacle when he successfully implemented the SNOBOL3 language on the 1130. This implementation was subsequently made available to COMMON, which distributed it, free of charge, to any 1130 user in the USA who requested it. Deacle was hired away from Hampden-Sydney in 1973. Several years later, a friend of mine at Winthrop College, knowing of my interest in SNOBOL3, sent me a version which he said had been recently developed in France. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that this French version was simply our SNOBOL3 translated from English into French.

Tom Gee was brought in from Virginia Tech on my recommendation as a replacement for Bob Deacle. Tom was a very capable fellow and getting him was too good to be true — literally. Through an oversight on our part, he was never given a contract to sign. Thus, early in 1974, when he got a better offer, he was free to leave — and he did. It was up to me to step in and take over — and I did. One of the first things I did was to totally rewrite SIS during the period 1974-75 and the new version, SIS II, was used until 1980.

Starting in about 1974, various efforts were made from time to time by various groups to replace the 1130. When Longwood decided to acquire an IBM System/3,

there were those who thought it would be a good idea for us to do likewise. I opposed this because the System/3 would not have been good for our academic program — the 1130 was older, but it was a better overall machine. Everything from going remote to UVA or VPI to sticking a bunch of PDP 11/23s around campus was studied and rejected over the years — either because it was a bad idea or because the money to do it could not be found.

In 1976 I began a two-year leave of absence, leaving one of my students, Lee Brown '76, in charge. Lee was the right man for the job and executed it so well that Dean Mayo was prompted to say to me; "gee, you're not indispensable, after all." I'm not sure how that was meant, but, having trained Lee, I took it as a compliment. Lee left in 1977 to attend graduate school at UNC/CH. His replacement, Frank Kluttz, was hired away from us shortly after I returned from my leave in 1978, so once again I found myself having to take over. During this time, a student, Paul Seay '79, was contracted by the Development Office to write an alumni system. The system was so large that the only way he could make it work was to use two disks — all the programs were on one disk and the data files were on another. Since we only had one disk drive, you can imagine the fancy footwork required to run the system. But it did work, even though it drove the 1130 almost beyond its limits.

By 1977, IBM had dropped all software support for the 1130. This simply meant that there would be no further releases of system software. We could live with that. But what we were now facing, and could not live with, was IBM eventually dropping hardware support. Between 1977 and 1979, the quality of service seemed to be going down at about the same rate that the cost of service was rising. IBM seemed to be sending us a message — get rid of the 1130. Thus, with our backs to the wall, Dan Poteet (the Dean), Merrill Espigh (the Registrar), and I teamed up in 1979 to make what turned out to be successful effort to replace the 1130. The first thing we did was to hire a staff (Karen Harris as machine operator and Jim Gamble as programmer/analyst), so that, by the time the 1130's replacement arrived in June of 1980, we were able to handle the enormous conversion problem of moving 500,000 cards worth of programs and data from the IBM 1130 to the Perkin-Elmer 3240. By mid 1981, we were essentially off the 1130 but it was not officially retired from service until December. The only thing it was used for after 1981 was running SNOBOL3 programs for Computer Science and to occasionally warm up the lab on a cold day.



We tried unsuccessfully to find the 1130 a good home during most of 1982 and finally resorted to selling it for its scrap value ($200) during the summer of 1983 — just over fifteen years after it first arrived on campus.

Dr. Ray Gaskins



Dr. Ron Heinemann, *Professor of History*

Dr. Alan Farrell, *Associate Professor of French and German*





Dr. William Hendley, *Associate Professor of Economics*



Dr. Robert Herdegen, *Assistant Professor of Psychology*



Dr. Paul Jagasich, *Associate Professor of Modern Languages*



Dr. Charles Kay, *Visiting Assistant Professor of Philosophy*





Dr. W. T. Joyner, *Professor of Physics*





Dr. Edward Kiess, *Associate Professor of Physics*

Dr. Robb Koether, *Assistant Professor of Mathematics*



Dr. Amos Laine, *Professor of History*



Dr. James Kidd, *Associate Professor of Fine Arts.*



Dr. Paula Kline, *Visiting Assistant Professor of Modern Languages*

Puzzles: A Lifetime Sport

We hear a lot of talk these days about physical fitness and about the importance of general physical activity continuing after college. Proponents of these ideas use the term "lifetime" sports for such activities as jogging, tennis, golf, and racquetball. They have a salutary point to make. Hearing these discussions, I am inspired to suggest that puzzles are a lifetime sport too.

There is a whole gamut of puzzles: strategy games, logic puzzles, brain teasers, and mathematical recreations. They need very little equipment beyond pencil and paper. They can be enjoyed at many different levels. The mind may be stretched, relaxed, and trained by them. They defy the neat distinction between work and play. They provide a cornucopia of delight.

My point about puzzles is only semi-serious in the context of the current "buzz-words." This specific example, however, reveals one of my genuine concerns: it is too easy for too many to forget that liberal education is also a lifetime sport.

1. At a special meeting, everyone shakes hands exactly once with each person present. Altogether there are 45 handshakes. How many people attended the meeting?

2. Two of Anthony, Bernard, and Charles are fighting each other. A) The shorter of Anthony and Bernard is the older of the two fighters. B) The younger of Bernard and Charles is the shorter of the two fighters. C) The taller of Anthony and Charles is the younger of the two fighters. Who is not fighting?

3. Place six checkers on a table in a row, alternating them black, red, black, red, black, red. Move the checkers so that all of the red ones will end on the left, followed by all of the black ones. The checkers must be moved in *pairs,* taking two adjacent checkers at a time, without disturbing their order, and sliding them to a vacant place. You will need only three moves to solve the problem.

— Dr. Vincent Iverson





Dr. Anne Lund, *Adjunct Assistant Professor of Biology*



Dr. Larry Martin, *Associate Dean of the Faculty and Associate Professor of English*



Dr. David Marion, *Assistant Professor of Political Science*

William Myers, *Lecturer in Mathematics*

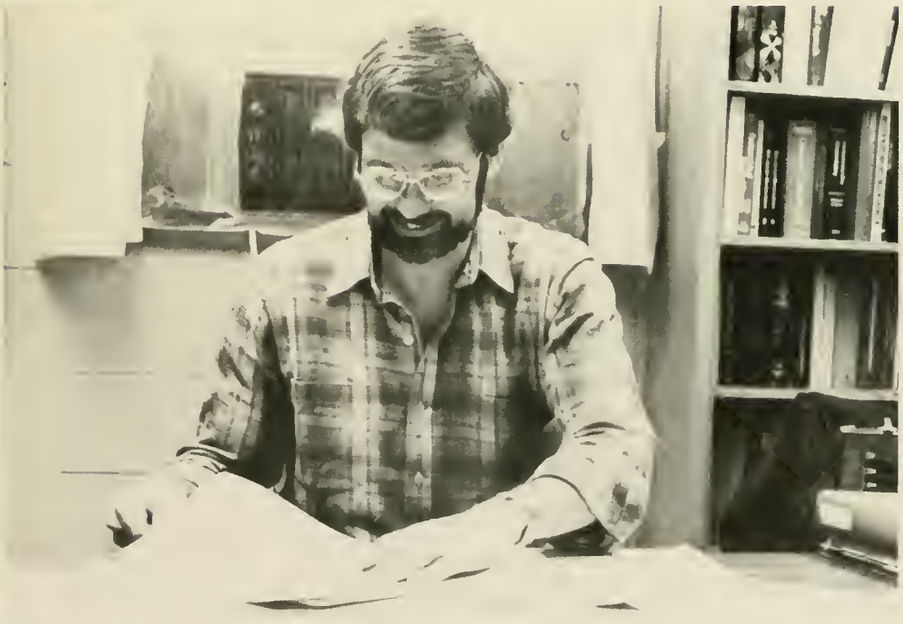


Dr. Owen Norment, *Professor of Religion*





Thomas O'Grady, *Lecturer in English*



Richard Palmer, *Assistant Professor of Chemistry*

Job Sharing

It is altogether natural that two people preparing for the same career should meet in the course of their graduate education on other apprenticeship and decide, in part because of the similarity of their interests, beliefs, and goals, to marry. Slowly and gradually, sex-based barriers in professional careers are breaking down — more and more men are entering fields traditionally "feminine," and more and more women are marketing their ideas and skills in traditionally "masculine" fields — and the number of marriages composed of two aspiring professionals is increasing. What are the career options for such couples? One of the two persons might give up the career he or she has begun working toward, a solution to the problem that is easy but (we believe) unreasonable and often the source of psychological tensions that surface later to disrupt the relationship. Both persons might find satisfying positions in the same city or town, a solution that is, in many cases, unrealistic and impossible. Each member of the couple might take the best job offered him or her, no matter the location of the position, the couple maintaining a long-distance relationship (we have known couples whose individuals lived in Durham, NC and New York City, or even Boston and Los Angeles!). Such a marriage works for some couples but is utterly impossible for many others. The option we have chosen — two people sharing one job — is growing in popularity, though it may not be feasible for all couples. Social biases against job-sharing have been strong, but they are collapsing under the pressures of a growing and diversifying professional work force; more people are realizing that the "two-for-one" arrangement can be rewarding, personally and professionally, for all concerned. We offer here a description of our own situation as two visiting professors in one position at Hampden-Sydney College, and we admit to an unabashed exhortation in support of the idea of job-sharing, in the hope that as married or single men, as employers or employees, you will view with open minds couples who choose to share their professional and their personal lives. Perhaps you will someday have the opportunity and the desire to give it a try yourselves!

When in the spring of 1983 Dean Poteet offered us a joint position as Visiting Assistant Professors of Rhetoric at Hampden-Sydney College, and we accepted the offer, it was a first for all concerned: the first time Hampden-Sydney hired two persons to fill one position, the first time we formally held such a position. Nearly a year has passed since then, and after one full semester and part of another spent teaching and tutoring in the Writing Lab, we can report our satisfaction with the arrangement. We enjoy working together and feel that our close partnership strengthens us as individual teachers and benefits the college as well.

Our sharing a position at Hampden-Sydney is the result of a number of circumstances and reasons, the practical ones most readily identified and most easily expressed. To begin with, we like teaching and we both wish active professional careers, a difficult ambition to realize in a shrinking academic job market. Sharing enables each of us to continue in the profession. The scarcity of jobs means also that rarely are two positions in the same field available at one institution. Sharing thus enables us to stay together, to avoid the arduous commuting trips or separate



Dr. William Porterfield, *Professor of Chemistry*



Dr. David Pelland, *Assistant Professor of Mathematics*



Elizabeth Deis and Dr. Lowell Frye, *Visiting Assistant Professors of Rhetoric*

residences that are the usual price paid for two careers. Finally, we are both completing dissertations in the nineteenth-century British literature, a difficult task made more difficult in the past by our holding separate, full-time teaching positions. Sharing — that is, splitting the responsibilities and demands of a full-time job — allows us the time necessary to complete requirements for our doctorates.

These practical benefits above all make it *convenient* for us to share a teaching position, but our academic and intellectual training, philosophies, and goals provide other reasons for our decision to work together, reasons that reach beyond everyday concerns. As students of the literature and culture of nineteenth-century Britain, our intellectual interests overlap, but our different approaches to the period and its literature enrich each other, our interests merging at every turn and yet remaining distinct. Intellectually we are suited to share a position. Likewise, we work well together as teachers of writing. Since our years as students and teachers at Duke University, we have worked and thought together, both our agreements and our disagreements contributing to our philosophies and methods of teaching. We have, during our years at Duke and then at Northeastern University in Boston, constructed for ourselves a coherent if unwritten and changeable philosophy of composition as an integral part of a liberal arts education. The fact that we are *two,* that we have occasional disagreements about method and theory, enables us to remain supple as teachers, to become in some measure self-aware with regard to our teaching. Sharing a position keeps us responsive to each other and, we hope, to our students.

Perhaps most importantly, sharing a professional position helps us lead balanced lives, helps us create what is for us a cooperative marriage in which traditional male and female roles overlap and intermingle. Neither of us feels alien to the private and professional experience of the other. Finally, sharing a position helps us to work and think cooperatively on the job, to avoid aggressive spirit of competition for place and honors that permeates most American graduate schools and to large extent the professional academic world beyond — a spirit that is in many ways the contrary of the professed aims of liberal arts education.

In giving us a chance to realize our plans and goals, Hampden-Sydney College shows that its definition of liberal arts education is not a rigid, meaningless code but a living idea, open to human variety, individual circumstances, and innovation. In return, we hope to show that the benefits of a shared position are not experienced solely by us. The college fills one position but gains two minds, two voices, two personalities, as well as instructors able to teach an additional course that appears at the last minute. Students also may experience a similar diversity as a result of our shared position, since they have the opportunity to see one or the other of us in the Writing Lab. But ultimately, we share the position at Hampden-Sydney in order to make our way as we wish, and not as circumstance or tradition dictates, in the professional academic world. We like each other, we like to work together — and we intend to continue doing so in the years to come.

— Ms. Elizabeth J. Dies
— Dr. Lowell T. Frye

Maturity: A Vastly Overrated Virtue

YEARBOOKS are profoundly dispiriting things. And meant to be that way. They are made to be looked back on, usually from more distant times, but certainly from sadder ones. Those hopeful, shadowy faces that peer out at us row upon row from the Yearbook pages commonly find us fatter, wearier, even dumber if not infrequently richer. For all the bawling after that luminous deity Liberty, the fact is that one's days in school are about as happy as one will ever know.

That's why it so saddens me to see men in school who are not happy, for whom performance and self-discipline is such a strain that when it can be grudgingly managed it is at the expense of any other sort of activity. The truth is that before anyone can revel in freedom from essays and aorisos and periodic tables, he is overtaken by an equally insistent Spirit, from whose somber grip few squirm free: Maturity.

And so it was, when the *Kaleidoscope* evidently ran out of photos of heavy-lidded brothers clutching plastic cups of beer and athletes pinned in mid-air and asked me to fill some dead paper, that I peeked back into my own yearbook to see just how far down the chain of being I had tumbled. Here's what it said:



Al Farrell lived in a childlike verbal gaiety here, describing everything that passes under his nose so vividly and truly and amazingly that he usually had a good-sized circle of listeners wherever he was—in Founders', the gym, or his car, giving us rides to Bart's Hot Dog Stand when classes got too dull. It was a sleek blue '57 Ford convertible with three double-barreled carburetors that dumped fifty cents worth of gas on command and with an eerily beautiful hum as it passed everything in sight. Farrell was our greatest classicist after Dr. Barnes. He did Greek and Latin with no sweat at all, and pulled down A's on Why's tests without trying. When he did study Greek, it was while riding the steamroller for tennis court maintenance, and that was a picture. He rode the roller rarely, though, and spent great effort at cheating the wily Dean of Men out of many hours of detention.

I don't know what you picked out of that passage, but the word that strikes me is "childlike." Hardly a compliment at a time in one's life when important new directions bid themselves. What strikes me is that I have seen that word elsewhere in my "permanent record." Here's at least one instance that comes to mind:

To: HQ S-1, AVGB-CCC, 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne)
FM: Adjutant, SOA-CCC, 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne)
SUBJ: Enlisted Efficiency Report

...Sergeant Farrell, an otherwise capable and trustworthy NCO, exhibits frequently a conduct bordering on, sometimes trespassing into, insubordination. He has a childish tendancy to strike back, especially when challenged by superiors he does not respect...

That is not the way to make general, boys. It will be noticed that I have by now tumbled from the relatively inoffensive "childlike" to the downright unpleasant "childish." Oh, hell. Lots of us sensitive guys don't get along in that fascist environment. I'll probably do a lot better when I get out of the service and into a line of work where my creative side can get some exposure.

Here's a letter I saved:

TO: Dean of the Faculty, Hampden-Sydney College.
FM: Chairman, Faculty Affairs Committee
SUBJ: Promotion to Associate Professor

...showed a certain immaturity on Doctor Farrell's part. Furthermore, he is perceived to be a colorful campus hero, whose...

Oh, Oh. This is getting serious now. Promotions mean money, don't you know. And what about the gravity of the profession. Worse yet is the "...is perceived..." I wasn't even a good campus hero, colorful or not, and evidently left doubt about it in at least some minds. But worse of all—and this *is* serious—is the apparently failed responsibility of serving as model to growing young men. A poor model indeed that after a dozen years and a lot of experience can only rise—rise,

mind you—to "immaturity."

This "model" stuff is scary. You have to know that to real hardcore moralists, a decision for one man has to be a decision for all men. In that sense everyone's life is a model, and if you chose to lead another man's you forfeit necessarily the chance to set a standard on your own.

You can't do what I've done. Not that you haven't the strength. You haven't the weakness. You'll have to make my dumb mistakes in order to make my corrections. To tell the truth, even I don't know the lessons of my life yet. It's not over, you know; this is only work in progress. I may have something really nice in mind. Before you do any modelling on it, you'd better drop back around twenty years from now. If I have a carpeted office over in Atkinson and make the science bunnies do push-ups, you'll know I was on the right track. If I'm still up in Bagby telling war-stories, you might want to make an in-course correction on your version.

I'll give you one little hint, though. And it'll probably be worse than nothing because it's from Browning, and nobody knows what the hell he was talking about except God and he has a biiiiiiiiiiiig copy of Monarch Notes he checks with. At any rate, when I was your age and even dumber, I was caused—caused I say—to read Browning's "Grammarian's Funeral." The grammarian was a grave fellow and managed to learn a great deal in his life, but at its end all that could be said of him as an epitaph—and this is the line that bothered me—was:

He had chosen not to live but know. As if—what do you think?—*knowing,* at least a certain kind, had necessarily to exclude *living* for the duration of the process. That line troubled me, as it was intended to of course. First because it is cast backwards, like most poetry, to make you look at it twice. Then because it doesn't say right out if such is good or bad, the way to do or not.

Here's what I think. I think the Grammarian had contracted a fatal case of maturity and that when death overtook him it did so without giving him a chance to apply that vast erudition to a life. He had done this, at least: he had spared himself the vices of childishness. We know what the adult words are for a child who has outworn his term as child. They are unkind: fixated, arrested, over-grown. Children are so...so...so uncritical. They have a way of forgetting momentary cruelties and petty inconsistencies just for the sake of a loyalty once placed. Your childish man, for example, would probably be loyal to men rather than to ideas or causes. He might get into a scrape for a buddy without being able to explain very well just why he did it. A mature fellow would have pondered sedulously the "aspect" of the "issues" first.

Silly, childish men are likely to play at their work. Grave, diginified men get serenely on with their lives. Fixated adolescents keep track of things in their heads. Mature adults write little notes and memos so they won't forget nothing. Silly, overgrown adolescents have been known to risk their lives for others. And that's dumb. Arrested infantiles love to wonder at things, though they really don't want the answers. Ponderous fellows come up with the answers. Yeah, yeah. They perfected waxes and crammed cheese into you dog's food. But they also took God out of the sky. Children somehow seem to have a much better conception of their place in the scheme of things. And adults, for all that, really don't have much more control over their lives, for all their maturity. If you are reading these words several years out of college, then you know that already.

Dr. Alan Ford Farrell, *Associate Professor of Modern Languages*



Dr. Robert Rogers, *Professor of Religion*



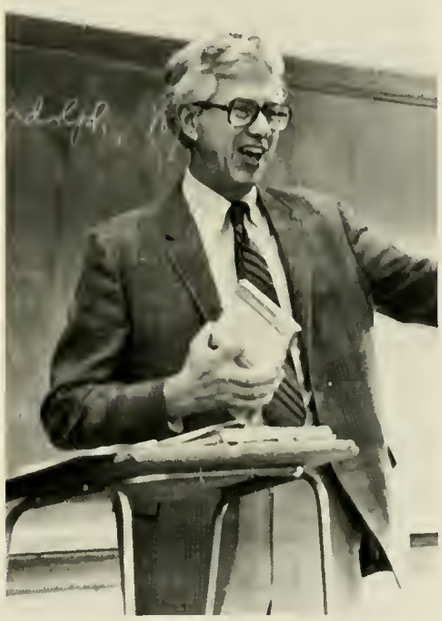
Dr. Mary Saunders, *Associate Professor of English*



Dr. William Shear, *Professor of Biology*



Dr. Herbert Sipe, *Professor of Chemistry*



Dr. Hassell Simpleson, *Professor of English*



Dr. Jorge Silveira, *Professor of Spanish*



Dr. James Simms, *Professor of History*

The Way of Dialogue

My research trips to India remain in my memory as images that sum up a country that defies comprehension. Four years ago, as an utterly "green" traveler, I saw two beggars on the station in Varansi (Benares). The man had no legs and laboriously dragged himself along the platform with his arms. The woman wore perhaps the most pathetically soiled dress I had ever seen. It might have been the story of two "successful" street people but for the fact that, when they reached the end of the platform, this couple pooled their receipts, bought two ears of charcoal-roasted corn from a vendor and shared their meal there on the pavement. I caught my train with the assurance that a couple of beggars had taught a value lesson to the traveling professor.

Last summer, I travelled less, spending almost the whole three weeks in Vrndavana, a pilgrimage center in Uttar Pradesh. Three images formed part of my daily cycle. Each morning, I woke around 4:30 a.m. to take part in morning worship at a nearby temple. At least half of the worshippers were widows, come to Vrndavana to escape the painful state of widowhood in their husband's families and to spend the rest of their lives praising God. Many brought stumps of candles, less than half an inch long, to place on the ledge before Krsna or around the *tulsi* tree in the courtyard. This simple offering, their widow's mite, was performed with great tenderness and feeling. Later in the morning (after, I confess, returning to bed for a while), I went to the market for "breakfast" of tea and fruit. Alongside the tea stall were a father and his daughter, a young girl, whose sole job throughout the day was to pour water into the pilgrims' hands so that they could have a drink in humid heat. She in the morning, he in the afternoon, they would empty the brass pourer and then refill it, hour after hour, day after day. While I drank my tea and observed this, a beggar came along who became as much a part of my day as I did of his. Holding my glass of tea (costing five cents), I was a very vulnerable target for this beggar's pleading hand that touched my feet. There was no escape: this beggar's daily round was now tied to mine. If I were running a bit early, he would hurry along to catch me in the market near the fruit vendor. If I were late, he would inconspicuously await me nearby. This daily exercise of street survival skill brought him tea or some fruit and left me, so generously relieved of my five or ten cents, only slightly less guilty.





Each of these people lives in a world quite different from mine. Each of them has a story, a tale of birth and love and work and death, how many years of monsoon and sweat, rainy nights under scant shelter and dusty days on the road. Even as I treasure these memories, I realize that India is another world, indeed many worlds, that I have not even begun to understand. First of all, there is an extreme diversity of language and culture, in which I am the alien, in which I lack the basic communication skills. Moreover, my alienation is a threat to my self-sufficiency and to my ability to define myself without regard to what is around me. I become afraid, angry at myself and the bewildering array of life around me, then defensive about being so vulnerable and defenseless. I fall back on familiar ideas and terms which help reduce the diversity to something I can manage. Resorting to detached comparison and critique, I try to subdue all that threatens, conquer what perplexes and restore my tidy world view.

And yet the problem of understanding remains mine. I am the alien: in dress, talk and action. But, while my response is often alienation and self-protection, there is another path in cross-cultural encounter: the way of dialogue. By "dialogue" here I am referring to a conversation; the

"other" here has everything to say and my problem is understanding. I am using "dialogue" to mean attitude, a shift in the way I define myself and another, indeed a passion to understand. Dialogue is a matter of horizon, where I draw the boundaries, where I put in doorways and windows, thresholds to be crossed, and where I build walls, to be defended at all costs. The attitude of dialogue is primarily receptivity, availability, tolerance for diversity, the willingness to knock through a few walls to expand the living space, stretch the horizon. Dialogue is destructive of absolutes: the lines that define human life are neither straight nor even; we grasp rough outlines of meaning at best, sensing tentative directions amidst shifting patterns. The understanding that dialogic life produces is always partial and approximate. While dialogue accentuates a sense of human solidarity, deeper understanding uncovers still deeper levels of diversity. There is no facile unity: "Isn't everyone . . .?" "no, not everyone . . .!" By destroying absolutes and remaining always on guard against forgetting the partial understanding achieved, dialogue recognizes the relativity of one's own viewpoint without embracing relativism. Relativism despairs of understanding, accepting raw diversity, mere juxtaposition of differences and oppositions as final. Dialogue recognizes the relativity of my world: that every "other" inhabits a world that is partly mine and vice versa; our horizons overlap; we participate together in humanity as relatives do in a family, by birthright and not by choice, yet not merely by birth but also by mature and responsible commitment. Dialogue is a responsible and critical embrace of human solidarity in irreducible diversity.

Such an attitude of dialogue is not endowed at birth but cultivated, consciously and painfully. Dialogue is sensitivity and vulnerability that must be chosen over and over again; it requires the intellectual and moral courage to live between absolutes in the tension between worlds of meaning.

Last December, I had dinner with a Muslim family on a day of large-scale pro-Hindu demonstrations. They felt that the only hope was for the various religious communities to learn to understand one another: a just world from respect based on understanding and dialogue. Because the risks are so high, I hope that people are able to overcome prejudice and opposition and begin that process. Encounters in India are rare but the opportunities to live in dialogue with people in our environment are quite frequent. We could begin walking the path of dialogue and see that process of receptivity and understanding the full dimensions of our world; we have nothing to lose by the limits we now place on our world and ourselves.

— Dr. Jerry Carney





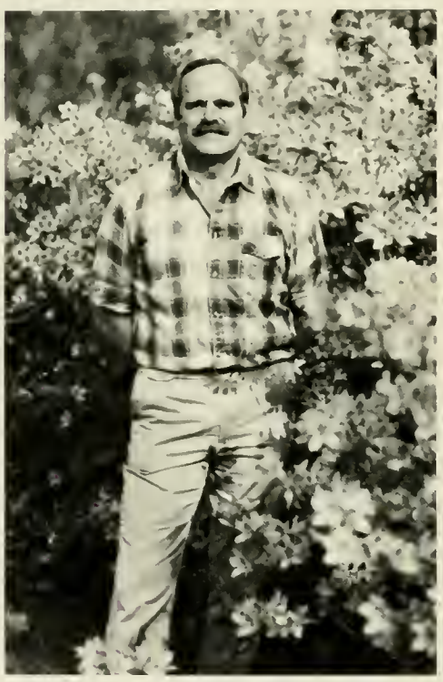


Kenneth Townsend, *Assistant Professor of Economics*

Michael Wilson, *Assistant Professor of Modern Languages*







Dr. Wayne Tucker, *Professor of Classics*



Dr. Graves Thompson, *Blair Professor Emeritus of Classics*



Gen. Samuel Wilson, *Adjunct Professor of Political Science*

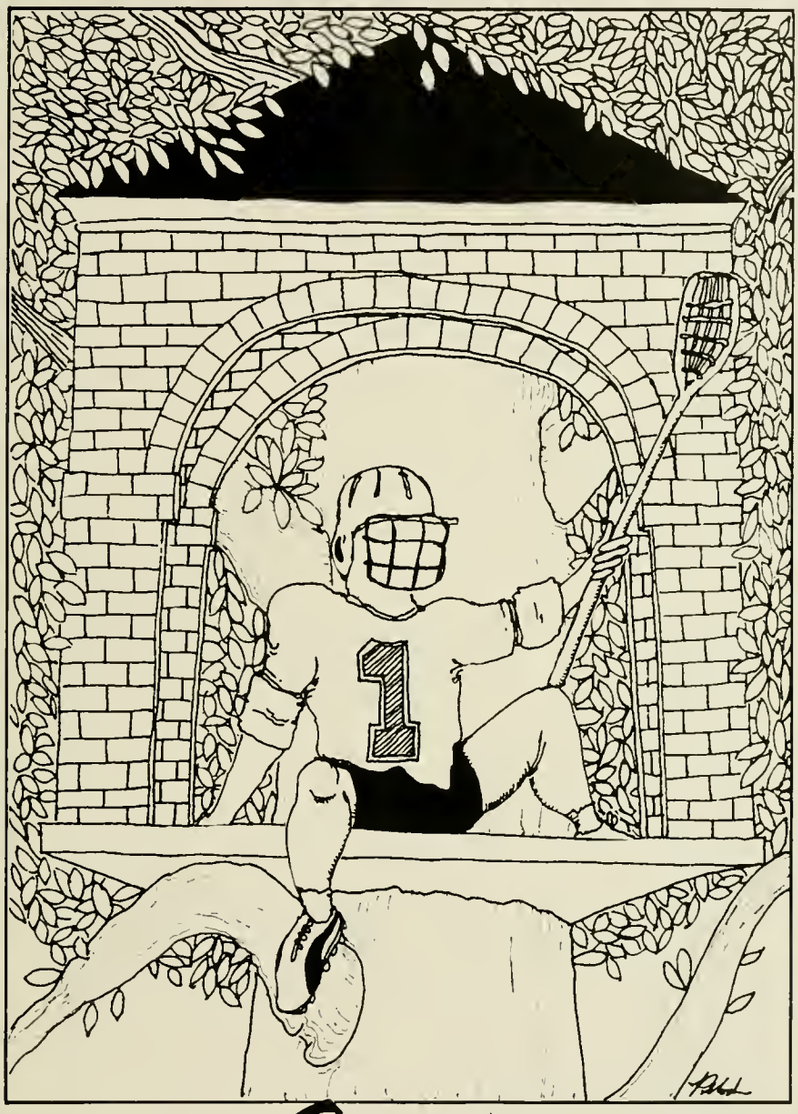


Sidney Hall, Tony Campbell, Linda Martin, Tim Timmons and Shep Haw provide a Study Break with a midnight breakfast during first semester exams.

Faculty not pictured: Dr. Stanley Gemborys, Dr. Tully Turney, Dr. George Bagby, Dr. Keith Fitch, Jeanne Nailor, Dr. Robert Webber, Dr. Brian Schrag, Dr. Frank Simes and Frank Papovich

Assistants and Secretaries not pictured: Jane Holland, Jean Hudson, Linnie Kernodle, Barbara Armentrout, Hazel Baldwin, Erna Clements, Lynn Clements, Linda Cothran, Virginia Druen, Lynn Estes, Barbara Fore, Virginia Johnston, Laurie Kennon, Merle Pairet and Queta Watson.





Sports

"Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather
And life itself is but a game at football."

—Sir Walter Scott


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FOOTBALL

1983 O.D.A.C. CHAMPS

1983 proved to be a very big year for the Hampden-Sydney College football team. Repeating as conference champions, the first O.D.A.C. team to ever accomplish that feat, was a major reason for 1983 being a landmark year for the Tigers. However, the first winning season since 1977 will make the '83 season one that will long be remembered. After an up-and-down first seven games which included wins over Maryville, Bridgewater, and Washington and Lee, the Tigers put together three straight victories over Emory and Henry. Sewanee, and Randolph-Macon to close with a record of six wins and four losses.

The big difference between the 1982 O.D.A.C. Champs and the 1983 O.D.A.C. Champs was the offense. In '82, the Tigers relied on a strong defense and the foot of Hiter Harris to win the conference crown. The 1983 edition of the Tiger football team featured an electrifying offensive attack as well as the same tough defense which returned almost intact from the year before. The Tigers used a more wide-open offense that featured more passes and, as a result, more points. Coach Fulton and his offensive coordinator, Bill Glennon, deserve credit for turning an offense which was known for its conservative play-calling into the more unpredictable and flashy attack which the Tiger fans had a privilege to enjoy this past fall.



Hampden-Sydney sideline erupts as the Tigers score against the Generals of Washington and Lee.



Willie Fobbs blasts through an open hole against Maryville.

FOOTBALL

15	H-SC	Denison	35
31	H-SC	Maryville	7
9	H-SC	Catholic	17
31	H-SC	Bridgewater	7
13	H-SC	Gettysburg	4
8	H-SC	Guilford	20
20	H-SC	Washington & Lee	8
13	H-SC	Emory & Henry	0
29	H-SC	Sewanee	14
24	H-SC	Randolph-Macon	20

The key player in the offensive juggernaut was its quarterback, Brian Brotzman. Brotzman, a sophomore, who has a knack for making the big play, was responsible for making the Tiger offense go. Brotzman proved to be a real triple threat as well, passing and running for over 1500 yards in total offense and handling the punting chores for the Tigers. Besides Brotzman, the addition of freshman Willie Fobbs and Frank Carr along with the transition of Eric Apperson from defense to offense proved to be welcome inputs to the Hampden-Sydney backfield where Tommy Cundiff was the only returning veteran. The receiving corps of Jody Williams, Don Newton, Chuck Arrington, Bill Bailey, Clark Barousse, and Spencer Reed benefited greatly from Brotzman's passing. Newton, in particular, was able to exhibit the talents which have made him a stalwart performer since his first day in a Tiger uniform. Making all this offensive excitement possible was an offensive line led by veterans Gus Paulette, Vince Henderson, Matt Hankins, Brad Simms, and David Legg. All things considered, with the good balance of "old heads" and newcomers there is reason for optimism that the offense will continue its winning ways in 1984.

Coach Gary Reho, taking over for Frank Miriello, who took a coaching position at V.M.I., held together a stingy defensive unit which had gained wide acclaim for its tenacity and ability to shut down the offensive attack of the opposition. Leading this fierce unit with their fiery leadership and bone-jarring tackles were junior Phil Suazo and David Allen, who are both bona fide All-American candidates. Giving support to these two superstars were veterans Fred Griego, David Jones, Scott Finney, Robbie DuPuis, Doug Parsons, Rick Rossetti, Matt McGee, Graham Daniels, Mike Sharp, and Scott Banning. The addition of newcomers Harvard Smith, Cap Putt, and Billy Baker will help the Tiger defense to maintain their





Number 46 Eric Apperson streaks past the Tiger 40 while Frank Carr clears the way.

Apperson plunges for victory against Maryville.



tradition of excellence in the future. Also, Brad Cary, who had the big shoes of Hiter Harris to fill, was outstanding on P.A.T.'s and field goals as well as on kickoffs.

The 1983 season is going to be remembered as a continuation of the turnaround process which was started with the '82 championship season. With good recruiting years in the future there is no reason Tiger followers cannot look forward to more conference championships in the years to come.

— John McJunkin



Clark Barousse and Pat Kane celebrate a Tiger touchdown against Bridgewater.

Coach Gary Reho and Linebacker David Allen discuss defensive strategy.

ON THE HILL





Four visiting girls smile for the camera during half-time of the Guilford game.

Bill Ziglar and his date take in the action on the field while enjoying each other's company.

Rob McArdle and guests enjoy the social life on the hill during a home game.





President Bunting and the Tiger reserves stand ready on the sidelines.

Fred Griego gets a big sack against Maryville.



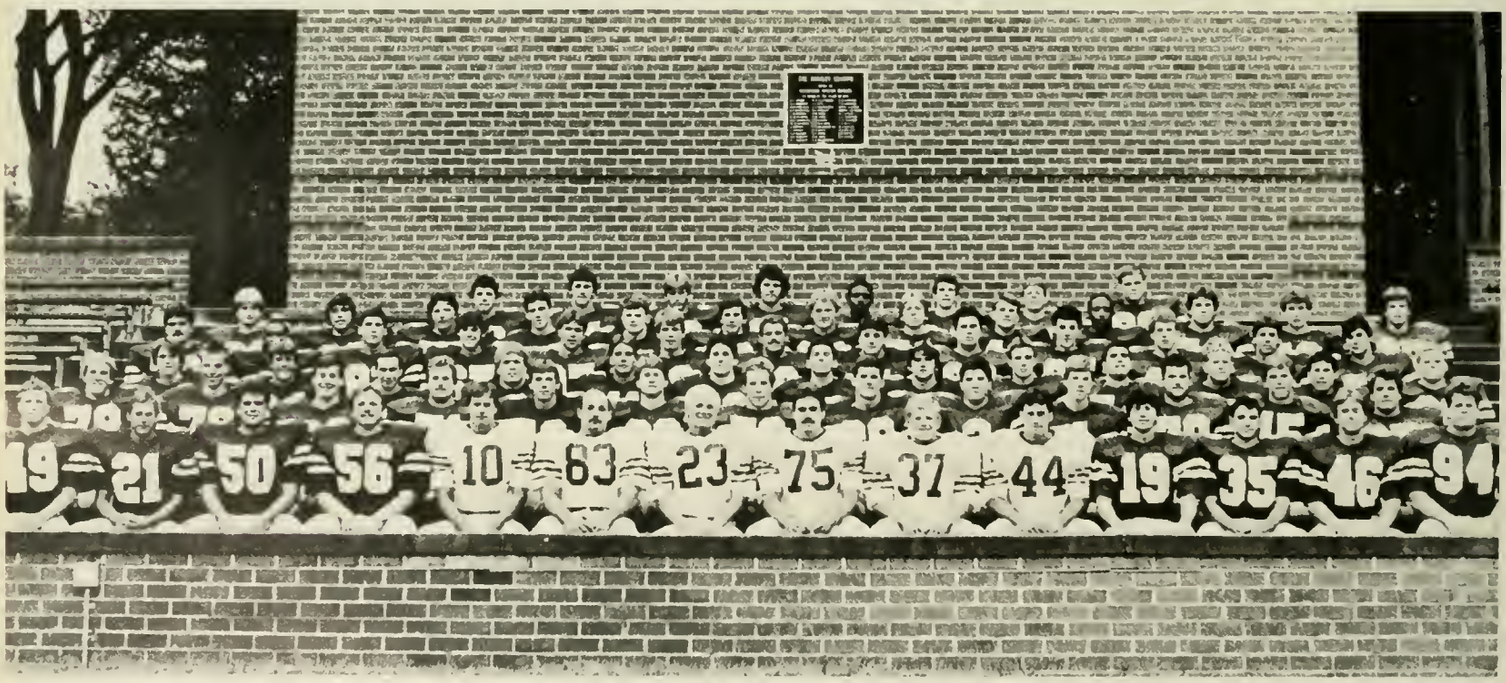
IN THE VALLEY



David Allen takes a break from a hard fight on the grid-iron against Sewanee.

Sean Driscoll gives Tiger Rich Wigman a water break on a hot Saturday afternoon.





1st. row: (L to R): Neal, S.; Finney, S.; Legg, D.; Hankins, M.; Jones, D.; Griego, F.; McGee, M.; Paulette, G.; Plunkert, S.; DuPuis, R.; Newton, D.; Rossetti, R.; Apperson, E.; Parsons, D.; **(2nd row)** Sewell, B.; Hubbard, B.; McInnis, J.; Henderson, V.; Brotzman, B.; Wheeler, F.; Allen, D.; Loos, D.; Bailey, B.; Cary, B.; Simms, B.; Banning, S.; Olfson, E.; **(3rd row)** Ellis, R.; Brennan, S.; Stout, N.; Baker, B., Arrington, C.; Sharp, M.; LeBlanc, C.; Schwing, S.; Cundiff, T.; Mugford, D.; Daniels, D.; Beahm, J.; Heilshorn, M.; **(4th row)** Zipperer, R.; Carr, F.; Smith, H.; Putt, C.; Luck, P.; Borouse, C.; Street, C.; Haskins, T.; Stowe, C.; Vilardi, G.; Bardoh, B.; Williams, S.; Scott, M.; **(5th row)** Willingham, T.; Neal, M.; Partin, B.; Moore, J.; Smith, P.; Lee, Jerry; Lee, Jeff; Saedal, S.; Davis, R.; Fobbs, W.; Kline, R.; Banning, J.; Slifka, P.; **(6th row)** Wigman, R.; Waldrop, R.; Harrison, T.; Kane, P.; Reed, S.; Meyer, K.; Gates, T.; Waters, P.





Hampden-Sydney mascot Andy Clarkson provides half-time entertainment for area children.

Matt Hankins prepares to snap the ball to quarterback Brian Brotzman.

Willie Fobbs nosedives for yardage against Maryville



CROSS COUNTRY

HARRIERS BUILD IN '83

Cross Country, more than any one sport, allows the individual the opportunity to get to know himself. This is ironic because it is a team sport. Each runner is pitted against himself and the stopwatch. Because this improvement increases the strength and power of the team, improvement on an individual basis is the goal. It is a sport where dedication, discipline, and commitment are essential to success. Even though there are official dates for the beginning and ending of the cross-country season, it is a year long sport. If a runner wants to strive for improvement, he cannot simply put his shoes on in June and take them off in November, he must run all year, continually increasing his strength, endurance, and speed. This is where the drive must come from

Kyle Johnson pulls away from two Roanoke College runners.



within; for during the off season there is no coach pushing the individual to run more or faster. The individual is forced if he wants to strive for improvement to push himself. "All the good runners set goals months and years ahead; running to them is not just a seasonal thing," says Coach Jim Angresano.

Another very different aspect of running and cross country in general compared with other sports is that there is no special talent needed to be a good runner as long as the individual has the drive, discipline, and commitment to push himself; for improvement will come from practice.

Angresano is impressed by speed and winning, but he is even more impressed by improving and trying. He looks for people



Coach Jim Angresano runs a few hills with the team.



Eddie McGee smiles as he leads the team around the track during a daily practice.

CROSS COUNTRY

18	H-SC	Eastern Mennonite	43	15	H-SC	Eastern Mennonite	50
22	H-SC	Nwprt News Appr.	38	33	H-SC	Roanoke	18
28	H-SC	Lynchburg	27	26	H-SC	Lynchburg	32
27	H-SC	Catholic U.	28	16	H-SC	Eastern Mennonite	43
19	H-SC	Bridgewater	43	15	H-SC	Newport News Appr.	40
24	H-SC	VA State	35	39	H-SC	W & L	19
26.5	H-SC	Mary Washington	29.5				

who have the ability to break the 28½ minute pace on the cross country course. However, he is even more "thrilled" when someone, through hard work, self-discipline moves their time 37 to 31 minutes. This he sees as a real personal gain, and that is what running is all about.

The longer an individual runs the better he will become. The senior runners, of which there is only one, Kyle Johnson, according to Angresano, have a big advantage over the younger runners simply because they have been running longer.

The record of the cross countgry team this year is an impressive 10-3; it has been one of the most successful teams on campus. Coach Angresano is happy with this, yet he is still not satisfied. He feels that the team as a whole is nowhere near its potential and, as the coach, ideally he can never allow himself to be satisfied with their performance anyway; he has to push for more. He thinks if the runners wanted to, they could easily run under twenty-seven minutes for the course time. Throughout the season, there have been three dominate powers on the team: Cortney Campbell, Kyle Johnson and Jay Turner. This is in a way, ironic, for two of the members of this group are freshmen — Campbell and Turner. If they continue with cross country at Hampden-Sydney, they should form a strong backbone for future teams.

Angresano looks at cross country as a five level sport.

The first level is the team with very little talent and no commitment.

The second level is a good strong team which has commitment from its members and can go head to head with stronger teams and give them a respectable race.

The third level is a very strong team with an even higher rate of commitment than level two. A level three team should have at least five members who run the course in 28½ or lower.

The fourth level is a good solid team which qualifies for the nationals.

The fifth level is a team that consistently places in the nationals.

At the present he feels that the H-SC team is at the second level. However, "If every guy on the team now will stay in shape and work out this summer, there is no reason why we can't start the season next year at the thrid level," asserts Angresano.

The members of the team work very hard. In an average mid-season week, they run over 45 miles in various different workout patterns, not to mention their own individual morning runs.

Through these workouts, Angresano feels that the most important aspect of the team development is the feeling of togetherness and family which the runners create amongst themselves. "The family atmosphere shows itself in the performance of the team. I promote this air, however, the guys carry it on," admitted Angresano.

Cross Country offers a complement to life at H-SC; something else to take with you besides academics when you leave this campus. Cross Country, unlike almost every sport, it totally up to the individual; the sport is truly what you make it, and for this reason it offers the individual a chance to really learn what he is all about — or at least a perspective on himself.

— Jim Fortenberry



(left to right) Courtney Campbell, Ed Dickerson, Chris Carnes, Dave Spector, Jay Turner, Eddie McGee, John Hollowell, Coach Jim Angresano



Cross Country team gets in its mileage on the roads around Hampden-Sydney.







Marshall Eldrid checks to see if the coach is watching as he slows up during practice.

Junior Ed Dickerson heads for home as Coach Angresano looks on.

WATER POLO
GROWTH FOR MERMEN



The year began for the Hampden-Sydney water polo team on August 26, 1983. This was the first year that a summer clinic has been held. Under the leadership of coach Paul Jagasich, the team practiced twice daily at the pool. In addition to these sessions were morning jogs and weight lifting work-outs. One of the primary goals of this clinic was to get the team in shape for the upcoming season. A water polo game consists of four five minute quarters. Several teams attend each tournament which translates that each team plays three to five games a weekend. Endurance is the name of the game during the last quarter, especially of the last games.

The first tournament the Tigers attended was the Seahawk Invitational at the University of North Carolina — Wilmington. The team played UNC-W, the University of South Carolina, Duke, VCU, and Lynchburg College. The team gained valuable experience in this early season tournament. Since this was the first year many team members had played polo, the tournament was a good chance to practice before returning to conference tournaments.

The Tigers next played in the Southern Conference Zone tournament. This tournament was played over a period of two weekends so that all of the teams in the zone could play each other. Teams played included the University of Virginia, the University of North Carolina — Chapel Hill, VCU, Lynchburg College, George Washington, Washington and Lee, and the University of Richmond. The team showed great improvement from the previous tournament but still was plagued by the problem of bad passing.

Hampden-Sydney took fourth

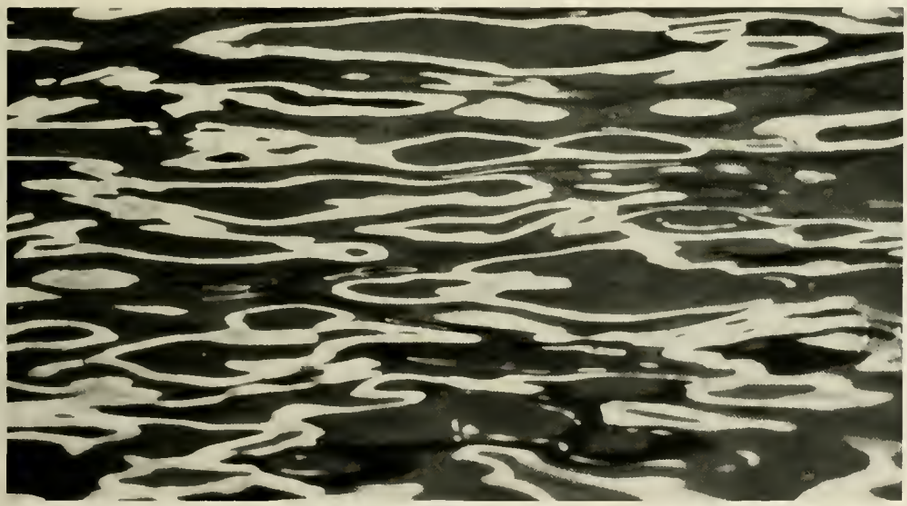


Mario Llanares passes against UNC-Wilmington.



(left to right) Coach Paul Jagasich, John Stecker, Micheal States, Paul Robinson, Steven Firenze, Johnny McGee, Mario Llanres, Ross Willis and Patrick Williams.





WATER POLO

Seahaw Open (Wilmington, NC)	5th
Southern Atlantic Conf	4th
VA State Championship	4th
H-SC Invitational	3rd

place in the state championships after losing a hard fought battle with UVA (who they had beaten in the Zone tournament). At the Third Annual H-SC Invitational, the Tigers captured the third place trophy after losing in overtime to winners James Madison.

Coach Jagasich retired at the end of the year having coached water polo for nine years. He will be replaced by Dr. Mike Wilson. The team is hoping for some new freshmen next year as well as some upper classmen to start playing. The team being young and with much game experience promises to represent Hampden-Sydney well in the upcoming years.

—Johnny McGee



The tied score of 2 to 2 is overcome as Hampden-Sydney scores against UVA.

Goalie Mike States makes a fantastic save in the Hampden-Sydney Invitational.

SOCCER
REBUILDING!

Hampden-Sydney's soccer record for the Fall of 1983 was 5 wins, 7 losses, and 2 ties. Statistically, the soccer season was disappointing but the statistics do not account for the moments of good performance.

Hampden-Sydney opened up the season with a strong win over Christopher-Newport in the Longwood Tournament. After a disappointing loss to Virginia Wesleyan and to Davidson in the final of the Hampden-Sydney Tournament, the winning spirit was regained against Roanoke.

Defeating Roanoke was significant because it gave Hampden-Sydney a fair-to-good position in the ODAC. Hopes of being number one in the ODAC were lost though when Hampden-Sydney lost against five other ODAC teams. Hampden-Sydney ended up the season with strong performances against Longwood and Averett.

The entire Hampden-Sydney soccer deserves equal recognition for good sportsmanship, strong performance, and consistent participation. For the seniors that were on the team, regards from the remaining members.

— Joe Koehring











Hampden-Sydney Senior Jeff Mencini takes a shot on a goal against Lynchburg.

Playing against Catholic University, Hollins Clark kicks the ball away from a defender.

SOCCER

2	H-SC	Longwood	2
0	H-SC	CNC	2
1	H-SC	VA Wesleyan	4
2	H-SC	Newport News	0
0	H-SC	Davidson	3
2	H-SC	Roanoke	1
2	H-SC	Catholic	3
0	H-SC	Eastern Mennonite	1
0	H-SC	NC Wesleyan	2
5	H-SC	Newport News	1
1	H-SC	Washington & Lee	3
1	H-SC	Lynchburg	3
3	H-SC	Maryville	1
2	H-SC	Longwood	2
2	H-SC	Averett	2

Jeff Mencini keeps stride with a Catholic University defender, gains control of the ball, gets taken down by a come-from-behind tackle, and finally rises in disgust to resume play.











Hampden-Sydney scores against Maryville.

RUGBY *MADNESS*

If a record of wins and losses is the only manner to measure the success of a sports team, then Hampden-Sydney's rugby team may have had a difficult year. Luckily, however, those who played on the team did not choose to view the season in such simplistic terms.

The rugby boys had the opportunity to boast of successes other than victories. Club president Ward Stevens held the team together through some very enduring practices — a job which appears easy, but truly requires a lot of hard work. Pride was also found in the new players who added to the team. The 1983 season saw as many as ten freshmen starting in one game. New men such as Wallace Huff and Flint Liddon learned to take their lumps. Overall, the freshmen made a fine addition to the Hampden-Sydney rugby tradition.

Upperclassmen such as Richard Johnson, Will Burke, Bill Brown, and Robert Lendrim also showed their strength as valuable parts of the rugger squad. With spring practices and scrimmages, the boys should be ready to lace up their spikes and win a few games in the upcoming fall. If all goes as planned, the homemade goalposts will live to see many more years of Hampden-Sydney rugby action.

— Joe Jackson



RUGBY

9	H-SC	VCU	12
6	H-SC	VMI	18
6	H-SC	Longwood	9
9	H-SC	W & L	15
3	H-SC	U of R	18














45
32

BASKETBALL

SUPPORT IN THE END

Hampden-Sydney led Washington and Lee 10-5 five minutes into the last game of the regular season, and the crowded (for once) stands were full of fans for support. A banner hanging from the press box asked the burning question: "If W & L goes co-ed, will the basketball team wear skirts?" The Tigers seemed to have a good shot at a big win; but by game's end they would be more worried by shirts than skirts.

Fouls not only aided W & L's offense, but they were also conspicuously lacking in that of the Tigers. Hampden-Sydney outscored their rivals from the floor but only stepped to the line (hold onto your seats) 5 times for the game. The Generals' 15 accurate free throws added up to more than enough for a 55-48 victory over the Tigers.

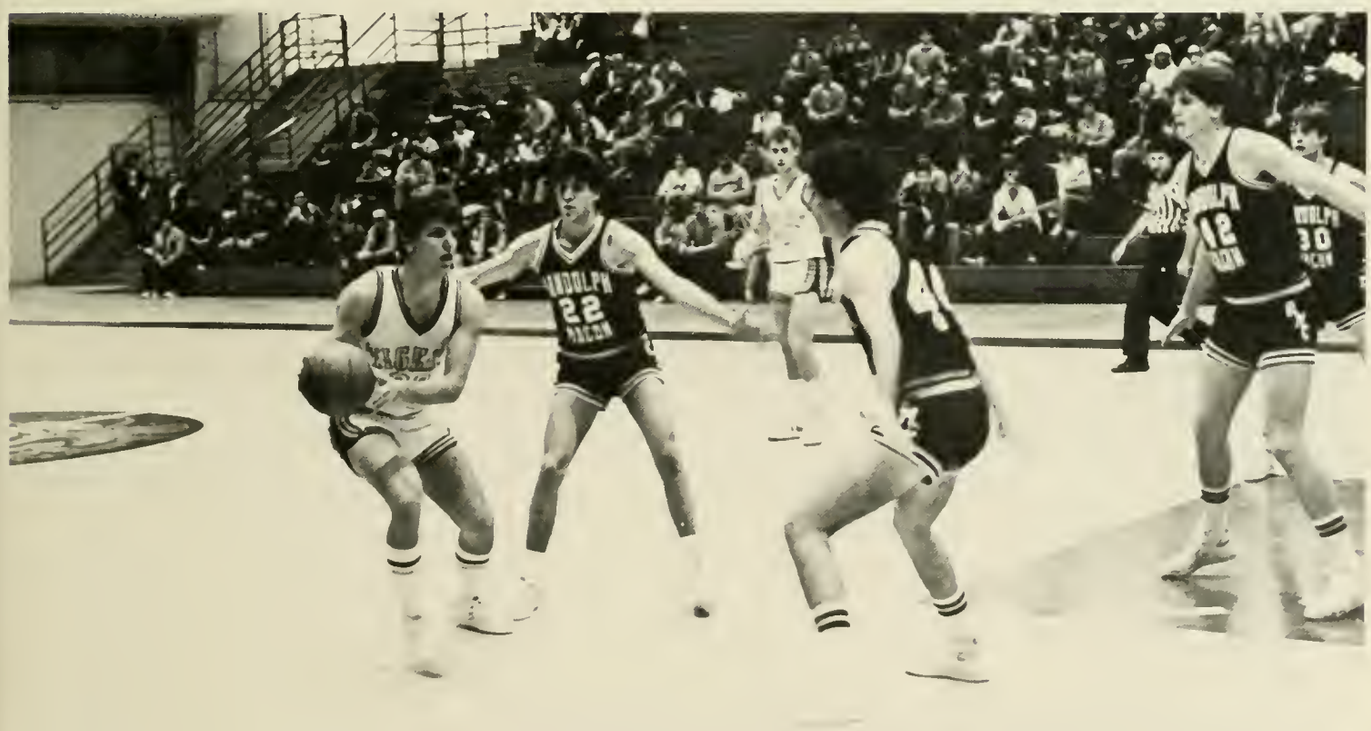
Hampden-Sydney had more rebounds and steals and less turnovers than W & L, and played even with their opponent through the first half. After a three-point play by W & L's John Lee Graves tied the score at 12-12, the two teams traded the lead until halftime, at which W & L led 30-28. During this stretch, Chris Sibold shined in shooting and rebounding for the Tigers.

Three minutes into the second half, Danny Miller stole the ball and raced down the court all alone for a layup to give the Tigers a 32-31 lead. W & L was then able to build a 43-36 lead with ten minutes remaining, but when Hampden-Sydney needed it, John Lee scored a three-point play and Miller hit a jumper to pull the Tigers to within two.

Momentum seemed to be making a favorable shift for the home

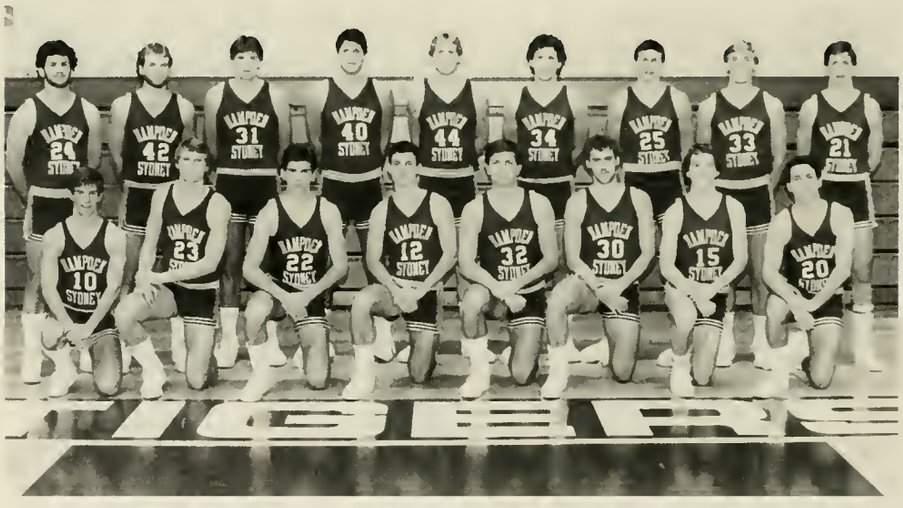
(continued on page 105)

Tim Veith moves the ball down the court.



Basketball

39	H-SC	St. Andrews	81
68	H-SC	Coker	69
80	H-SC	Catholic	76
52	H-SC	W & L	63
72	H-SC	VA Wesleyan	58
36	H-SC	Randolph-Macon	64
56	H-SC	Maryville	63
67	H-SC	Bridgewater	75
74	H-SC	Emory & Henry	62
66	H-SC	St. Andrews	75
63	H-SC	Roanoke	76
52	H-SC	Randolph-Macon	82
90	H-SC	Lynchburg	88
68	H-SC	Bridgewater	73
86	H-SC	Roanoke	76
62	H-SC	Mary Washington	64
69	H-SC	Maryville	79
35	H-SC	Lynchburg	37



First row: Rick Caldwell, Adam Laber, Andy Gray, Vaughn Frigon, Tim Veith, Tim Kauffman, George Light, and Chris Poe. **Second row:** Danny Miller, Frank Blankemeyer, Kevin Mitchell, Dee Novak, Chris Sibold, John Lee, Sutton Baldwin, Rob Lee, and Church Brown.



Danny Miller, backed up by Chri Sibold and Frank Blankemeyer, goe for the rebound against Bridgewater.

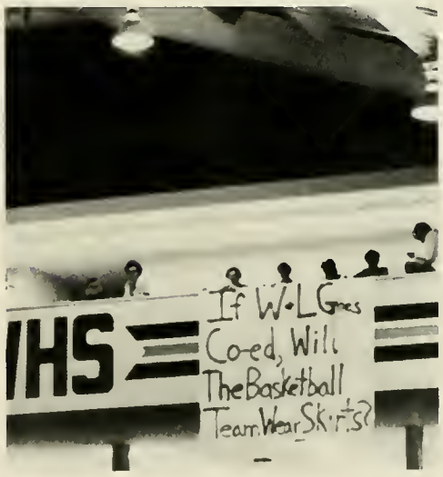


team until about the 5:00 mark when fouls began to rain down on the Tigers. After W & L made a basket, there was an ensuing tie-up on the sidelines which would have given the Tigers the ball, but shoving and shouting by both teams resulted only in two technical fouls against the Tiger bench.

The Generals sank both and then another bucket on the free possession. Suddenly it was a 49-41 lead for the Lexington team, and they stayed strong for the final four minutes to kill Tiger hopes.

The visitors, who finished fourth in the ODAC, were led by Graves with 17 points and McClatchey and Harralson with 8 apiece. Sibold, high-scorer for the game, paced Hampden-Sydney with 19 points, while Tim Vieth had 10. The Tigers ended the season 7-15.

— Darren Burns



WRESTLING

GRAPPLERS SHOW ENTHUSIASM

The 1984 wrestling team displayed both courage and unremitting stamina. Despite a lacking tradition of being a wrestling power house, these grapplers of Hampden-Sydney enjoyed their first season under Head Coach Wil Chassey. Unfortunately, six of the top contending wrestlers quit at the beginning of the season for personal reasons; as a result, the squad forfeited the 126, 177, and unlimited weight class every match.

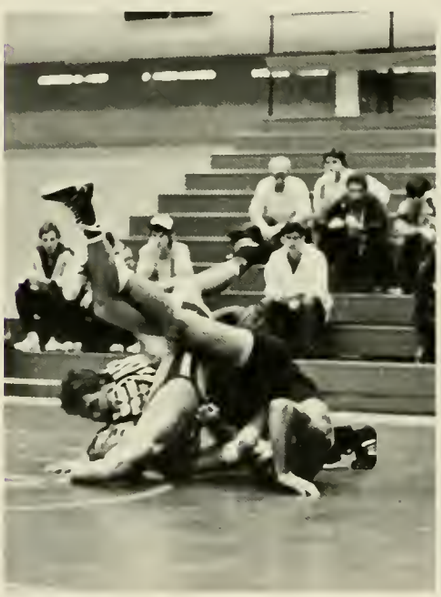
There were several impressive grapplers on the individual level. Freshman Mark Prince at 139 pound class, who was two-time prep school state champ, had a record of 9-4. Also all-star senior veteran, Captain Alan Blow was 9-3. Alan provided leadership and inspiration for the squad. During one home dual match against Catawba, Alan went into the period behind by two points. Alan won that match with a take down in the last few seconds.

Other contributing grapplers on the squad were co-captain Bob Houska at 158 with a record of 8-7. Rich Rogers at 150 pound class with three wins, Mike Adams at 167 with four pins, Dickie Bragg who pinned his Ferrum opponent in 54 seconds, and Mike Hodges who was competitive in every match.

Coach Chassey deserves credit for keeping the wrestler's enthusiasm high despite continuous losses. When asked what stood out most throughout the season, Mike Adams replied: "Everybody has shown improvement in their technique since the beginning of the year; this is mainly attributed to Coach Chassey."

Head Coach Chassey fervently recruited grapplers. Hampden-Sydney should look forward to a strong team next year.

— Sean Emmet



Team members: Mike Adams, Allen Blow, Bob Houska, Mike Hodges, Richard Rogers, Dickie Bragg, and Mark Prince.



Wrestling

15	H-SC	Catawba	21
10	H-SC	Lynchburg	28
18	H-SC	W & L	30
6	H-SC	Catawba	30
21	H-SC	Lynchburg	22
25	H-SC	Elon	18
20	H-SC	Ferrum	15
16	H-SC	Longwood	21



GOLF

H-SC'S GAIN

As they say, one man's loss is another man's gain, and such was the case in Sam Wallace. When Wake Forest lost Wallace last fall in the middle of his sophomore year, Hampden-Sydney gained a top-notch golfer.

Wallace played well in the new environment. He medaled in nearly every match, highlighted by a 74 versus Randolph-Macon and a 72 versus Longwood at Briary (Hampden-Sydney's home course). Though victories were few, a well-balanced team saw things come together at Bridgewater. Playing in a quad meet with Washington and Lee, Lynchburg, and Bridgewater, the Tigers shot 313 as a team to finish only three shots off the pace set by state champion Lynchburg. Complimenting Wallace's 76 were Paul Stancs with a 78, Richie Davis with a 79, and Brian Peabody with an 80. Joel Hutcheson also played well, representing the Tigers at the state match along with Wallace, Davis, and Peabody.

— Ashley Marable



Team Members: Brian Peabody, Robert Given, Joel Hutcheson, Paul Stancs, Armstead Mauck, Sam Wallace, Tommy Hoblitzell, Brian Kiezer, and Richie Davis.

LACROSSE

A "WINNING" SEASON



The 1984 Lacrosse season was a disappointment for the Tiger laxmen in only one way — the final record. Coming off a mediocre 1983 season, Coaches Bill Reid and Bill Glennon knew that this would be a rebuilding year (8 freshmen) but they saw the opportunity to organize a worthy contender. On March 3rd the laxmen showed signs of brilliance in defeating Pfeiffer College and for a brief moment entertained thoughts of returning to a playoff caliber team. The Tigers' exuberance was short-lived though. Despite hard and smart lacrosse play on the part of the Tigers, the laxmen could manage only one victory out of eight games. In their one victory though, the Tigers showed their partisan crowd how they could really play. Dennis Lee and Eddie McCall led the Tiger offense with a combined seven goals while the stingy defense led by Andy Blanton, Mike Grace and David "Doc" King held the visiting team's potent offense to only seven goals. These five seniors along with senior face-off man John Haines continued in this vein throughout the entire season and proved to be the backbone of the 1984 team. Although the team found itself with a 2-7 record, it found strength in the fact that with victories over ODAC foes Lynchburg and Roanoke it could win the conference title. On April 11 the team played its best game of the year against playoff hopeful Lynchburg College. This was an emotional high for the Tigers since it was Lynchburg that had knocked Hampden-Sydney out of the running for a playoff bid the previous year. The game was a very physically as well as mentally draining one and when it was over H-SC led 12-10. Again the Tigers were led by seniors Andy Blanton, Mike Grace, David King, Dennis



Thomas Parrish defends H-SC against Potsdam.

Lee, John Haines and Eddie McCall. Other members who were instrumental in the victory were junior Sean McCusty, sophomores Sam Moore and John Healey and freshman Tom Parrish. All thoughts of a bad record were diminished — the team had only one thing in mind — winning the ODAC title. In order to do this the team first had to beat Division III power Roanoke.

Although Hampden-Sydney had never beaten Roanoke in lacrosse the players and coaches were optimistic because Roanoke had lost several games to unheralded foes. On the day of season final emotions ran high especially those of the seniors. After a hard fought first quarter that ended with a 3-0 score in favor of Roanoke, the Maroons' depth proved to be too much for the young Tiger lacrosse team. The explosive Maroon offense came into its own and H-SC was handed a 13-1 setback. This moved the final record to 3-9 for Hampden-Sydney. To some it might look like

(continued on page 110)

Number 40, John Healey, takes a Roanoke player.







Robert Lendrim goes after a Radford player.

Number 16, Pat Kirchmier, number 24, Dennis Lee and number 40, John Healey, rally around the William and Mary goal.

the 1984 lecrosse team was a loser, but this could not be any farther from the truth.

This year's lacrosse team had a great deal of character as it faced complication after complication and stayed determined. The 1984 lacrosse team might have had a losing record but they definitely had a "winning" season.





The H-SC laxmen warm-up with a few exercises before practice.

Number 6, Mark Fader tries to prevent a Potsdam player from scoring.





Team Members: Kevin O'Rourke, Sam Moore, Mark Fader, Sean McCusty, Andy Blanton, Robert Lendrim, Peter Neville, Mike Grace, Eddie McCall, Pat Kirrchmier, David King, Thomas Parrish, Will McNeely, Michael Lyster, Kip Stuart, Darren Burns, Dennis Lee, Daniel Dougherty, Chris McGarry, John Haines, Stephan Coyle, Darryl Knight, Marston Jones, John Healy and James Brennan.



Lacrosse

11	H-SC	Pfeiffer	7
6	H-SC	William & Mary	14
4	H-SC	Salisbury	21
7	H-SC	Wooster	13
17	H-SC	Southampton	9
6	H-SC	Duke	11
8	H-SC	Potsdam	13
8	H-SC	Randolph-Macon	9
2	H-SC	Radford	8
12	H-SC	Lynchburg	10
9	H-SC	Guilford	13
1	H-SC	Roanoke	13



H-SC statistician keeps a record of Tiger runs.

John Caruso prepares to hit a homerun against Slippery Rock.

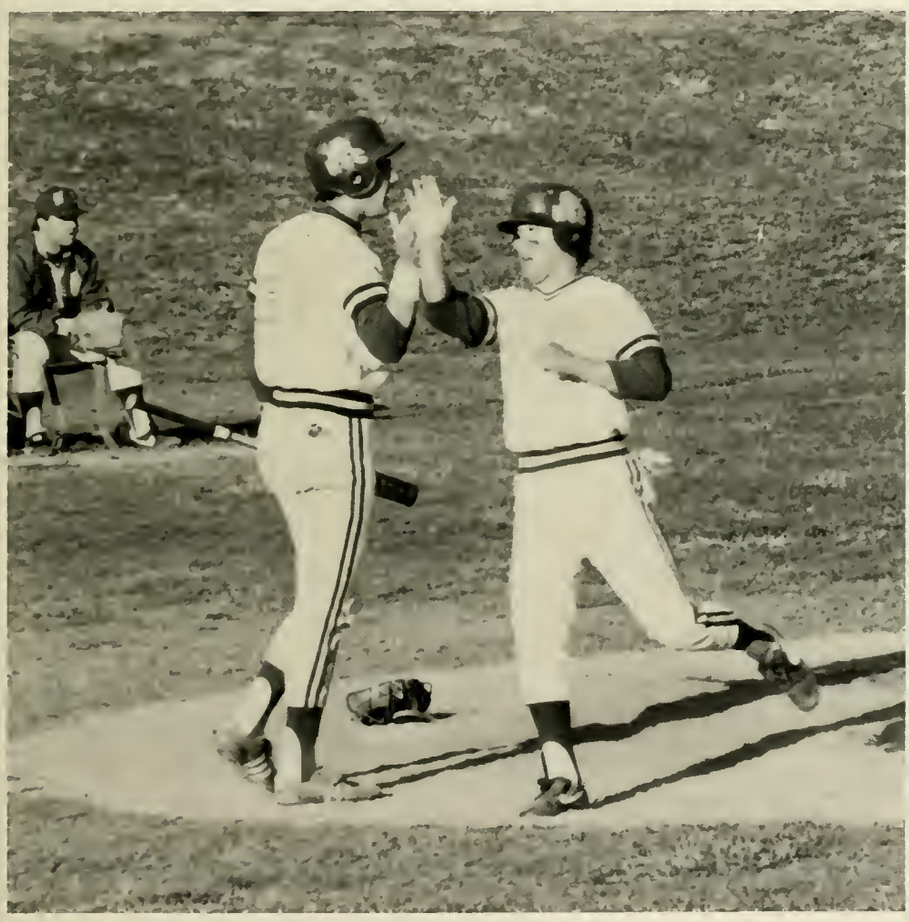


BASEBALL

SPEED, RANGE, AND A STRONG ARM

What can be said about a season that is now over except that it was a good one; one the players will never forget. Something must be said for those who participate in baseball at this college and for the whole program. Every year, twenty-five or so students try out for the team in early February. Come April, only around sixteen of the most dedicated are still working at the sport they love. There have been sacrifices. Afternoons were never yours; weekends were spent either traveling to play a game or playing as many games as can be played in two days. The rains of spring brought on double-header after double-header and these adjustments always seem to come in weeks of massive workloads. When the sun shined, the marathons began. Spring break was readily given up to play eight games. And now, as I write this, summer has begun for 99% of the student body; campus life is pretty lonely.

The infield had to be readjusted midseason and have mixed beautifully ever since. Jack Horner patrols the hot corner at third. I know I wouldn't want to be sixty feet away from the ball players that we faced this year: Jack did,





Coach Fulton leads the batting practice.

Skip Cerf comes into home as Guy Valardi goes up to bat.

and hung tough. Jody Williams, a freshman, brought speed, range, and a strong arm to shortstop. His future looks bright. Litz VanDyke at second had a year of H-SC baseball under his belt and his small glove covered a large piece of ground.

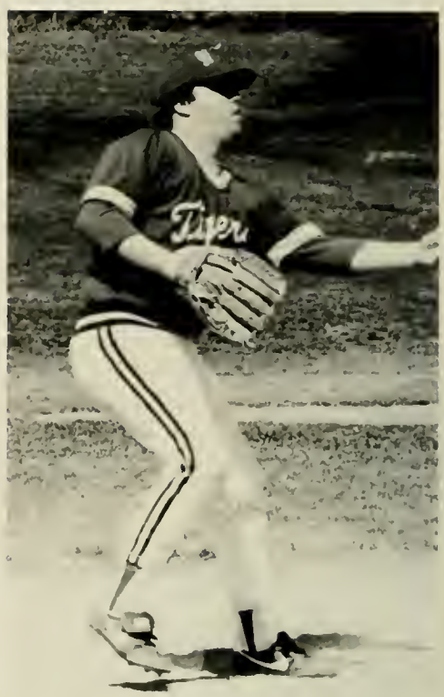
Guy Vilardi was something else at first. A freshman, Lost Ball was a dependable hitter in the line-up.

The outfield had the experience in juniors Rick Rosetti and Skip Cerf. Captain Rick was our clean-up hitter and our inspiration. Skip led off and helped instill a relaxed atmosphere both on and off the field. John realized exactly how large centerfield is.

Pitching was a pleasant surprise. Bubba Stratton, Neil Cowen, Fred Bryant, Robbie Bourne, and Ash Marable all had their moments. The dedication of Jeff Neal, Tim Black, Andrew Burchett, and Brad Pyott lasted throughout the season and their constant effort helped the team more than anything else. Jeff Curley, our MVP for the season, and captain next year, established himself within the league as an outstanding catcher. Freshman Pat Slifka will be ready to replace Jeff in two years.

Lastly, something has to be said of Coach Fulton. Besides giving 110% of himself every day to each and every one of his ball players, he taught us the aspects of respect, compassion, good-sportsmanship, and manhood. I want to thank him with all my heart for every one of us this year. Going into this ODAC tournament will be all for him. H-SC baseball is J. Stokeley Fulton.

— John Caruso





John Brinkley and team members cheer the Tigers to victory.







Team members: Litz Van Dyke, Tim Black, Bryan Feitshans, Jeff Neal, Jeff Curly, Skip Cerf, Jack Horner, John Caruso, Ash Marable, Rick Rossetti, Jeff Mairs, Andrew Burchett, Skip Butcher, Jody Williams, Pat Slifka, Guy Valardi, Fred Bryant, Brad Pyott, Neil Cowan, Bubba Stratton, Robbie Bourne, James Curry, Gorden Shock and Kirk Eden.

Neil Cowan goes to bat against Longwood.

Guy Valardi guards first base.

TENNIS

DOUBLES LEAD

The Hampden-Sydney tennis team began its season with a decisive 7-2 win over their opposition, Averett College. The team went on to beat such teams as UNC-Greensboro, 7-2; Randolph-Macon, 7-2; Longwood, 9-0; and Catholic, 9-0. The team relied heavily on the playing talents of senior John Spinnenweber and junior Peter Quarles. However, the team went into the ODAC tournament without these two players, but Coach Reho relied on his top four players, Rick Godsey, Harry Thompson, Kevin Farina, and Adam Labar to give Hampden-Sydney some big wins in their respective positions. During the season the team relied on uncharacteristically good doubles showings. The pair of Spinnenweber-Farina led with Godsey-Thompson in second and Kirby Arnall-John Donelson following up. Singles wins could usually be counted on from Spinnenweber, Quarles, Thompson, and Labar.

With Donelson, Arnall, and Richard Williams filling in the line-up positions, Hampden-Sydney returned from the ODAC tournament with a third place win. Regardless of the ODAC results, Hampden-Sydney tennis is on the upswing with a team of talented freshmen and a disciplined coach.

Harry Thompson, Wratch Williams and John Donaldson take a break before the Catholic game.

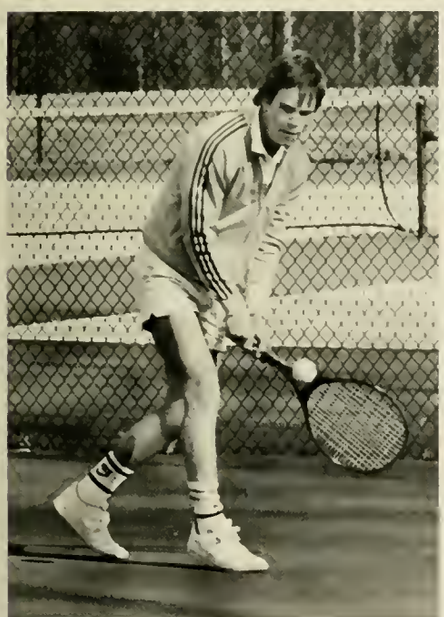


First row: John Donaldson, Harry Thompson, Kevin Farina, Kirby Arnell and Coach Gary Reho. **Second row:** Adam Laber, Alan Jackson, Rich Williams. **Not Pictured:** Rick Godsey, John Spinnenweber and Sean Gregg.



Tennis

7	H-SC	Averett College	2
4	H-SC	Slippery Rock	5
0	H-SC	Bloomsburg State	9
9	H-SC	Kings College	0
2	H-SC	Radford	7
7	H-SC	UNC-Greensboro	2
4	H-SC	East Stroudsburg	5
1	H-SC	William & Mary	8
4	H-SC	Emory & Henry	5
6	H-SC	Salisbury State	3
1	H-SC	U. of R.	8
7	H-SC	Randolph-Macon	2
9	H-SC	Longwood	0
0	H-SC	VA Tech	9
6	H-SC	Mary Washington	3
4	H-SC	CNC	5
9	H-SC	Catholic	0

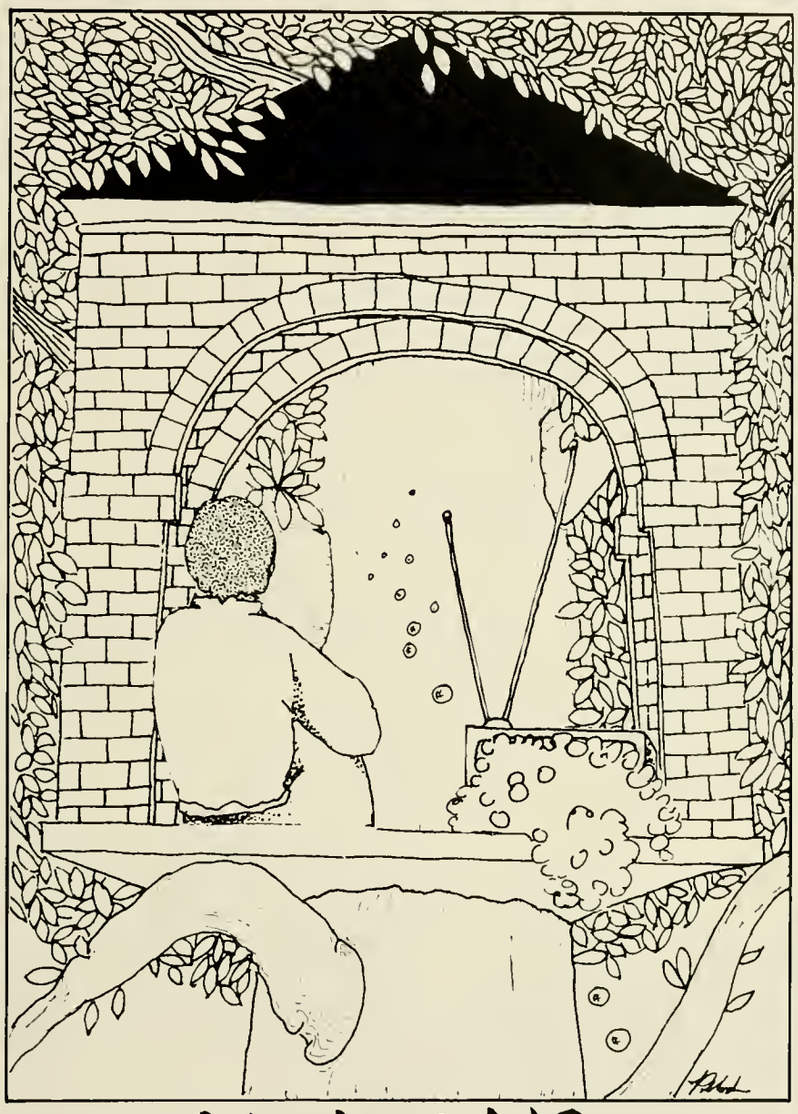


Harry Thompson warms-up before the CNC game.



John Spinnenweber returns a serve from Slippery Rock.





Student Life

"Multitudes of hours pilfered away by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called 'good-natured lounging':
And behold, a map of my collegiate life."

—William Wordsworth

Brick Stereotypes

Hampden-Sydney students seem to be separated into three distinct groups: the Gilmerians, the Bagundians, and the Mortonians. Although these three groups are radically different from one another, the separation of the students does not upset the basic homogeneity of Hampden-Sydney. The dress code conformity of the (inorganic) student body is not upset by the dynamics of these three groups, but their distinction does merit our scrutiny.

It would be wrong to classify all the Gilmerians as stereotypical lab coat, formaldehyde breath, computer hackers. Although there are some Gilmer residents whose only friend is their Rubik's cube, and whose love of watching the cell division of microbiology had led them to adapt some of the Amoeba's asexual characteristics; such extreme Gilmerians are mostly contained on the Palace's third floor. There are the Biology majors who take great delight in cracking open the ribcases of aborted piglets, and the physics majors who are still trying to reconcile the Hedelburg uncertainty principle. On the whole, the Gilmerians are preoccupied with a grotesque level of vocationalism as the respective majors jockey to get accepted at med school.

The hardhearted vocationalism of the Palace is offset by a lack of pragmaticism in the Bagundians. Questions about Psych Majors' career interests are often answered by the Miss American pageant-style reply, "I just want to help the world be a nicer place to live." The hard core sadists are also found in the Psychology department where they spend their time studying the traumatic responses of rats exposed to welding torch flames. Of course the Bagundians also include the math majors whose idea of elevated conversation is the discussion of exponents. The modern language majors are technically housed in Bagby as well, but they are all in Madrid.

Fortunately, the plebian tendencies of the mundane Gilmerians and Bagundians are corrected by the copious amounts of patrician blood found in the Mortonians. Who else but the elite could waste their time studying philosophy and religion? Headed by the exalted mentor, Graves Thompson, (who once taught Trigonometry to demonstrate the adaptability of Mortonians) the Mortonians preserve the intellectual goals of Hampden-Sydney College. Morton houses the English majors who can quote Shakespeare, the philosophy majors who are as at home with Plato as with Kant, the history majors who preserve the past, the classics majors who read Ovid like English, and the enlightened religion majors.





Bagby Hall (1922), *Mathematics, Computer Science, Modern Languages and Social Sciences.*

Unfortunately, Morton must also house the dismal scientistics of economics and the sophist-style barristers of Political Science. On the whole, Morton Hall shines like the Mecca of Hampden-Sydney.

Hampden-Sydney needs the Gilmerians, Bagundians, and Mortonians to combat stagnation. The differences of these three groups blend to create a fertile atmosphere for the liberal arts. When Bagundians make derogatory comments about "Mortuary Hall" sides are drawn and sameness counteracted.

— Sean Driscoll,
Mortonian

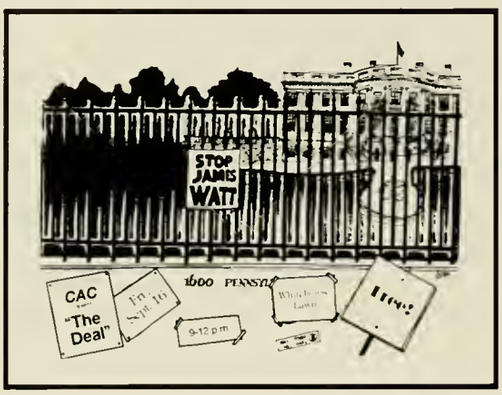




Gilmer Hall (1968), *Biology, Chemistry and Physics.*

Morton Hall (1936), *Classics, Economics, English, History, Philosophy, Political Science, Religion and Rhetoric.*

CAC Presents . . .





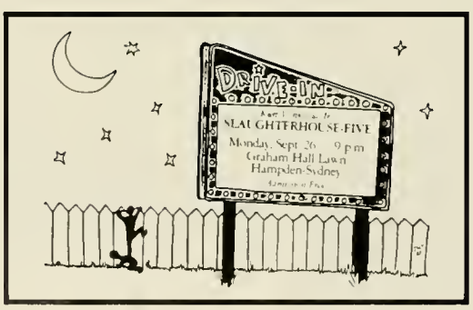
CAC

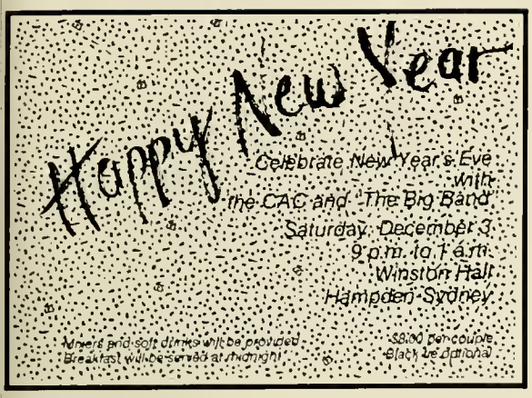
THE MAIN FLOOR
at
HAMPDEN-SYDNEY
with
THE BASICS

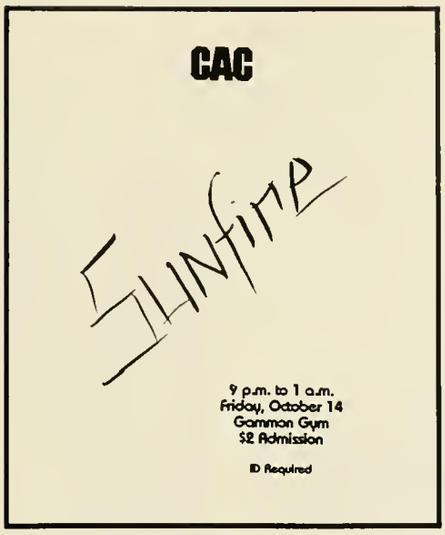
Wed., Nov. 9
9 p.m. to midnight
Graham Hall
$1 admission

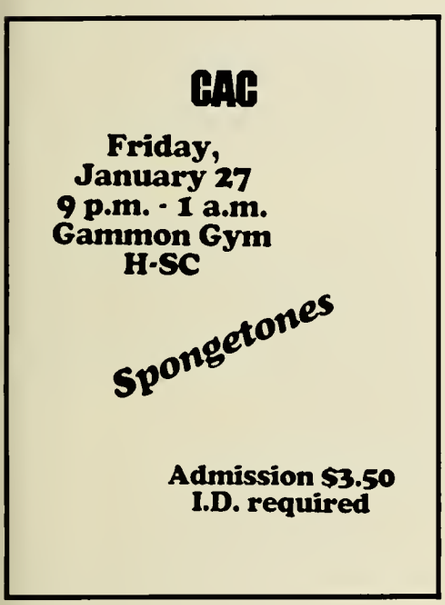
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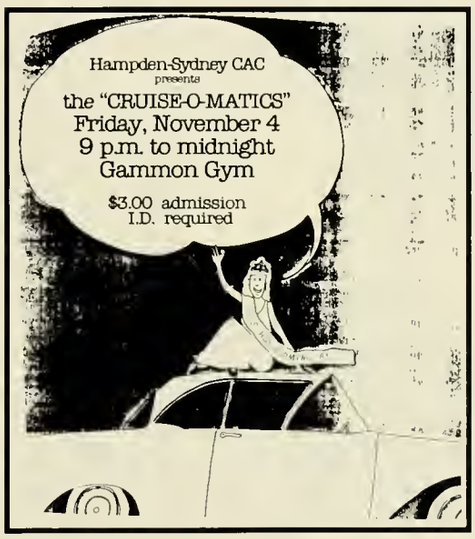


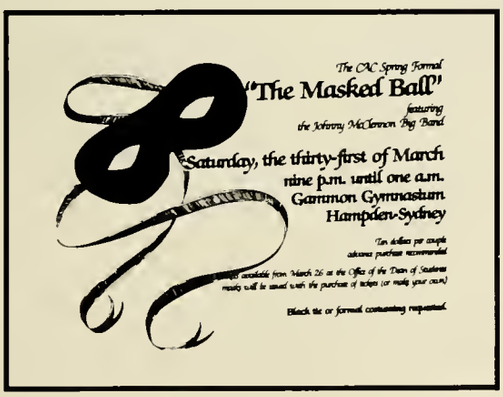


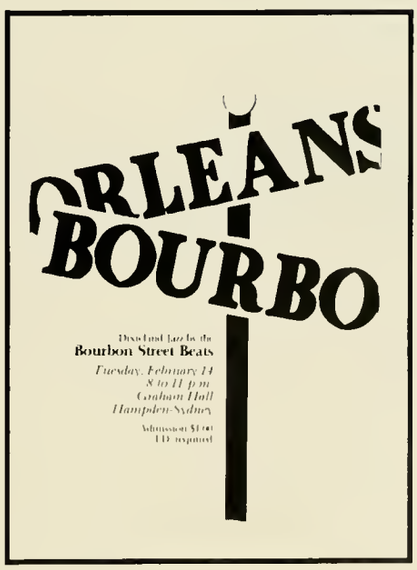

Happy New Year
Celebrate New Year's Eve
with
the CAC and "The Big Band"
Saturday, December 3
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Winston Hall
Hampden-Sydney
Dinner and soft drinks will be provided
Breakfast will be served at midnight
$8.00 per couple
(Black tie optional)


CAC
Sunfire
9 p.m. to 1 a.m.
Friday, October 14
Gammon Gym
$2 Admission
ID Required


CAC
Friday,
January 27
9 p.m. - 1 a.m.
Gammon Gym
H-SC
Spongetones
Admission $3.50
I.D. required


Hampden-Sydney CAC
presents
the "CRUISE-O-MATICS"
Friday, November 4
9 p.m. to midnight
Gammon Gym
$3.00 admission
I.D. required


The CAC Spring Formal
"The Masked Ball"
featuring
the Johnny McClennon Big Band
Saturday, the thirty-first of March
nine p.m. until one a.m.
Gammon Gymnasium
Hampden-Sydney
Ten dollars per couple
advance purchase recommended
Tickets available from March 26 at the Office of the Dean of Students
ready will be issued with the purchase of tickets (or make your own)
Black tie or formal, costuming requested.


ORLEANS
BOURBO
Bourbon Street Beats
Tuesday, February 14
8 to 11 p.m.
Graham Hall
Hampden-Sydney

Saturdays on "The Hill"

Although some people would be insulted by the idea of the football game's being only half of the Hampden-Sydney football game, it is necessary to separate the sideline party from the football competition if one wants to discuss the antics of the hillside and avoid condemning the crowd for apparent indifference. It is, therefore, fair to say that a Hampden-Sydney football game is more than just football and spectators. The "football is just a game" attitude has subjugated football to socialization at Hampden-Sydney. This had led some to condemn the sporting event as "nothing more than a cocktail party." The "cocktail party" analysis is not entirely correct for many reasons. First of all, Hampden-Sydney football games lack the free hors d'oeuvres of real cocktail parties. Secondly, the conversation at our football games is restricted to mundane trivialities like "where are you from?" and "What does your father do?", and therefore lacks the cocktail party crackpot intellectualization. In reality, our football games are far more festive than any cocktail party and are, in fact, closer to a fair than a reception.



The festive atmosphere of our football games separates them markedly from the commercial competition of larger schools. The excitement is heightened when the women arrive from girls' schools and the girls arrive from women's schools (distance traveled and method of locomotion are the means of distinction).

Most of the women are gaily dressed for the festival. Many of the girls don tartan kilts but deny any Celtic origin. The Hampden-Sydney gentlemen also rise to the occasion by sporting a coat and tie, and the blue blazer dominates to dress code proportions. The competition on the hillside often becomes as stiff as the competition on the playing field as the 750 bachelors compete for attention.

Acquaintances are often made over a tailgate picnic, but for those who have not received an invitation to dine from the back of a station wagon, there is the option of buying a seventy-five cent hot dog.

Some, however, completely forego a repeat and choose instead a liquid lunch. Hot dogs are not the only items sold at football games, for the bookstore gypsies peddle their goods at the game and at the same bookstore prices. For the non-football enthusiast, there are other events to witness. Whether it is halftime paratroopers, the mascot, or the opposing team's cheerleaders, there is something for everyone to watch. The college pep band provides listening entertainment and moral support despite their lack of regimentation. Although traditional cheers went out when playmate coolers came in, spectators are encouraged to cheer however they see fit. Such cheering is usually restrained, and because of the lack of TV cameras, Hampden-Sydney is spared the disgrace of having students proclaim "We're number one!" and "Hi Mom!" to the outside world. In this jubilant atmosphere, students can revel in a pleasant, acceptable pastime. The drunken post-game comment "Did we win?" is looked upon with disfavor and mild encouragement is expected. Thank God for football and the efforts of our athletes, for without them we would have no justification for our greatest pleasure.

— Sean Driscoll



Tailgating before the game.





Don't leave home without it!



Tom F. A. Robinson, Harrison Clark and Joe Metzger clown around during a Lacrosse game.

Two Story Living

Usually very little effort goes into the building of a loft, and the end product is very worthwhile. Lofts vary from the inexpensive and common structures that simply elevate the beds six feet off the ground to the expensive and complex structures that add an entire floor and in some cases two entire floors to a single dormitory room. Lofts are built mainly to add space to a dormitory room, but there are other motivations. A loft may hide unmade beds from the general public (referring to the traffic of friends passing through a room in a single day). A loft may provide one person privacy in one section of the room while something entirely different is happening in another section of the room. If it is designed in such a manner, a loft may discourage visitors from overstaying their welcome by not providing seating for guests. Of course inaccessible seating does not discriminate between male and female — the latter being the more welcome of the two. Both the motivation to build a loft and the designing of a loft are actually part of a drawn-out decision-making process which may last for as long as two years. The idea for a loft is conceived and preliminary planning and constant daydreaming about the ultimate structure all occur freshman year. Unimaginative freshmen pick up the idea after attending several demonstrations of loft technology by upperclassmen. Creative freshmen already have a loft. Sophomore year is spent planning a loft and choosing the best room for the following year. Sophomores are too busy establishing themselves in the academic community or flunking out to worry about such a matter. Most sophomores tend to live with spartan surroundings, thus facilitating their need for academic achievement. Only extremely aggressive sophomores build lofts. Most everybody builds a loft junior year, and two years of planning are put into application. At the beginning of the school year all the hammering and sawing heard around campus is that of juniors building their lofts. Juniors are at a point where there is a certain lull in responsibilities: they have already stabilized themselves academically, but they're not yet ready to look for a career. Juniors are out to have fun and willing to sacrifice grade point average for a good time; a good time is greatly facilitated by the existence of this monumental work of architecture in the room. Most seniors keep the loft built the previous year unless it is beyond repair. Deterioration of a loft is a result of either excessive loft activity during the previous year, or due to administrative policy requiring the dismantling of





Gene Taylor relaxes in his creation.

all lofts at the end of each school year.
Occasionally a senior may not have the same room because of his insufficient G.P.A. resulting from junior year antics, but the loft still stands regardless of the room. The loft is a status symbol and ranks high among the many achievements of a Hampden-Sydney student. Owning a loft in college is similar to owning a home — such an achievement cannot simply be pushed aside and disreputed. A loft is as much a part of college as studying; yet there are exceptions: not everyone studies.

— Robert Duke







Max von Arnswaldt and Thomas Parrish build their Venable loft.

Dorms . . .
Upperclass (men) Living



Hampden House



Cushing
Second
Passage



Music House



THE MAPLES



WILSON DRIVE



WHITEHOUSE



CARAVANSARY

H-S V Fire Department

The Hampden-Sydney Volunteer Fire Department is a fully recognized non-profit corporation that serves residents of a thirty-five-square-mile district in the heart of Prince Edward County.

I guess I'm what you'd call the typical student member of the department. I'm the one you hear careening down the stairs of Venable at 3:00 am while the air raid siren wails on. That part's a drag sometimes, but being on the department gives one a certain feeling of being a part of the community. I guess that's the main thing: being part of the community. I know that sounds trite, but it's true. We, the student members, compromise two-thirds of the total department, so we're pretty important. This past year we responded to 31 calls over the two semesters. That, combined with 30 hours of state training a year, training drills every Tuesday, selling tickets on Football Saturdays, and the schoolwork that never ceases, gives us firemen a load of work. It *is* hard. Entering a burning house at 5:00 am on a cold winter morning in Prospect isn't exactly fun, but rescuing a chainsaw that the owner had saved for for months is somehow satisfying.

Because of our location, HSVFD is the second fire department on almost all fires. That means that if the Prospect Fire Department gets a call for a house fire, we get called right away, even if only for water supply.

The HSVFD operates four trucks: a '68 Ford pumper, a '76 Ford tanker, a '74 GMC brush truck, and a '70 Dodge van. I jump on the pumper most of the time and ride tailboard to the fire.

Oh, I'd like to clear up a myth which appeared when we were selling raffle tickets last year for Spring Fling. We are the Hampden-Sydney Volunteer Fire Department, *not* the *College* Volunteer Fire Department. We do receive some financial assistance from the College for which we are very grateful, for over 55% of our annual revenue must come from private donations. HSVFD was reorganized as an association of students in 1970. It subsequently evolved into an independent corporation in 1982 — located on the campus of Hampden-Sydney College, but operating independently from it.

We, the students, are an integral part of the department. We can make it better. The community is really important; it deserves more of us.





First row: Dirk Schumacher, Glenn Rowbotham, Jim Bell, Ralph Crawley, Richard Eggleston, John Pollock, James Gamble and Bob Herdegen. **Second row:** Mike Hamady, Keith Slattum, Larry Kaplin, Stephen Alverez, Jim Carpenter and Karen Harris.

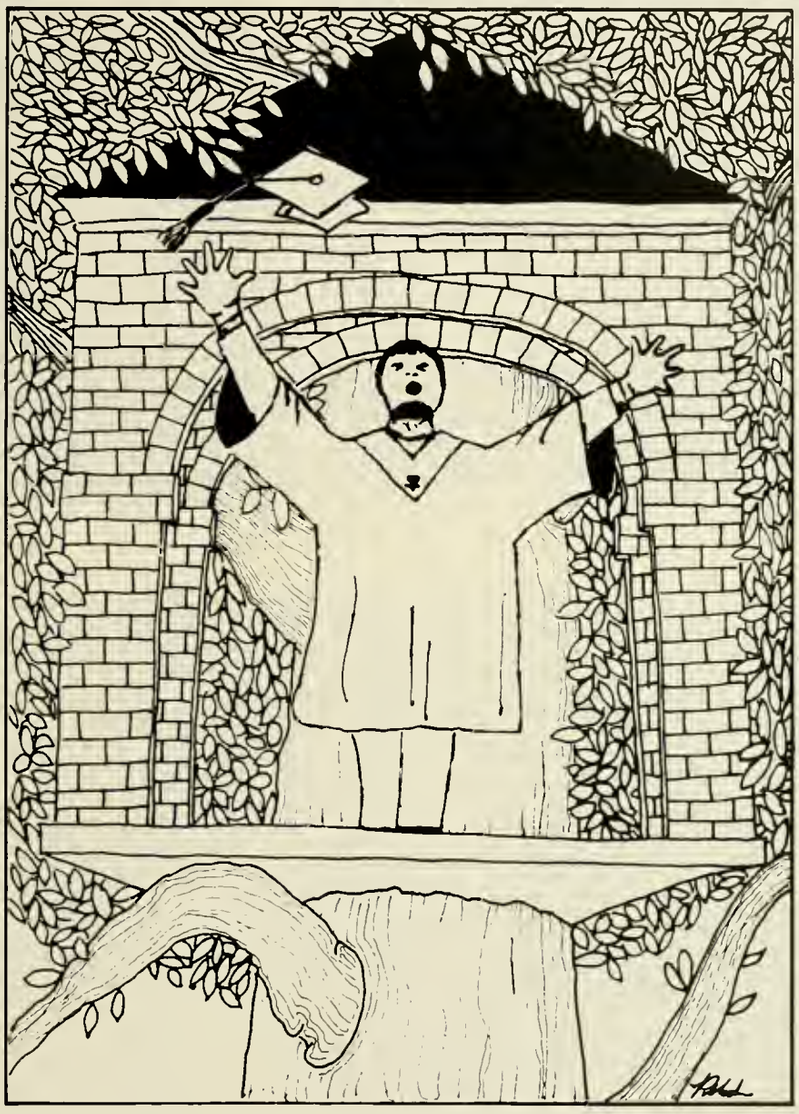
1983-84
INTRAMURAL RESULTS

	Frats	Dorms
Flag Football	Sigma Nu	Roaches
Soccer	Chi Phi	Roaches
Turkey Trot	Fiji	—
Volleyball	KA/Sigma Nu	Tortilla
Basketball "A"	Lambda Chi	Booze Brothers
Basketball "B"	KA	—
Softball	Sigma Nu	—
Wrestling	Fiji	Roaches

Points

1st	KA	699	Roaches	462
2nd	Si Nu	653	HOBS	363
3rd	Fiji	627	Cush. 1st	362
4th	Lambda Chi	478	Cush 3rd	368
5th	Pika	451	Booze Bro.	265
6th	Theta Chi	423	Tortilla	264
7th	Chi Phi	420	We Zoo	221
8th	SAE	341	Ven. WE	199
9th	Sig. Chi	290	Stagger	168
10th	K Sig	255		





Seniors

"You never really leave a place you love. Part of it you take with you, leaving a part of you behind."



Jeff Richardson and Keith Slattum



Dennis Lee



Eric Uhtenwoldt and Rick Lanham



Sean Gregg and Amory Roach



Chris Altizer



Chris Nelson





John McJunkin, John Dickinson, Bob Houska, Tommy Robertson, Sutton Baldwin, Alan Garrison and Donnie Clary



Mario Llaneras



Rich Foley



Edmund Hopper and Rune Hofslokken



Nat Pendley



Fred Greigo



Bob Crouch, David Florence, Bill Linden, Paul Pierpaoli, Hal Scoggins, Art Sperry and Kenton Mackey



Tommy Burroughs



Keith Slattum



Hollins College, *Class of 1984*



Lucien Roberts



Troy Nottingham



Toby Hoblitzell



Brian Peabody, Frank Powell, Doc King, Ward Green and Hunter Craig.



Will Trevillian



Bill Linden



John McJunkin and Speed Bump *a.k.a.* Diana, Amy Lee and Dr. Bob



Scott Thomas, Jim Gamble and Nils Green



Joe Hatchett, Brian Jeter, Mr. Coles and Lee Hagen



Mike Moles



John Haines



Mark Slaydon, Ward Stevens, Mark Johnson, Wallace Tarry and Mike Grace





Tom F. A. Robinson '83 and Alan Nolan



Jon Terry



Tom Warren, Jeff Friend, Dee Lawley and Alex Ware



Steve Parsons and friends



Gerry Gross, Pete Kanelos and E. K. Loh



Brad Pyott '86 and Eddie McCall



Lawrence Jonak and Perry Sebreny



Robert Brailsford, Drew Waterbury, Bruce Case '85 and half of ZTA



Burke Johnson



Franklin Clemmer and Brian Pruitt



Peter Hardell and Charlie Roest



Adam Waldron and Chris Snead



Steven Alexander



Harry Warner, Bryan Jones and Eddie Cameron



Brian Peabody and Charlie Blocker



Robert Given and friends





Lyn Lewis, Tom Barzziza, Jeff Peterson, Joe Speed Bump Metzger, Andrew Sager



David Jones



Fred Helm



Rich Williams, Charlie Agee and Brad Smith '85



Garrett Jeter



Feild Russell

B.A.

Charles Elkin Agee III	Economics
Steven Thomas Alexander	Economics
David Anthony Arias	Economics and Spanish
Sutton Pelot Baldwin	Economics
Thomas Michael Barzizza	History
Emerson Daniel Baugh III	History
Andrew Blanton	History
Willoughby Charles Blocker, Jr.	Economics
Robert Hilton Bourne III	History
Thomas Barksdale Bowling, Jr.	Psychology
Donald Campbell Bowman, Jr.	Economics
Howard Hailey Rutherford Boyd	Economics
Robert Edward Brailsford	English
James Brock Braithwaite	History
John McDonald Burge III	Economics and Spanish
Thomas Chalmers Burroughs	Economics and Spanish
George Ewing Buta	History
Edmund McCullough Cameron III	Economics and Psychology
Richard Allen Chassey	Psychology
Thomas Franklin Clemmer III	History
Andrew Holbrook Clifford	History
William Charles Cozart	English
Claiborne Watkins Craddock II	Economics
Hunter Earle Craig	Economics
Lewis Daniel Crooks III	Economics and Spanish
Robert Jackson Crouch	Political Science
David Elliot Cullen, Jr.	Religion
Jeffrey Hulme Curry	Economics
Wilils Hunt Dickinson	Psychology
Frederick Elmer Doggett, Jr.	Economics
Robert Thomsen DuPuis, Jr.	Economics
Donald Bruce Elliott, Jr.	Economics
William Wayne Enroughty	Economics
Nathanael Cameron Evans	Religion
Stephen Edwin Evans	Religion
Louis Donald Farina, Jr.	Economics and Political Science
Todd Steevens Farrand	History
William David Florence	English
Daniel Vincent Flynn, Jr.	Psychology
Richard Douglas Foley	Economics
John Happer Furr, Jr.	Psychology
James Graham Gamble V	Math and French
Alan Fletcher Garrison	English
Alfred Hamilton Garvey, Jr.	Economics
Michael Joseph Grace	Economics and French
Edward Jackson Green, Jr.	History
Sean David Gregg	History
Frederick Thomas Griego	Economics
Alan Jefferson Groh	Economics
Gerhard Peter Gross	Economics
Forrest Lee Hagan III	Economics
John Kellogg Haines	Economics
Peter Andrew Hardell	Psychology
Philip Edwards Harper	Classics and History
Randolph Curtis Harrell	Economics
Joseph William Hatchett, Jr.	Economics
David Neal Heaton	Political Science
DeWitt Frederick Helm III	Spanish
Peter Arrell Browne Hoblitzell III	Philosophy and Religion
Edmund John Hopper	Economics and French
Brian Lee Howell	Political Science
James Sager Howell	Economics
William Alexander Hudgins	Economics
William Travis Hurt, Jr.	Economics
Brian Preston Jeter	Economics
Garret Chapman Jeter	Classics
Jonathan Scott Johnson	Economics
Kyle McWhorter Johnson	History
Richard Lake Johnson	Economics and French
William Bryan Jones	Economics
Peter George Kanelos	Economics
David Francis King, Jr.	Economics
William Davis Lawley, Jr.	Economics and Psychology
Dennis William Lee	Economics and Psychology
Lynwood Wayne Lewis, Jr.	History and Political Science
William Edgar Linden III	English
Michael James Marousek	Economics and Spanish
Robert Preston Martin	Economics
Marshall Edwin McCall, Jr.	Economics
John Goode McJunkin	Economics
Michael John McKeever	Economics
Jeffrey Michael Mencini	Economics
Joseph Henry Metzger III	Political Science
Michael Landon Moles	Economics
James Framcis Moseley, Jr.	History
Robert Christopher Nelson	English and Philosophy

Alexander Alan Nolan	Political Science
Troy Walker Nottingham	History
Philip Edward Paulette	Economics
Brian Walter Peabody	Economics
Nathanael Kevin Pendley	English
Robert Jeffrey Peterson	History
Paul George Pierpaoli	History and French
Virginius Sebrell Pittman II	Economics
Stephen Leonard Plunkert	Economics
Joseph Gilmore Pontius	Economics
Thomas Nathaniel Pratt	Economics
Brian William Pruitt	English and French
Richard Ellsworth Redding, Jr.	Psychology
Thomas Stephen Richards	Philosophy
Jeffrey Reese Richardson	Economics
George Amory Roach	Economics
Lucien Wood Roberts III	Economics
Charles Arthur Roest	Economics
Theophilus Feild Russell	Religion
Craig Andrew Schiffert	English
Harold Bremer Scoggins III	Economics and French
Samuel Barron Segar III	History
Keith Brian Slattum	Economics
Robert Mark Slaydon	Economics
Glenn Daniel Smith	Economics and Spanish
Lawrence Norfleet Smith, Jr.	Economics
Christopher Forrest Snead	Economics
Arthur Harrison Sperry	Latin and Greek
John Edward Spinnenweber	Economics
Ward William Stevens III	Economics
Frederick Nash Strudwick II	Economics
John Scott Thomas	History
Raymond Hudgins Thompson	Economics
Triplett Knight Thompson	English
William Blackwell Trevillian III	Religion
Frederik Beelaerts Van Blokland	Psychology and German
Adam Alexander Waldron	Economics and Math
John Luke Walker	Economics and Spanish
John Meredith Wallace	Economics
Otway Byrd Wallace	Economics and Psychology
Alexander Hopper Ware	Economics
Harry Hathaway Warner, Jr.	History
Steven Harris Warren	Psychology
Thomas Underwood Warren	Economics
David Hampton White, Jr.	Economics
Tracy Lee Whitley	Spanish
Richard Thurston Williams	Economics
Armistead Churchill Young IV	Economics

B.S.

Thomas Randall Blanchard	Biochemistry
Howard Lance Boyd	Physics
John Conway Callahan	Chemistry
Donald Wayne Clary	Chemistry
John Curtis Dickinson	Math
Robert Wilkins Given	Biology
Michael David Hodges	Biology
Rune Joar Hofslokken	Chemistry and Spanish
Robert Bradford Houska	Chemistry
Lawrence Overton Jonak	Math and Computer Science
David Fitzgerald Jones	Biology
Richard Allen Lanham, Jr.	Chemistry
Mario Rene Llaneras	Biology
Eng Kuan Loh	Math and Computer Science
Charles Thomas Lovelace	Biology
Kenton Lee Mackey	Biology
Ann Burgess Mayo	Biology
Bruce Wayne Overton	Chemistry
Lawrence Kisong Park	Biology
Stephen Frederick Parsons	Biology
Frank Stanton Powell	Biology
Michael Amedeo Prizzi	Chemistry
Thomas Jackson Robertson, Jr.	Chemistry
Francis Dennis Rosenberger II	Economics, Math and Computer Science
Andrew Roberts Sager	Biology
Perry Aaron Sebreny, Jr.	Math
Dwayne Everette Stratton	Biology
Wallace Clements Tarry	Chemistry and French
Eric William Uhtenwoldt	Chemistry
David Lynn Valentine	Chemistry

Commissioned Officers

Andrew Blanton
Harry Hathaway Warner, Jr.
Thomas Underwood Warren





Underclassmen

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life, There's more of wisdom in it."

—William Wordsworth

Juniors

















Class of 1985



Chris Apostle
Steve Asam
Bill Bailey
Scott Banning

John Basilone
Scott Blanchard
David Blankenship
Gary Boswick
Mike Boudreau

Mark Bradley
Greg Brandt
Andrew Burchett
Harry Butcher
Ben Calderone



Eggleston Lounge

Undoubtedly some of the modern American nobility at Hampden-Sydney would gladly raze Eggleston and erect a multi-level parking lot in its place. On the other hand, some bibliophiles at this academic petri dish of molded stuffiness view the library as the Mecca of Hampden-Sydney. Regardless of personal prejudice, however, Eggleston is a central part of student life in the land of garnet and grey.

The library is the most cherished building of H-SC's academic facilities. A quick look at Eggleston discards any fear of a high tech computer land library. The only markedly mechanical device is the Betamax, and that one is put to good use by the Metcalf trolls. Eggleston is comfortable. The reading circle has overstuffed cushy chairs and good foot rests. Students can fall asleep and drool on themselves in relative comfort and security. In addition to the relaxing chairs and couches there are numerous nooks and secluded areas for studying. Most of the choice areas are taken within the first week of school. Such places are guarded by students as fiercely as a bitch guarding pups. Good, comfortable places are available to all and that is why students flock to Eggleston.

In addition to the epicurean advantages of Eggleston, our library is a functionally adequate academic facility. I once did a paper on an Indian philosopher named Jiddu Kishnamurti because I thought he was obscure enough to baffle my professor. To my pain and displeasure, the Hampden-Sydney library contained no fewer than six of his books. Eggleston has a multitude of periodicals that range in subject matter from normal topics to absolutely absurd. Because of the abundance of microfilm, books, and periodicals a student can usually find what he needs to do an adequate research paper. If a difficulty arises in finding material that is being transferred to the Library of Congress system one need only seek a staff member and he shall find.

— Sean Driscoll



Chuck Cantus
Harrison Clark
Neil Cowan
Jeff Curley
Nelson Daniel

Peter Dent
Ed Dickenson
Robert Dietz
Robert Duke
John Evett

Will Farthing
Tori Flint
John Forbes
Wallace Frampton
Paul Franks



Raoul Peterson contemplates studying.

Off Campus

Well you've finally done it, you have a place of your own. No more loud music from across the hall, no more people on the phone outside your door. No more being kicked out of your room by an excited roommate, but best of all, no more food at Commons.

Living off-campus is a big step for most of us. We're the ones who sign the contracts, we pay the bills, buy the food, and clean the house. Off-campus has a certain flair that on campus housing does not provide. I think it's the concept of being free. We no longer have to be careful of the wary eyes of Buildings and Grounds, nor do we have to worry about getting tickets when we park at the Library in the morning. It's the feeling of being on your own and for the most part we are. Sure, we get a little help from our parents, i.e. mom might come down and "decorate" and naturally Dad knows how to "hook-up" the $1,000 stereo, but it's all part of growing up.

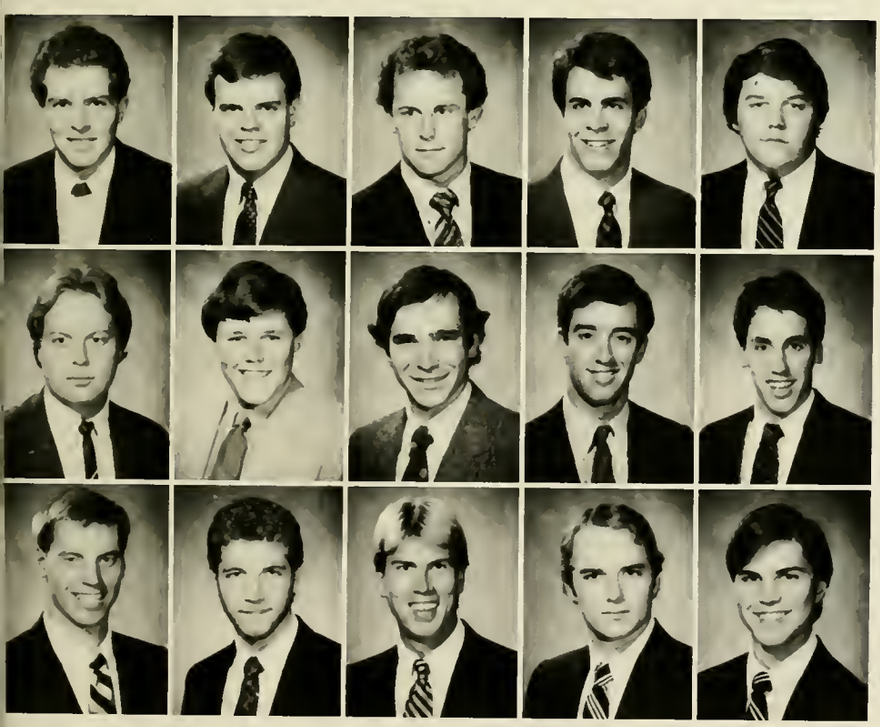
One of the neatest things about living off-campus is the amount of places to choose from. Sometimes you may not realize you're off-campus. Living in the apartments behind AXE is like living on the circle. On the other hand, you could always live in Farmville either in a house or maybe in the Hi-condo. In any event, living on your own for the first off-campus is an experience which is virtually indispensable. If you get a chance, go for it. Remember though, home is where your heart is.



Sweet Briar College, *Class of 1985*



Burke Johnson, Dave Wirth and Little Tom Barzizza in front of their estate.



Scott Freeman
John Gant
Rick Godsey
Brad Hamilton
Haywood Hardin

Phil Hess
T. A. Hickman
Chris Hodge
Mike Hodge
Brian Hoey

Bill Hubbard
Hultsie Hultslander
Joel Hutcheson
Wyn Jamison
Geoff Lewis

John Lineweaver
Jim McCraw
Chris McGee
Kevin Mitchell
Brian Moore

Rik Morris
Steve Neal
Robert Nottingham
Kurt Obeck
Kent Pankey

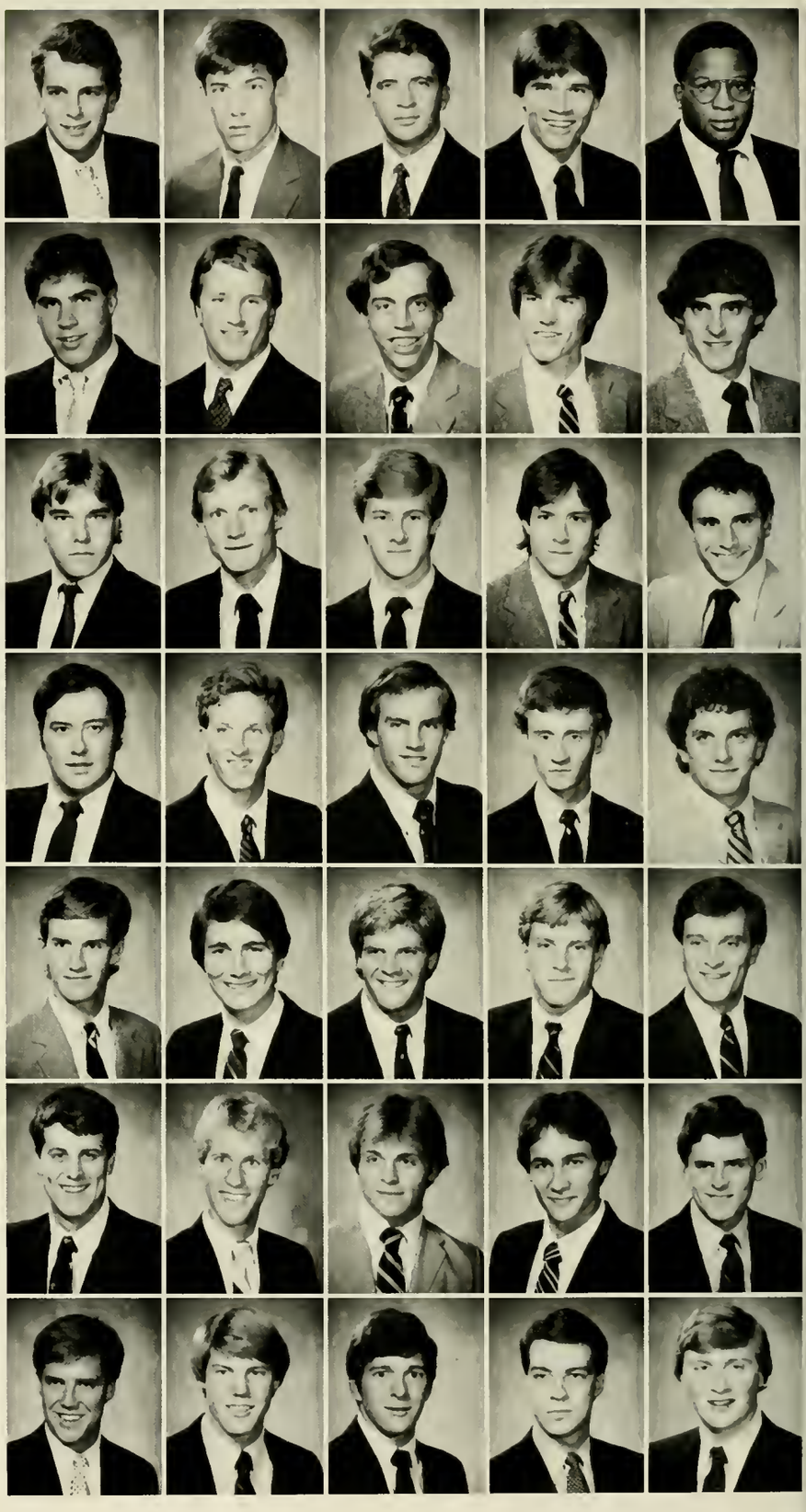
Joe Pierce
Peter Quarles
Mike Quesenberry
Richard Rogers
Rick Rossetti

Allan Sanders
Al Schyman
David Simmons
Brad Smith
Yancey Snavely

John Stevenson
Art Stone
Ed Tankard
Bill Tavenner
Gene Taylor

Tee Thackston
Tim Thompson
Bill Trevarthen
David Walker
Brian Wallace

Andrew West
Will White
Scott Williamson
Berkeley Young
Brad Young



A Second Home

Some time first semester I had the uncertain pleasure of assisting with a foreign student consortium at Mary Baldwin College. Quite unexpectedly, it turned out to be a whine and lament affair in which a large number of international students were given the chance and the time to air their personal grievances about student life in the United States. I looked around to see whether Jung or Skinner were looking behind a corner while the group expounded on the thoughtlessness and intolerance of American students vis-a-vis their international counterparts. But even here my expectations were unfulfilled. Luckily, I had armed myself with a great deal of patience and a no lesser amount of forebearance so that I was not only able to survive the meeting but also to write this article on the "real" problems of foreign students in America.

The truth is, that there are no problems short of outrageous phone-bills and the inevitable and persisting inquiries of your sweetheart back at home. There is, however, a trick for adapting to the American college system. I call it the art of suppressing preconceived notions. It is impossible not to have any, especially about the United States (Yes, we watch *Kojak* overseas, and we too listen to the Beach Boys every so often). But, if you pretend not to have any predilections, nothing can really go wrong. My freshman year, I was stuck into the same room with a crazy surfer from Virginia Beach and a Florida man who wore his flowery shirts with pride. Now, I know something about the finer points of the wave riding art as well as how to appreciate the superior quality of Hawaiian patterns on a flower shirt. Not only did I survive academically, but I also made it through the fraternity rush system in one piece while learning that it rarely took more than a phone call to get a date from any of the "girl" schools around. My method is a good one, and I encourage any prospective foreign student to adopt it especially since I don't own a copyright on it yet. When in doubt about anything look around you for answers, but, for heaven's sake, please don't look back at home.

In short, these past years will prove to be unforgettable and unconditionally the happiest of my life. I will always know that no matter how fast time flies by, Hampden-Sydney will always wait for my son at the end of Route 460 West (or is it 29 South???).

— Gerry Gross

Not pictured: David Allen, John Aponte, Eric Apperson, John Baker, Ben Bartlett, Richard Beach, Dickie Bragg, Greg Brooks, Bill Brown, Al Bryant, Will Burke, David Lamden, Brad Carey, Bruce Case, Skip Cerf, Charlie Cochran, Mark Conger, Marc Delaney, Penn DuPuis, Kirk Edens, Steve Eley, Kevin Farina, Scott Finney, Todd Flemming, Willy Frith, Ryland Gardner, Jamie Gibson, Matt Hankins, Bill Hilton, John Hollowell, Jeff Jones, Lee Jones, Bill Karslake, Eric Kelley, Clyde Kelly, Pat Kelly, Burke King, Bill Knox, Joe Koehring, Jamie Lanham, Rob Lawson, Tom Lewis, Don Loos, Jim Matheson, Sean McCusty, David McEnderfer, Chris McGee, Eddie McGee, Billy McGolrick, Joe McInnis, Jay Mitchell, Tony Morris, John Mulligan, Greg Natvig, Don Newton, Paul Nunnally, Graig Oakes, Doug Parsons, Jule Peek, Banks Peterson, David Rader, Michaux Raine, Jim Secor, Tino Sheridan, Brad Smith, Bruce Smith, John Stecker, Phil Suazo, Don Thomson, Andy Trovillion, Tim Veith, Russ Watson, Frank Wheeler, Mark Wheeler and Ted Ziegler

Sophomores



Class of 1986











Clark Addington
Russ Akers
Mike Allen
Pat Anonick
Brad Arington



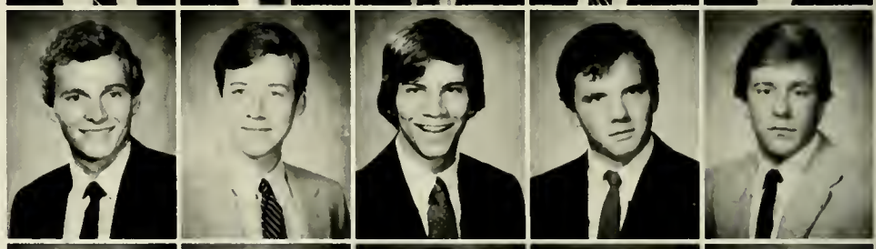
Chuck Arrington
Bill Ball
Joe Beahm
Will Bettendorf
Frank Blankemeyer



Steve Bogusky
Stewart Bowers
Bill Brazil
Chris Brown
Darren Burns



Tony Carnes
Bruce Carney
Jim Carpenter
George Cartledge
John Caruso



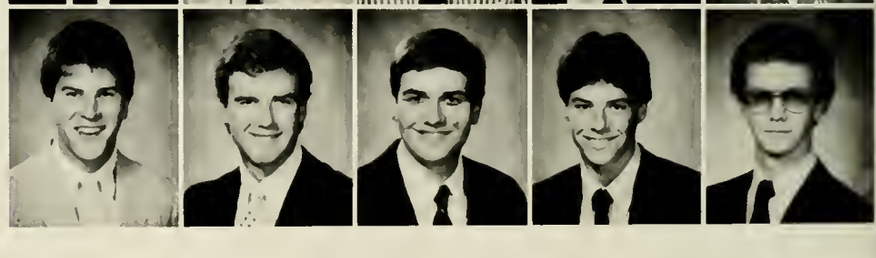
Brett Chappell
Andy Clarkson
Rod Coates
Charlie Collie
Jamie Cook



Eric Cotts
Steve Coyle
Brian Crotty
Tommy Cundiff
Cliff Curlee

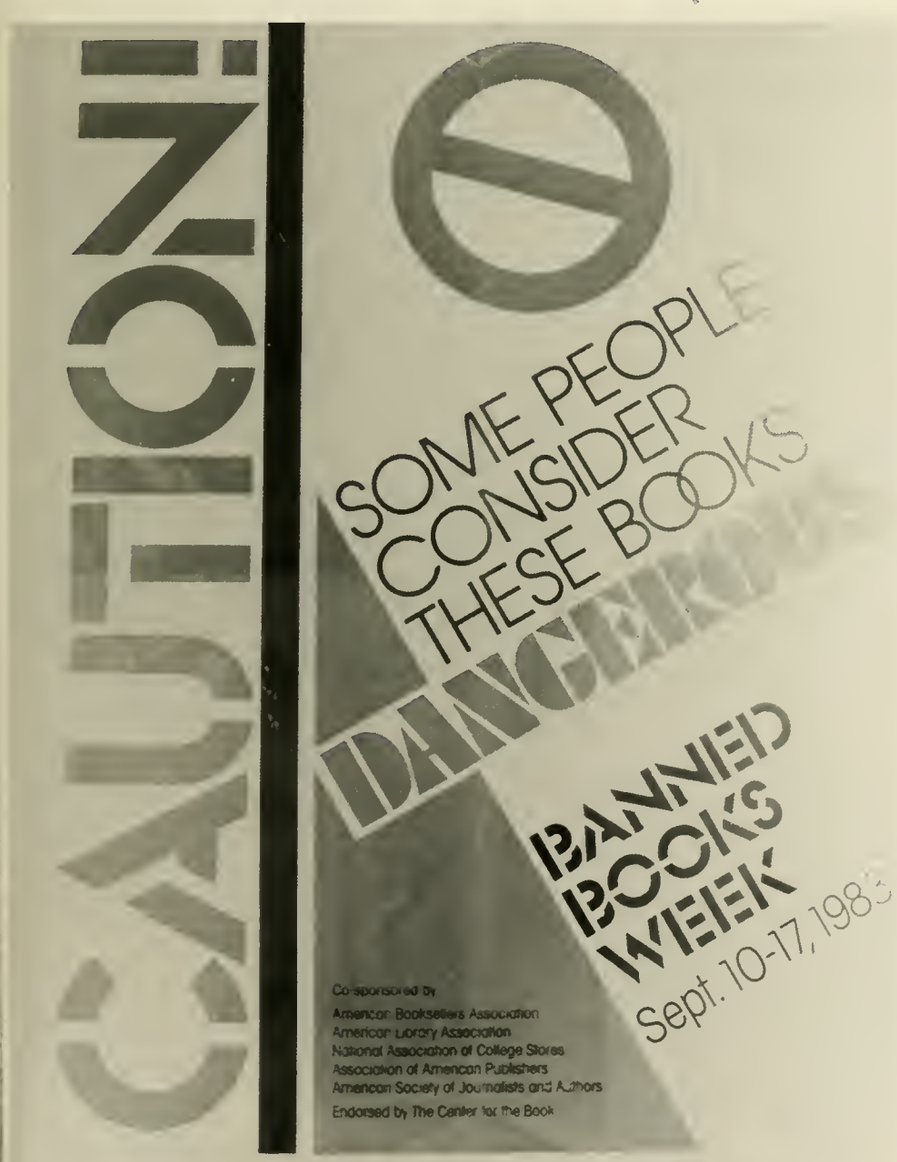


Randy Davis
John Dickenson
Tommy Dillion
John Donaldson
Doug Duckworth



Banned Books

This year the bookstore held a banned book week as an attempt to peddle more of their highly priced wares. Regardless of sincerity, the college greeted banned book week with calculated indifference. Despite the bookstore's efforts, the students didn't seem to care what bible belt grammar school children were forbidden to read. The question of banned books, however, is an issue that should be addressed at Hampden-Sydney. As members of an academic community we must take a stand on the censorship of ideas and the level of moral corruption that is allowed in publications.



Censorship is a quantitative question. When one approaches censorship he must gauge the relation between apparent value and apparent harm. Few Hampden-Sydney students would judge Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* to contain more racism and pornography than intrinsic value, yet we do remain silent about the ban on this book. Naturally, the banning of *Huckleberry Finn* from relatively few schools is not a burning issue, and no one is advocating bomb throwing, but the censorship of ideas is a topic that should inspire more than sarcasm on campus.

More distressing than our indifference to what has been banned is our apparent lack of interest in what has been published. The "hate literature" of the National Front and Ku Klux Klan cannot be overlooked because of callousness. How, as educated Americans, can we allow our fear of intellectual tyranny subvert our academic credibility? How can we allow these gross manifestations of freedom to exist? Somehow we allow the harmful to exist, and by our silence we perpetuate its existence.

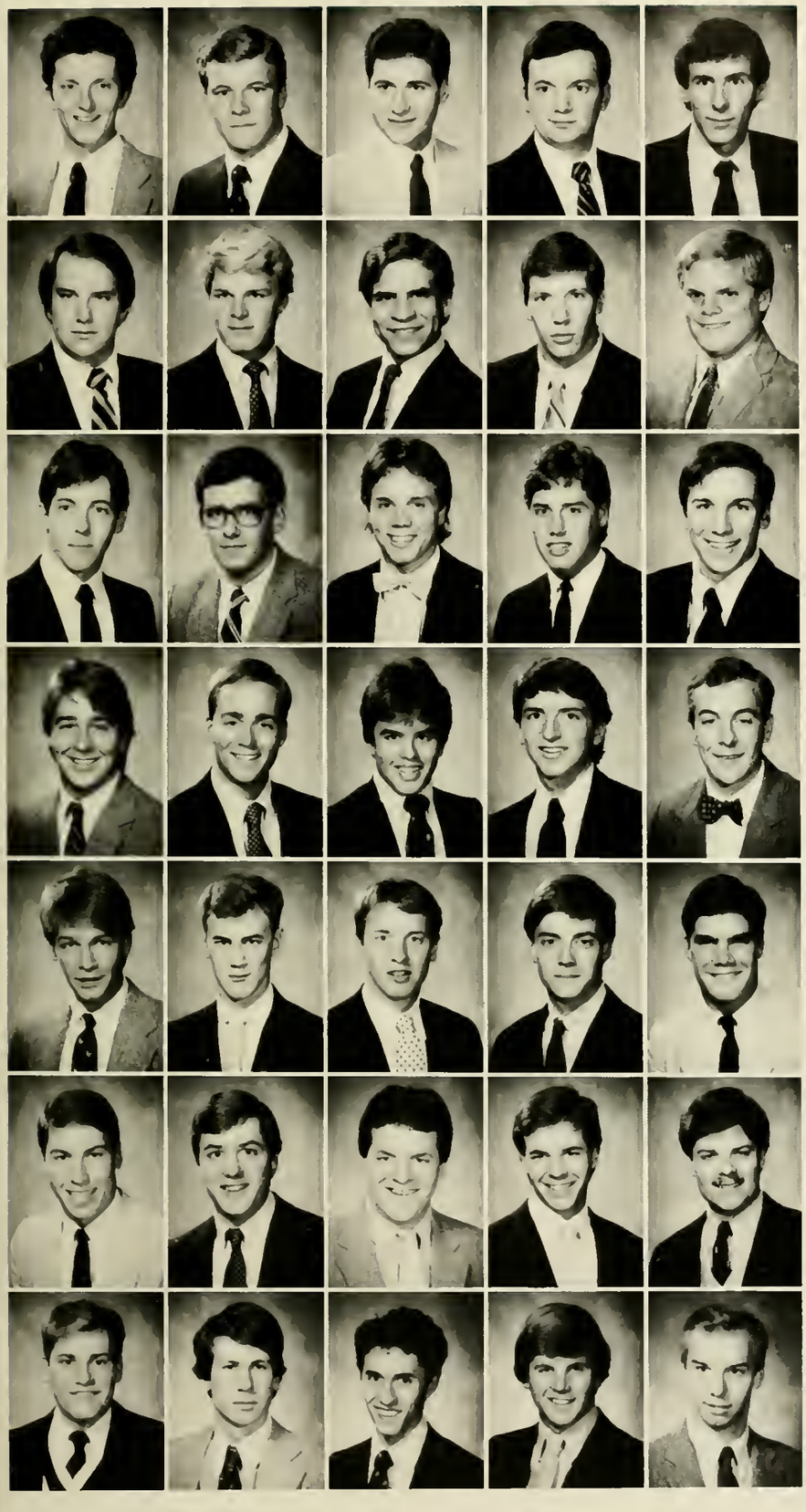
As educated and privileged young men, we at Hampden-Sydney have a responsibility to protect the rights of free thinking while maintaining a standard of social justice. Our responsibility binds us to a reasoned opinion, for we cannot hide behind the flippant or sarcastic answer. To forfeit in the responsibility to protect the credibility of ideas is to forfeit our freedom of expression.

— Sean Driscoll

Wash and Wear

"Gee, I wonder if I should use half of this box of detergent or all of it?" This is but one of the problems that confronts both the new and the old students when left by themselves without the protective care of their mothers. Washing clothes is a major responsibility at an all-male school. Usually, we have mom or the maid doing clothes, but after coming to school we lose that precious benefit. Doing laundry comes as a big shock when, one day, we realize we no longer have any clean underwear. In itself that is generally not a problem; however, we always seem to run out of clothes hours before our date is supposed to show up. At this point panic begins to set in. "What can I do?" Well, I'm usually so flustered at this point, that I shove all of my clothes into the laundry basket that has been acting as my end table and run to the basement of Bagby. Once there, I search for an empty washer. "Hooray! I got the last one." So I stuff my clothes into it. "Whites or colors, what are they?" Fading? Fading? Never happens to my stuff; it's cotton, not polyester. NEXT I run to the bookstore for detergent. "How much for that little box? Charge it!" I run by to Bagby throw half of the box in and shut the lid. Panic sets in again. The machine is broken. No, I figured it out; we have to put money in the washer for it to work. Funny, I never saw mom do that. So I run to the bookstore again and get some quarters and then I run back, put money in the washer and sigh with relief. I go back to the room, grab a beer and relax. Thirty minutes later, I go back and my clothes are done. I look for the dryers and find them fairly easily, so I put my clothes in, shut the door and realize that these things take money too. I shove my last quarter in and wait. Fifteen minutes later — success. My clothes are done. Clean clothes and twenty minutes to spare. Boy, I can get a shower and put on my clean clothes before my date comes. Let's hope break comes before my clothes run out, I don't know if I can handle "doing laundry" again.





Warren Dumford
Charles Finsher
Steve Firenze
Dean Firing
John Flory

Tom Foster
Bret Frieves
Andrew Gross
Bill Hamaker
Mark Heilshorn

Forrest Higginbotham
Mark Hinckley
Tommy Hobletzell
Greg Hoey
Jim Ingram

Joe Jackson
Kip Keenan
Jody Kern
Gary Kessler
Darryl Knight

Larry Mansfield
Donn Marshall
Tom Matthews
Richard McCleary
Chooch McCullough

Johnny McGhee
Ted McKinney
David Meyer
Rick Miller
David Miller

Thom Miller
Sam Moore
Winston Morris
Jeff Neal
Peter Neville

A Semester Abroad

Nantes is the last major port on the Loire River; it is the city which gave us the canning process. In short, it is France's answer to Pittsburgh, or so I thought. There were four Hampden-Sydney students who studied there in the spring of 1983: Paul Pierpaoli, Richard Johnson, Gerhard Gross, and myself. We weren't that happy at the prospect, but it is hard to be choosy when you wait until the absolute last minute to apply to a popular program in Paris.

While I wouldn't recommend Nantes as a major stopover in any tour of Europe, we all found it a surprisingly enjoyable spot, both for its beauty and for its inhabitants who lacked the arrogance which Americans find so annoying in Paris. And since it is not a tourist city, we were not subjected to a mercenary barrage of broken English. The biggest treat for us was the University system, which was separate from our small, made-for Americans program. We were able to take courses at the University and were encouraged to use the facilities, to make some contact with "real" French students.

Many of the students in our program went home bitter, indignant at the fact that, while insisting on remaining in American cliches, they had made no foreign friends. But each of us was able to get away from the tiny island which the program became, to escape the American influence. To be frank, I wasn't altogether impressed with the academics of the program, but then anyone who visits Europe for six months and does nothing but study — well, to paraphrase Dr. Farrell, you're *wrong*.

And so, I have a book of faces, of events, and even of shocking slang that have nothing to do with the classroom, and they are what I've treasured since my return. I think much of Nantes found our group of Southerners from that place in Virginia very amusing. But then we found many of them amusing as well, so I guess the score is even.

— Alan Garrison

Chris Nicklo
George Nolley
Bill Olds
Noby Orita
Joe Otey



Elmer Peters
Rob Pilcher
Chris Poe
Brad Pyorr
Billy Read



Ben Robinson
Robert Rodgers
Craig Schelle
John Schwing
Mike Sharp



Phil Snyder
Bick Stark
Chip Tarpey
Jeff Taylor
Trey Thomas



Randolph-Macon Woman's College,
Class of 1986





Steve Thompson
Paul Toler
Phil Trapani
Ed Utyro
Litz VanDyke

Tony Vermillera
Harvey Warnick
Jonathan Waters
Court West
Leif Wigren

Jim Wilkerson
Philip Wilson
Davey Wrinkle
Jim Young
Bill Ziglar

Not pictured: Mike Adams, Jeff Ambrose, William Anthony, Tim Ashman, Matt Austin, Billy Baker, Jeff Barksdale, George Becknell, Brett Bobo, Brian Brotzman, Steve Colbert, Ted Cox, John Cranton, Firmadge Crutchfield, Jamie Curry, Carl Dalton, Jay Daniel, Graham Daniels, Rob Dauer, Roger Davis, Tyler Dinsmore, Sean Driscoll, Bryan Feitshans, Richard Ferrio, Chris Fewster, Eddie Gamble, John Gurkin, Alaric Gust, John Harrison, Bill Hayes, John Healy, Cameron Henry, Fred Herring, David Hobbs, Will Holmes, Jack Horner, Ross Hotchlass, Brian Howell, Steve Jacobson, Maurice Jones, Tim Jordan, David Jung, Matt Kenneally, Chad Kimbrough, Doug King, Rick Kurtz, Gil Layton, Clark LeBlanc, John Lee, Rob Lee, David Legg, Robert Lendrim, George Light, Bob Lukacevic, Ash Marable, Armstead Mauck, Elliot Mayer, Wil Mayo, Rob McArdle, Tim McCanna, John McCombs, Ed McMullen, Will McNeely, Danny Miller, Greg Miller, David Mugford, Gordy Norman, John Parks, Woody Parsons, Randally Patterson, Mike Patton, Travis the money does run out, Thomas Pickett, David Rath, John Reed, John Rice, Willie Rich, J. R. Robinson, Glenn Rowbotham, Brad Shaw, Mike Shelton, Scott Shelton, Steve Siewirk, John Simpson, Bruce Spanton, Rob Stickley, Dave Stifel, Chris Thorp, Jay Train, Ted Tronnes, Randy Webb, Ashton Williamson, Ros Willis, Weston Yeatts

Freshmen













Class of 1987



Rainy Days and Mondays

What was it that your older brother and sister used to always say? Something like: "If it's a rainy miserable day and you don't feel like getting up, then don't get up." So this is what they meant. There you are in your bed with a blanket wired for maximum warmth, and outside your window is a gray early morning with sheets of rain crashing into the muddy ground. The last thing you want to do is move. "No problem, the teachers don't care, and they don't even know when you're gone. You can always get the notes from someone else, but you probably won't need to." Ah, but older brother and sister were wrong, weren't they? No, they were just lucky. They went to those schools with the tall concrete buildings with elevators and air conditioning. They caught buses to class. They sat in auditoriums with 400 other people and watched some graduate assistant on a television, and made promiscuous glances at members of the opposite sex. On Saturday afternoons, they sat amongst screaming hordes actually watching a football game. That night they'd cruise around town to one of 50 bars, or go to one of twenty fraternity houses to be pressed against a wall like a fly on a taxidermist's matting board. For tests they were handed computer read testing cards, and they made little designs by filling in the little blue ovals with their trusty number-two pencils just like they'd been doing since fifth grade. That's okay because they knew it was a crip test for a crip course with a crip teacher and they could do a little extra-credit and bring their grade up to a B and not worry about missing 2-for-1 happy hour at O'Malley's tonight even though they had an English exam tomorrow because they knew it was a crip test in a crip course with a crip teacher so everything was cool and they knew that in four years they'd walk up those stairs and grab their diploma and then run like hell for fear that they'd be made to go back and take a real test or write an essay that the professor would read over for more than a casual-five minute glance. Yep, they were just lucky, and you screwed up by not going to a school like theirs. No, you had to go to the tenth-oldest school in the country. That sounded really cool in the information manual, but these 200-year-old buildings get drafty and cold on a winter day, and you're bound to catch the flu from all the antiquity. No concrete and glass skyscrapers here, big guy. Yeah, and no girls either, but there's a great classical studies department, so you get to learn all about leading a Spartan existence. Still, you're worrying about the test you failed last week







Jim Fortenberry and Pete Wood return to Venable Hall, their "home away from home."

R.A.s John Rice and Brian Wallace tend the grill at a cook-out for their halls.

Twins Ray and Robert (or is it Robert and Ray) Taylor and their dates pose for a picture during the *Producers* concert.

and how you're ever going to get your grade up to a B, so the chicks can take a backseat until the weekend.

Just how much you would pay for a computer read answer sheet in a school where "multiple choice" is a dirty word. How many times have you stayed up until three in the morning writing an essay and then proofing it for a half hour because you know that sentence fragments and dangling modifiers will not be overlooked, 'cause your professor doesn't have 400 papers to grade, and that it could mean the difference between a B and a C? That's right, don't look for an A, 'cause they're as few and far between as a carload of girls on a Tuesday night. But still, how many times have you seen your western man professor at a baseball game and had him come up to talk to you? How many times have you walked past that guy whose name you don't know but have still said, "Hey, what's up?" and had him say "hello" to you? How many times did the president of your brother's or sister's college get a standing ovation from 800 men for a speech on the virtues of a career in public education? How many times did your brother and sister have the dean of students drop by the dorm to see if everything is going all right? How many times did they go to the library and see anyone they actually knew? Still thinking about how unlucky you are? Didn't think so. But it's still miserable outside and your clock reads 8:15 and you've got the decision of whether or not to make your 8:30 looming large in your head. You'd like to think the professor won't give a quiz today, but you know that he always does on days you don't want one. You did your reading and you know your stuff so the good grade would really come in handy. You've used the last of your three cuts and you know he checks the roll and that he can match everyone's face with their name. He's a good teacher and you enjoy his lectures. He's also a good man. So you turn off your electric blanket and get out of bed — the one you used to hate but have now grown so accustomed to. You put on some pants, the shirt you had on yesterday and a hat (Yeh, and no girl either). You grab your books and leave your room. Going down the steps you pass the custodian. You tell him that you hope he has a good day. He says that he hopes you have a good day too. The smell of wet grass meets you as you head out the door. The rain has stopped and the sun is breaking through the clouds.

— Michael F. McIntyre III



Eric Hilton hams it up for the camera as he and Greg Warner and Peyton Ray go to lunch.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

First — All Freshmen must be present at Venable Field no later than 4:15 each afternoon during football and baseball practice.

Second — The Freshman Class must divide itself into squads of ten members, each squad in charge of a leader who will be responsible for reporting to rub down the teams immediately after practice.

Third — All Freshmen must wear the regulation 'rat' cap while on the 'Hill.'

Fourth — Freshmen must carry matches for upperclasmen.

Fifth — Freshmen must attend all student body meetings promptly.

Sixth — Freshmen must keep the baseball diamond in shape during baseball season.

Seventh — Freshmen are advised to obey promptly any reasonable request of any upperclassman.

Eighth — Freshmen must know all college yells and songs no later than two weeks after their arrival.

Ninth — At mail time the head of the line shall be reserved for upperclassmen.

Tenth — Cultivate the habit of speaking to all fellow students met on campus.

(Taken from the 1921 *Student Handbook*.)

VENABLE ANNEX

Hoey: Where's the Wah?
Kirby: He's with The Bib in Sarajevo training for the luge finals.
Harry: You mean the luge finals are not in Atlanta?
Schneider: What do you mean, Atlanta? They should be held at Rupp Arena in Kentucky.
Kevin: Who cares about the Olympics? Let's watch *Dynasty* in Stuart's room.
Stuart: Noooo . . . Kevin, I've got to study.
Bridges: Bib, what are you doing back from Sarajevo already?
Bib: Stuart, Wratch and I are going to King's Dominion.
Marshall: What's there to do at King's Dominion? You can't get laid there, can you?
Wratch: We're having a small group meeting up there.
Richard: You mean a Scottish group like Big Country?
BK: Hey, that reminds me: Bridges used to room with The Shock. Oh ... is Awesome in the room?
Hawes: No, Kirby kicked him out. He's on the phone with Shade.
Kirby: Shut up, Hawes. Why don't you go take some pictures of Hamady and Derk washing the fire engine?
Hamady: Hawes, if you don't get the hell away from me I'll shoot you with my bazooka.
Hoey: Come on, you guys, settle down. We have to let The Bib get back to Sarajevo.
Derk: I'm not going to Sarajevo, I'm going to a Theta Chi party.
Sam: Yeah . . . and I'm going home to Richmond for the weekend.
Hoey: Ooooh . . . nice hall spirit! We've got to get on the road to Sarajevo.
Zipper: Whose car we going in?
Paul: Let's take Schneider's car.
Wes: Cars? Did someone say cars? They are *bad*.
Schneider: It's not just a car, it's a Volvo. And it's still at Hollins.
Lyster: So whose car *are* we going in?
Hoey: We'll take the Gremlin.
Jody: That's too many people; we might mess up the car.
Hoey: Don't worry; it's paid for.
Bridges: So, it's settled: we'll take the Gremlin to Sarajevo.
Paul: But where will we put The Bib and his luge?
John: He'll ride on the rack.
Hoey: Okay, Bridges and The Bib will ride on the rack.
Bridges: "Perchate" it . . . I'll wear my camouflage Chuck Taylors.
Hoey: Forget it, guys; Stig's luge run was over an hour ago.
Schneider: Let's haul ass . . . we still have to get to Sarajevo.

Minutes later, Horace and Greg pull the Gremlin, still lost on the Five Forks road.

Greg: Who are you guys, anyway?
Group: We are HOBS!

VENABLE WEST GROUND

The guys in Venable West Ground should have known we were doomed from the start. The day we arrived at Hampden-Sydney we got the feeling that the administration had already written us off: they



Cushing Fourth Passage: First row: D. J. LaChappelle, Kurt Obeck (R.A.), David Blackwell, Danny Daughty, John Currance, Bill Munn, Jim Jonas. **Second row:** Bob Chase, George, Keith Hope, Mitch McCloskey. **Third row:** Jim Brickey, Steve Alvarez, Danny Gore, Wayne Lucas. **Fourth row:** J.P.? Wirth, Lucius Breedon, Greg Wells, Marston Jones and Rich Wigman. **Not Pictured:** Ross Kelson, Borden James, Fred Bryant, Pat Slifka, Burt Tait, Paul Farmer, Pat Kirchmier, Billy Goode, Chuck Stow, Philip Smith, Joe Mooney, Robert Coach and Scott Sparks.

were ashamed of us and they made that clear by putting us in the now-infamous basement — the dungeon of Venable. (They just called it 'West End Ground' to make it sound like a respectable place for visitors.)

Yes, on August 28, 1983, fourteen aspiring scholars came together with one aim in mind: to survive our first year in college. As the semester progressed, some of us found ourselves drifting in and out of trouble, gaining us the distinction, although an unpleasant one, of being one of the most memorable groups of freshmen Dean Drew had ever met. On the other hand, there were those of us who excelled on the athletic field and in the world of academics. Two of the class of 1987's sophomore Senators were elected from our hall.

West Ground, like many halls on campus, had great geographic diversity. A brash New Yorker roomed with a Southerner from Hampton; a beach bum from Fort Lauderdale shared quarters with a naive kid from Little Rock. We even had a guy from *Cleveland*. Each of us could share a little of our own culture with the others on the hall. The uninitiated were baptised into ACC country, repenting the error of their ways. (Come on, Trotter: the *Southwest Conference!?*) On top of it all we had an RA who, to say the least, became — through no fault of his own — very familiar with the administration. (Sorry about that, Brian).

After all was said and done, after the casualties had been counted, West Ground looked like a war zone. Through an unfortunate train of events the hall worked on a rotation schedule: in all, 18 guys lived on the hall, and at the end of the year only eleven were left, some of them not destined to return.

It was an interesting year, to say the least. We had some good times, even more bad times, and occasionally some really super times. It was truly an unforgettable experience.

CUSHING THIRD PASSAGE

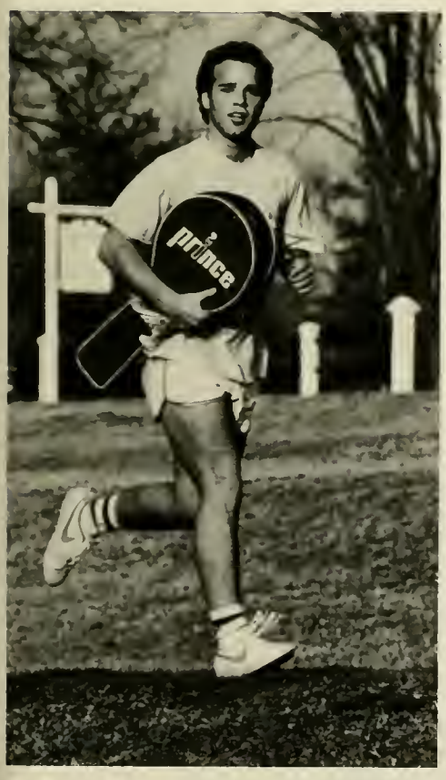
As you enter the third passage of Cushing Hall and walk up the steps to the second floor, you first encounter the room of faithful Resident Advisor Warren Dumford. Besides being an RA, Warren is a brother of the Phi Gamma Delta (FIJI) fraternity. Warren also participated in many community services at the college.

Around the corner from Warren's room resided the great Cushing Connection: Rick Caldwell and Andy Gray. Rick and Andy were members of the Varsity Basketball team. Andy participated in the Big Brother program and was a merit scholar.

On the third floor were Rick Baker and Peyton Ray. Peyton is a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, and he is also very fluent in German. Rick is a member of the Alpha Chi Sigma fraternity, and he also participated in the Big Brother program.

Also on the third floor were two Kentucky gentlemen, Luke Hodges and Bart Turney. Those two boys really liked to party and chase women. Bart is a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity.

On the fourth floor were John Peake and Bill Ramsy. John was known for his exotic "party newt" collection, and for his philosophical sayings such as, "Skull now." Bill



Kirby Arnell runs to dinner after getting out of tennis practice late.



Tortilla: First row: Jimmy King, Ed Potter, Danny Taffel, Joe Bridges, Courtney Campbell, Tim Eller. **Second row:** Gordon Schock, Rob Wellborn, Jeff Roberts, Tim Carr. **Not Pictured:** Dennis Lee (R.A.), Mike McGinn, Eric Friedly, Matt Robertson, Russ Tanner, Joe Barnes and Paul Luck.

was one of the leading scorers on the passage's intramural basketball team which reached the tournament finals.

Jim Hieburg, affectionately known as "Groper," also lived on the fourth floor. Jim was a member of the College Republicans.

Allan Pruitt, Bob Boydah, Jay Jalenak, Erik Walter, Cap Putt, and Ashby Watts all lived on the fourth floor extension. Allan is a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, and he also bears a striking resemblance to Billy Idol. Bob and Cap were on the Varsity Football team. Cap is a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity. Jay was our resident NASCAR driver, and he is also a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. Erik, affectionately known as "Bubbles," is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta (FIJI) fraternity; he also participated on the Varsity Soccer team. Ashby,



Hollins Clark finds Graham Hall patio a pleasant place to study in the afternoon.



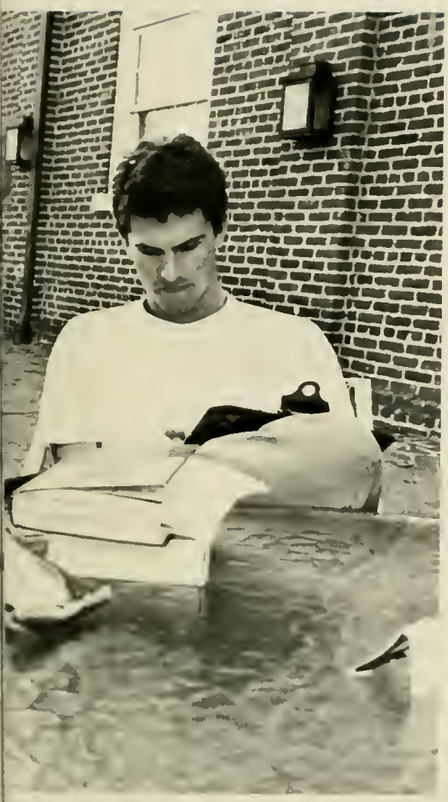


Yearbook photographer Michael Lyster is caught in the act.

Thomas Parrish, Jim Fortenberry and John Pollock browse through the Bookstore's banned books.

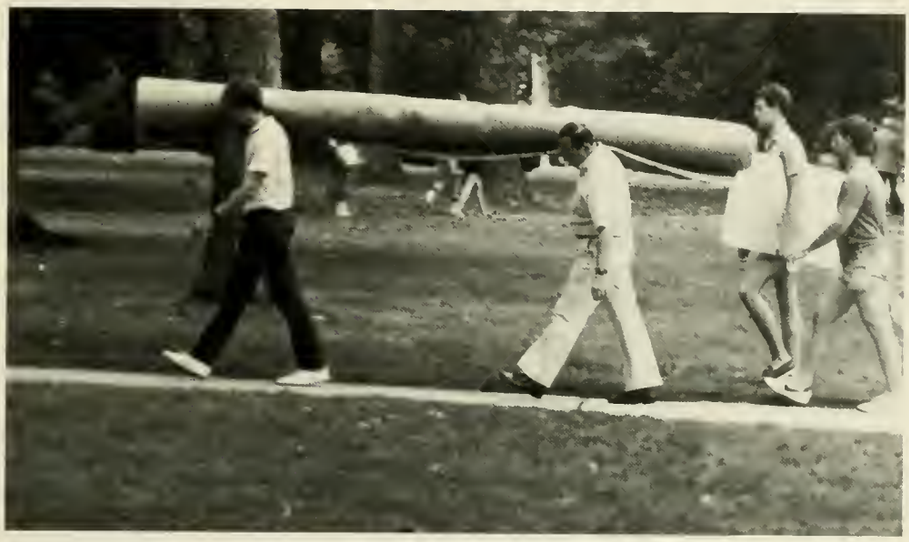


Cushing Third Passage: First row: Jay Jalenak, Bob Boydoh, Cap Putt, Eric Walter. **Second row:** Mark Thomas, Warren Dumford (R.A.), Jim Heiburg, John Peake. **On Top:** Bart Turney, Luke Hodges, Alan Pruitt and Ashby Watts. **Not pictured:** Bill Ramsey, Rick Baker, Andy Gray and Rick Caldwell.



M. J. O'Brien brings in things to make Venable more liveable.

David Schneider, Hawes Spencer, Danny Tafel, Joe Bridges and Bob Pullam do some strange morning exercises.





Venable Annex: First row: Mike Hamady, Marshall Eldred, Paul Thompson, Sam Proctor, Michael Lyster, JoJo Williams. **Second row:** Kevin Robinson, Wratch Williams, Wes Dellinger, Brian Keyser, Harry Thompson, Stuart Cox, Dirk Schumacher, Kerby Arnall, Joe Bridges, Hawes Spencer. **Not pictured:** John Lowery and David Schneider.





Bill Adams
Kevin Allocca
Kirby Arnall
Pat Artz
Drew Baker

Rick Baker
Jim Banning
Billy Barber
Joe Barnes
Clark Barousse

Will Barr
Tim Black
David Blackwell
Brett Bordelon
Bob Boydoh

Bo Boyet
Lucius Breeden
Jamie Brennan
Jim Brickey
Joe Bridges

John Brinster
David Brown
Fred Bryant
Dan Bunch
Barry Campbell

Courtney Cambell
Andrew Carter
Tim Carr
Bob Chase
Rob Cheshire

a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, had a way with women that even he couldn't handle.

All in all, the third passage crew had fun. We made many lasting friendships, and had a lot of good times.

CUSHING FOURTH PASSAGE

Prophecy

Bubba Couch - lead singer for *Men Without Pizza*
Phillip Smith - priest
Joe Mooney - kidnapped by AFL-CIO
Bill Munn - Author of the *BM Study hour: the Best 4 Years of My Life*
Scott Sparks - National Circle K President and recipient of the only 50-year service award.
Rich Wigman - unemployed male prostitute
Chuck Stow - died of botulism after eating a case of canned pizza
Marston Jones - flipped jeep while hunting Bigfoot
Billy Goode - ready for the Greatful Dead
Pat Kirchmier - President of Old Dominion Glass
David Blackwell - working with Hannibal Smith
Paul Farmer - Mayor of Chase City
Keith Hope - Mr. Universe and Driver's Ed instructor
Steve Alvarez - Mercenary in Central America
Mitch McCloskey - T.V. host of *Women and their Weaknesses*
Danny Gore - Proprietor of Good ol' Boys Honky Tonk Bar and Grill
Danny Dougherty - owner of Get Stoked Ski and Surf Shop in Virginia Beach
J.P. Wirth - discotheque owner
Bob Chase - First American Pope, replacing the sacrament of communion with beer and pretzels.
Burt Tait - Olympic Gradu champion
D. J. LaChapelle - slammed to death at a Dead Kennedys' concert
Jim Jonas - cult leader
Greg Wells - personal secretary to Joan Collins
Pat Slifka - whereabouts unknown
John Currence - bouncer at Good ol' Boys Honky Tonk Bar and Grill
Jim Brickey - recovering in a men-

tal hospital after beating up a train

Fred Bryant - relief pitcher for Mets' farm team (0-46-0 record)

Ross Kelson - owner of a phone answering service

Borden James - fireman

Lucius Breedon - recovering with Jim Brickey; reason unknown

Wayne Lucas - on tour with the Mid-Atlantic Wrestlers Association

TORTILLA

Tortilla Hall consisted of a diverse group of freshman. We lost four members to grades and moves at the beginning of the second semester, but that seemed to bring the hall closer together. Each person on the hall had his own infamous doings and special twinge in his personality that made Tortilla a strange place to live.

Our R.A., Dennis Lee, led us on and was our constant tormentor. If we made the mistake of trying to sneak in a hit and then run, Dennis would use his Lacrosse training to catch up with us and get revenge. (The tables were turned when five of us got together to repay him for his past doings.)

Next door to Tim and Danny lived Doug Miller from Richmond. Doug was our local Redneck who could often be heard testing to see if his speakers could be heard at Cushing.

Rob Welburn of Dallas, Jeff Roberts of Versailles, Kentucky, and Courtney Campbell of Buena Vista, Virginia, resided in the basement. Rob was an avid airplane follower who is most likely to buy his own airport. Jeff's main hobby was music, and his trombone could often be found at home basketball games being blurted at foul shooters. Courtney was our resident jock. For fun he would run 10 miles and then swim for a while.

Joe Barnes, Gef Fahey, and Paul Luck lived in one of the two rooms upstairs; the upstairs rooms housed the strangest group of guys created. Joe is from Emporia and was best known for his doodling. If you put something down, he'd draw on it. Gef was a quiet, civic-minded guy who was on the fire department. Paul, from Norfolk, was our resident ladies' man. Like Joe, if you put a girl down, he'd pick her up. Next door to those three were Jimmy King, Tim Eller, and Ed Potter. Jimmy was a model railroader who never stayed at school on the weekends. Tim enjoyed bicycling and studying. He had the best G.P.A. on the hall. Ed, of Golds-



Hollins Clark
Ashby Coleman
Robert Couch
Stuart Cox
John Currence
Neal Davis
Richie Davis
Chris Dawson
Wes Dellinger
David Diggs
Danny Dougherty
John Dutro
Richard Eggleston
Marshall Eldred
Tim Eller
Ralph Ellis
Sean Emmet
Mark Fader
Gef Fahy
Paul Farmer





Zoo: Russell Sweet, Chris McGarry, Flint Liddon, Scott Miller, Neal Davis, John Caruso (R.A.), Brad Terry, Joe Fitzgerld, Guy Vilardi, Bob Pullum, Chris Frazier, Rick Schofield, Lady with fork in eye. **Not Pictured:** Robby Waldrop, Jeff Futch, Mark Lasyone, Kevin Allocca, Clay Underwood, Chip Wiswall and Roy Jones.



This next room belongs to two heavy-partying "good-ol' boys", Jeff Futch and Robbie Waldrop. Can these guys build a loft or what? And they *always* have ice. Going on, on their left, "Oh my God!" it's Rob Pullum. Never drive to Richmond with this guy. And if it ain't red-neck Flint Liddon! Never let him use your phone. Shopped at the Pack Rat palace for any button-downs lately? Across the hall here it's Roy Jones and Chris Frazier. Got a light? Notice all of the liberal propaganda; that's Chris's. Notice all of the trash here; that's Roy's. (Notice any of *your* trash here?)

Now behind this door, the broken



John Fenice
Jim Fortenberry
Erik Friedly
Vaughn Frigon
Tom Gates
Dan Gore
Andy Gray
Chris Grubbs
Mike Hamady
Tommy Haskins
PM Heflin
Jim Heiberg
Eric Hilton
Luke Hodges
Keith Hope
Wallace Huff
John Hylton
Brian Jackson
Alan Jackson
Bobby Jackson

boro, North Carolina, was a PIKA who enjoyed playing racquetball and getting drunk at 8 a.m. during Greek Week.

The racing team of Russ Tanner and Mike McGinn lived on the top floor of Tortilla. Those two had a bad season though; both lost one car each in accidents. Matt Robinson, the hall gigolo, went to more formals than anyone else could afford. And last, but not least, Erik Friedly, who still thinks "clowns are evil."

VENABLE THIRD FLOOR

...And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the last stop on our tour schedule. Yes, it's the infamous "ZOO", Venable Hall, West End, 3rd floor. Now you'll notice in this entryway the fine artwork. No, you're right, Miss; B & G couldn't have painted these murals. They were done by the residents of the Zoo. But first, let's drop in and get acquainted with our zookeeper, John Caruso. Yes, he's the friendly R.A. on this floor. Smile, John.

Starting up in the Suites (the rooms above Parents and Friends—you have to step up to get in them, and that's chic), on the left it's Mark Lasyone and John Pollock. Oh, it used to be Mark Lasyone and a small man with no shoulders, but he threw a fit, became a sophomore, and moved out. And John Pollock moved in with a sleeveless wardrobe and took the door off the closet. But that's another story altogether. On the right it's Scott "T" Miller and Kevin "no joke" Allocca. Say hi, guys. Nice glasses, Miller. Kev, wipe that quiche off your chin. Love ya, Sara Jane!

Now we'd like to show you folks this room, but it's locked right now. These animals are imported from New York. Except there is one in there right now from Mississippi. We all need a little bliss every once and a while. Anyway, the two guys from New York? Russ "the bus" Sweet is tall and blond and sings to us all, and the other guy, Guy Vilardi, is tall and dark-haired and wears tighty-whites, sometimes with toothpaste.



Stagger Inn: First row: Kip Stuart, Taylor Morgan, Mark Fader, Brian Jackson, Tim Black, Mike Neal. **Second row:** Pat Healey, Jeff Mairs, Wallace Huff, Will Barr, Eddie Urbine. **Third row:** Spencer Plaster, Pup Jackson and Mike McCabe.

one, live Paul Robinson and Frank Wiswall. Paul likes school and Debbie. Frank likes Debbie and the B-52's. Debbie doesn't like frogs. Jeb Sommers left first semester because we didn't let him wear his shorts all of the time. Across from them are Clay Underwood and Brad Terry. This is the room "of love." Once the party room (de rigueur) this room has slipped into veritable silence. Remember those September girls from "Lawood?" To this day, "NO FAT CHICKS ALLOWED." Gee, now we have our little gates. And cheap! Vilardi must be involved; he'll eat anything as long as it's free...

Now next to them are Joe Fitzgerald and Chris McGarry. Chris is trying to follow his brother's footsteps, and Joe is still lacing up his boots. Lend your coat to any pretty girl lately? Christmas at the McGarry's is like a frat party; you don't know half the people there, but you're having a hell-of-a-time anyway. And last, but certainly not least, it's Rick Scholfield and Neal Davis. What ever happened to Kathy, Cynthia? I don't think we should take Neal's car. Trrrashed! What did *I* ever do to Brinkley?

Well that's the ZOO, ladies and gentlemen. I hope you've enjoyed your stay. I know I have.

CUSHING FIRST PASSAGE

Cushing first passage, separated from the rest of the world by second passage with its sophomores on one side and an ultimate field on the other, was an island of freshmen. The first floor of this four-story island served as a beach for Keith and Jim, the locals. The second floor was a step back into the 60's.

On the third floor was Roxanne, the only girl who stayed for the duration of the year. The fourth floor served as a podium from which Mike could launch his oratory against the world. In charge of this mass of humanity were Ashley, a frustrated surfer, and John, a wrestler. These individuals along with many others made this island into a resort.



Jay Jalenak
Jim Jonas
Marston Jones
Roy Jones
Tim Kauffman

Brian Keyser
Jimmy King
Rob Kline
D. J. LaChapelle
Mark Lasyone

Jeff Lee
Jerry Lee
Andrew Lebman
Flint Liddon
John Lowrey

Wayne Lucas
Paul Luck
Michael Lyster
Jeff Mairs
Frank Massie

Mike McCabe
Richard McCarthy
Mitch McCloskey
Michael McGinn
Mike McIntyre

Barry Messinger
Doug Miller
Joe Mooney
Jim Moore
Bard Morgan



Venable West 1 and 2: First row: David Smith, Hollins Clark, Chip Smith, Scott Wherry, Al Jackson, Richard Eggelston. **Second row:** Bard Morgan, Donnie Clary, Curt Street, Church Brown. **Third row:** Pat Artz, Paul Stone, Clark Barosse, Pat Slifka, David Diggs, Andrew Carter, Edward Toledano and Jim Banning.

STAGGER INN

As students at the college, we know Hampden-Sydney produces good men and good citizens, and humane and lettered men. Guest speakers, faculty lectures, and distribution requirements all receive their recognition here, but life in a freshmen residence hall too often goes unmentioned. The freshmen spends more time in Cushing or Venable than he does in class. In these buildings he learns to work with his peers; he learns to follow a good example; and he learns from his mistakes and the mistakes of others.

The young men you see in the picture are the last group of freshmen to live in Stagger Inn. Next year the rooms will be gutted and better living quarters will take their place. That's a bit of history, but what did we learn while we were here? We learned to deal with real personal disaster and how to console one another. The quiet ones among us learned to open up and take part. Others learned to share the center spot. We learned about our strengths and limitations. We matured a lot in eight months.

Two guys on the hall played football, and I remember looking forward to their getting into the game. Those games were a nice introduction to social life on the hill, but the combination of sun and alcohol may bring back some unpleasant memories for a few of the guys in the picture. Last spring two of our guys played lacrosse, and one played baseball. Many of us went to support those athletes. We joined clubs and became involved.

Our hallmates have been with us since that sweltering day in August when we moved in. Living three to a room, we got to know one another quickly. Our hallmates became people we could look for on campus or in the Commons. They joined us in worrying about papers and in our trips to the Circle. We looked to our hallmates for friendship, and they'll be the people we look for at reunions.

Pat Morgan
Bill Munn
Mike Neal
Joe Noe
M J O'Brien

Dee O'Dell
Thomas Parrish
Wes Patterson
John Peake
Robert Philbrick

John Pickford
Spencer Plaster
John Pollock
Edward Potter
Mark Prince

Sam Proctor
Alan Pruitt
Bob Pullum
Cap Putt
Sasha Rabchevsky

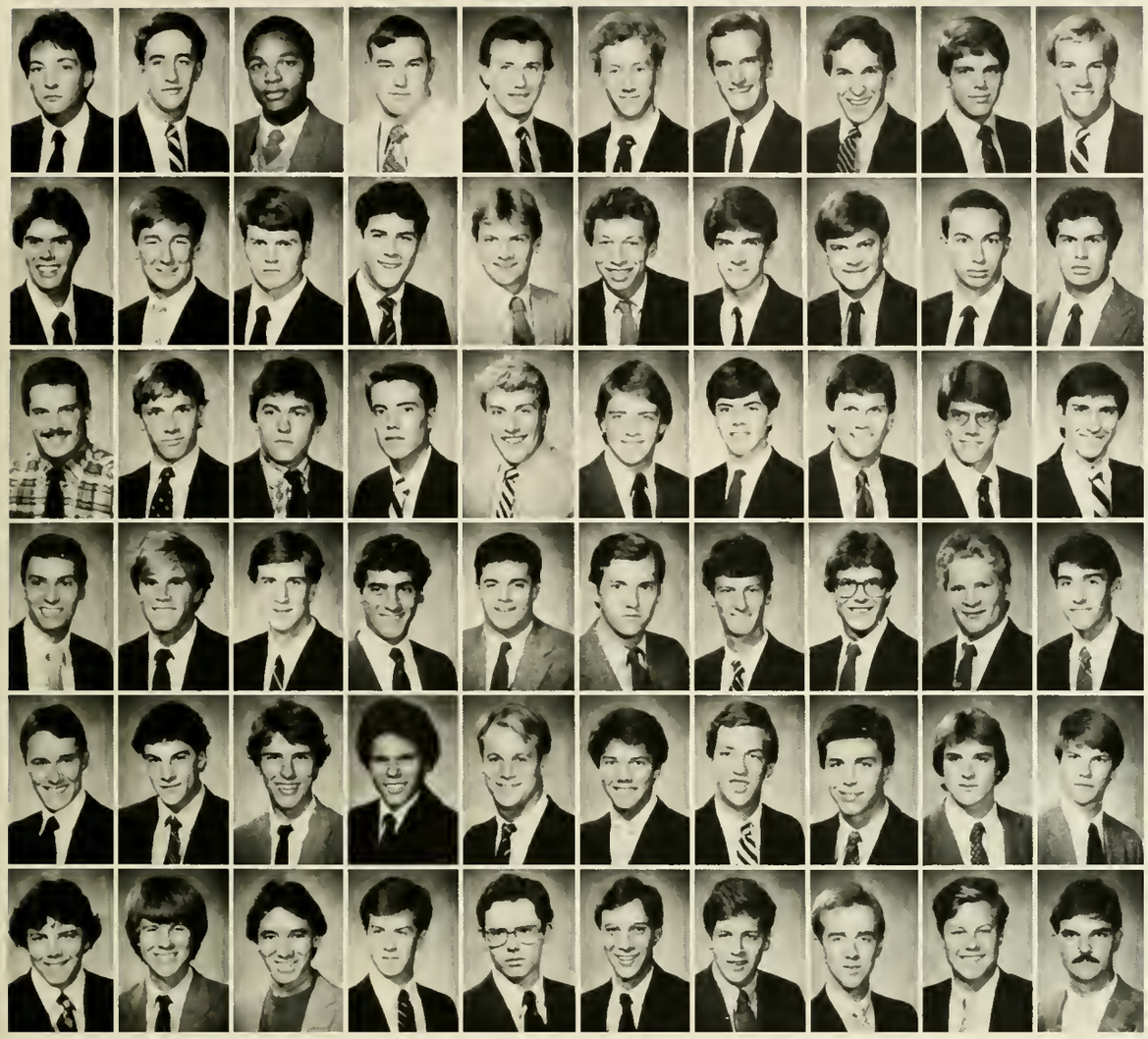


Cushing First Passage: Bill Kines, Keith VanderVennet, Horace Tipton, Rob Cheshire, Jon Johnson, Richie Davis, Ros Kline, Mark Prince, Robert Taylor, Ed Tulley, Bill Adams, Rob Citrone, Ray Taylor, Glenn Wize, Rod Thompson, Bo Boyet, Mike McIntyre and Jeff Johnson



VENABLE WEST 1 & 2

In the deep woods of Virginia there was a place full of loyal and honorable knights. Those knights, all loyal to one another, were of the noblest and most dignified kind. There was Sir Al of Big Daddy who was from the land of the Loaf-of-Bread-Heads. He was in constant playful feud with Sir Church and Sir Adam. the Knights of the Round Ball. There was Sir Frank and Sir Willie, the Black Knights, who loved the white maidens from the Wood. Their fire-fighter, Sir Rick, was from the Land where the necks are Red. Sir Rick was given much support from his fellow knights when a fire was fought. And of course, their fearless leader, Sir Don, was always with them in spirit but rarely in presence. And there were many others, all equal in character and diversity. They were the last of a dying breed...The Knights of Venable West one and two.



Jeff Roberts
Matt Robertson
Kevin Robinson
Paul Robinson
Chris Rudisill
Jay Sadler
David Schneider
Rick Schofield
Dirk Schumacher
Banks Sewell

Greg Sheffield
Chip Smith
David Smith
Jeb Sommers
Scott Sparks
Dave Spector
Hawes Spencer
Paul Stone
Neil Stout
Chuck Stow

Curt Street
Kip Stuart
Pete Swan
Tom Swartzwelder
Russell Sweet
Brandt Swindell
Danny Tatel
Burt Tait
Russ Tanner
Brad Terry

Mark Thomas
Harry Thompson
Rod Thompson
Paul Thompson
Tommy Tillman
Horace Tipton
Dave Trotter
Jay Turner
Clay Underwood
Eddie Urbine

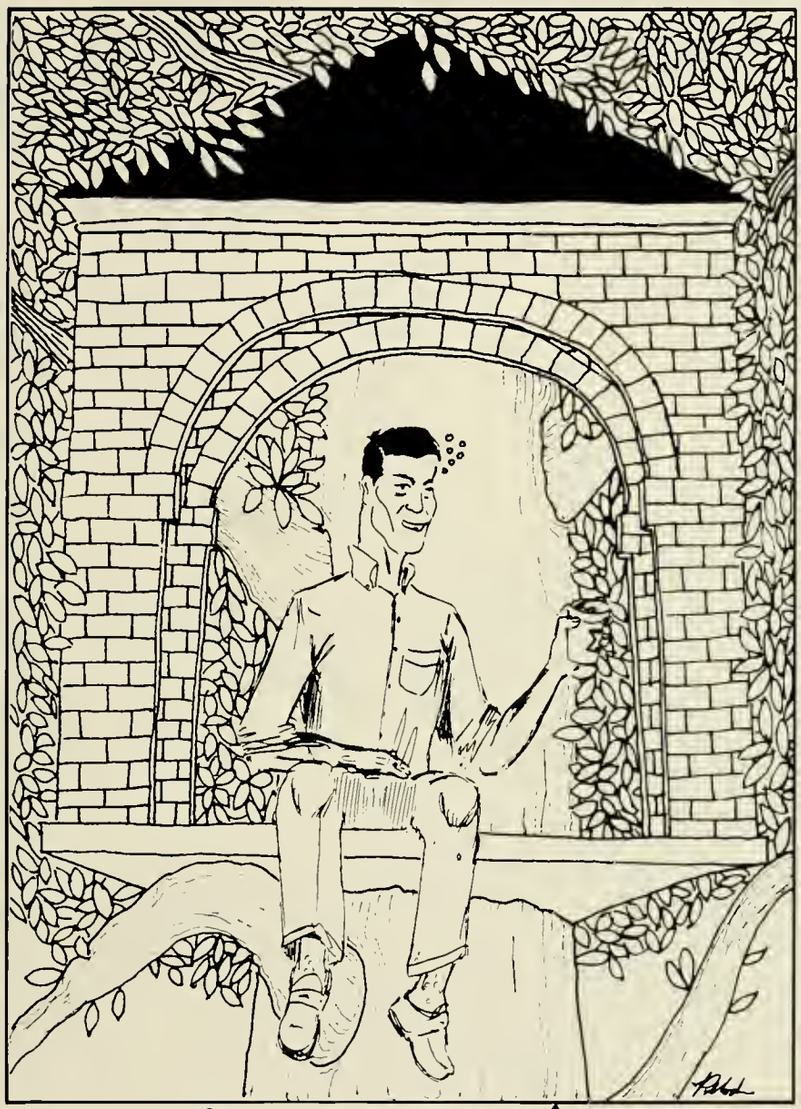
Keith VanderVennet
Guy Vilardi
Max Von Arnswaldt
Erik Walter
Greg Warner
Ashby Watts
Rob Wellborn
Greg Wells
Pat Welsh
Scott Wherry

Rich Wigman
Wratch Williams
J. P. Wirth
Glenn Wise
Chip Wiswall
Kurt Wootten
Rick Wynn
Baker Yates
David Zeman
Robert Zipperer



Not pictured: Frank Carr, Rob Citrone, Joe Fitzgerlad, Willie Fobbs, Jeff Futch, Moncure Geho, Jeff Gibson, Billy Gorde, Tommy Harrison, Pat Healy, John Holden, Jeff Johnson, Rich Jones, George Julien, Pat Kane, Patrice Kirchmier, Carl Kirkpatrick, Keith Kowalski, Adam Labar, Mark Lazarus, Chris McGarry, Kenny Meyer, Scott Miller, Bob Partin, Bill Ramsey, Peyton Ray, Spence Reed, Charles Reynolds, Steve Saedal, Mark Scott, Gordon Shock, Chris Sibold, Pat Slifka, Harvard Smith, Philip Smith, Ray Taylor, Robert Taylor, Edward Toledano, Ed Tully, Bart Turney, Robby Waldrop, Philip Waters, JoJo Williams, George Willinghan, Pete Wood.





Fraternities

"Someday we should build us all a fraternity house that wouldn't end. And we could initiate our friends and go off and drink like freshmen and never graduate."

—Richard E. McLean



As Santa (John Simpson) listens, George Nolley recites his Christmas list.



Bruce Overton, Trey Thomas, and friend during a lacrosse match.



Anne Mayo "hams it up" as Will Farthing and David Diggs look on.



John Pollock, Trey Thomas, Randy Davis, John Simpson, and Bruce Overton gear up for the Greek Week chariot race.

ALPHA CHI SIGMA

A PRODUCTIVE YEAR

The Beta Chi Chapter of Alpha Chi Sigma at Hampden-Sydney was organized to function as a professional fraternity, which would also provide social activities for its members. The purposes of Alpha Chi Sigma are reflected in the three objectives of the Fraternity, which express the true ideals of all its members. The three objectives of Alpha Chi Sigma are:

1. To bind its members with a tie of true and lasting friendship.
2. To strive for the advancement of chemistry both as a science and as a profession.
3. To aid its members by every honorable means in the attainment of their ambitions as chemists throughout their mortal lives.

As can be seen through the variety of professional and social functions, this has been a very productive year for AXE. To start the year off, we had the Alumni Picnic, featuring Jim Bell's famous BBQ Chicken. After school began, AXE sponsored a reception for those freshmen interested in majors in science or science-related fields. Throughout the year we held dinner meetings at which a faculty member or prominent member of the chemistry community would discuss an interesting facet of his studies. As a service to the student community, Alpha Chi Sigma sponsored general chemistry help sessions before major exams. Each year we sponsor the BOHICA award, presented to the chemistry professor most "respected" (?) by his students. Currently in the works are a Sophomore Medal for excellence by a sophomore in chemistry, a magic show to be given at area schools, and the updating of our school files containing information on graduate studies. While this proved to be a very successful year for the Beta Chi Chapter of Alpha Chi Sigma, we are looking forward to an even more productive year in 1985.



First row Pat Anonick, Will Farthing, Ann Mayo, Nelson Daniel
Second row: Eng Kuan Loh, George Nolley, Eric Uhtenwoldt, Rick Baker, John Pollock, Mario Llaneras, John Forbes, John Simpson, Jim Slunt, Randy Davis, Brad Hamilton

Not pictured: Keith Kowalski, Mike Quesenberry, Bruce Overton, Rick Lanham, Tommy Robertson, Mike Patton, Brad Arrington, Trey Thomas

CHI PHI

COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT



Productivity and community involvement are the words that best sum up this year. Chi Phi won the blood drive for the second year in a row, placed fourth in IM football and won IM soccer. On Halloween Chi Phi and the KD sorority hosted a party for fifty underprivileged children. Many brothers participated in the school-sponsored community service days also. The brothers replaced the back stairs and did extensive wall repairs and painting on the first and second floors.

We were luckier than most fraternities over Christmas break when only one of our pipes burst. After fixing the damage Chi Phi was ready for another semester. The house improvements continued with the fixing of the banisters in the house, the refinishing of the chapter room floor, and the purchase of new curtains for the first floor. Chi Phi's second major community service project then got under way — the collection of eyeglasses and lenses for a Haitian project — and it was a great success.

Chi Phi had a good rush with the addition of six sophomores in the Fall and nine freshmen in the spring. All of the parties were good — especially the ones with the Bud man. We had the pleasure of boasting the following bands: "Parts Unknown," "The Convertilbes," and "Out on Bail," a Heavy Metal band. Most of the times were good, few were bad or disturbing. But we'll never forget . . . John Baker's daily sweeping . . . Heavy's kind attitude in the A.M. . . . PAH's wet T.V. set . . . Sean's way of saying it . . . Aldo's lies . . . Rune's logic . . . Bass' "I'll be there!" . . . D.C.'s ability to talk

Toby Hoblitzell, Joe Jackson, and John Hollowell watch lacrosse on "The Hill."

John Baker, Dave Camden, Phil Harper, and Phil Hess display their heavy-metal talents at an impromptu concert.



forever . . . Noodle's lacrosse shot . . . Brad's complaints . . . E.C.'s lampshade . . . Dune's dart gun . . . Festus' money producing adventures . . . Nash's plea to be an officer living out of the house . . . African Joe's marriage . . . Joe Jackson's short conversations . . . Bruce's music . . . Willy's highly sociable attitude . . . Lance's bag of horse dung . . . Scott's fund drive . . . Jeff's reaction to certain substances . . . Big Joe Hatchet's bigness . . . Darren's monkey lips . . . Kip's experience during the party before Spring Break . . . Pat Artz's intense work . . . Pat Healy's car . . . Wayne's 17 beer bangs . . . Jay's Frank Purdue imitation . . . Brian's Boy George imitation . . . Steve's ability to laugh at anything Joe says . . . Hollowell's pleasant depictions in the dining hall . . . Roy's gropability . . . Lucious' loudness . . . B.A.'s "well, you know." . . . Jay's overdue exit . . . Chris' building of the steps . . . Levi's visits . . . James' visits . . . and visits . . . and visits.

David Stifel pauses for a break during set-up for the Dixie Road Ducks.





John Baker and date during an afternoon party at the House.



First row: Steve Asam, Edmund Hopper, Rune Hofslokken.
Second row: Eddie McCall, John Basilone, Phil Hess, Nash Strudwick, Joe Jackson, Kip Stuart, Dave Valentine, John Hollowell.
Third row: Brian Jackson, Scott Shelton, Bruce Spanton, Roy Jones, Jeff Taylor, Lucius Breeden, Daryl Knight, Wayne Lucas, Eric Cotts, Jay Saddler, Willy Frith, Brad Pyott, Dave Camden, Darren Burns, John Baker, Phil Harper, Sean McCusty, Toby Hoblitzell, Pat Artz

Not pictured: Lance Estes, Pat Healy, Brett Bordelone, John Cranton, Joe Koehring

KAPPA ALPHA ORDER

LEADERSHIP, SERVICE AND ATHLETICS

1983-'84 has proven to be another fantastic year for Kappa Alpha Order. The members and pledges of KA have involved themselves and taken leadership roles in numerous student activities. At the same time much effort has been put toward house improvements and social events.

Over the past few years several brothers have been elected to key leadership positions in students government. In 1982-'83 Meade Edmunds ('83) served as president of the student body, while in 1983-'84 John McJunkin (84) was student body president and Tom Barzizza (84) was secretary-treasurer. KA brothers will continue to provide leadership in student government in 1984-'85 as Brian Hoey ('85) will serve as president and Brad Cary ('85) as secretary-treasurer.

KA men are involved in a variety of club organizations; several brothers serve as club chairmen. Circle K has been headed by KA men over the last several years — Meade Edmunds ('83) in 1981-'82, Donnie Clary ('84) in 1982-'83, and Brian Hoey ('85) in 1983-'84. Will White ('85) will be Circle K chairman in the upcoming year. The Committee on Responsible Consumption was headed by Andy Cook ('83) in 1982-'83 and Donnie Clary ('84) in 1983-'84.

Hampden-Sydney has benefited much from KA's involvement in sports. A majority of KA brothers and pledges participate in athletics — twenty-six KA's in football, six in basketball, five in baseball, and one in wrestling. Gus Paulette ('84) and David Allen ('85) led the 1983 Old Dominion Athletic Conference football champions as co-captains. Tim Vieth ('85) served as a co-captain for the basketball team and Rick Rossetti ('85) was the 1984 baseball captain. The 1984 football season looks bright with most of the KA starters, as well as those starters outside the fraternity, returning.

Under the leadership of KA no. 1, David Jones ('84), and KA alumnus, Bill Seldon, significant improvements were made on the Kappa Alpha house. An alumni drive initiated by KA brothers sparked the improvements. Such house improvements included the building of a new deck, porch, bar, and fence, renovation of the basement and living room, the laying of new carpet throughout the house, the installment of a new furnace, and the purchase of a house system. Kappa Alpha brothers and pledges take pride in their house and seek to make it a better place in which to live and to party.

Finally, the Kappa Alpha social calendar for 1982-'84, headed by Tim Veith ('85), proved to be an exciting one for KA brothers, pledges, and the entire campus. KA provided music and homemade, tasty, hot chili after home football games. The outdoor KA concert featuring "Thyss" was indeed the best fraternity party in the fall. For the remainder of the year, KA enjoyed good old rock and roll with "Steps," the "Capitals," and the "Ready Teds."

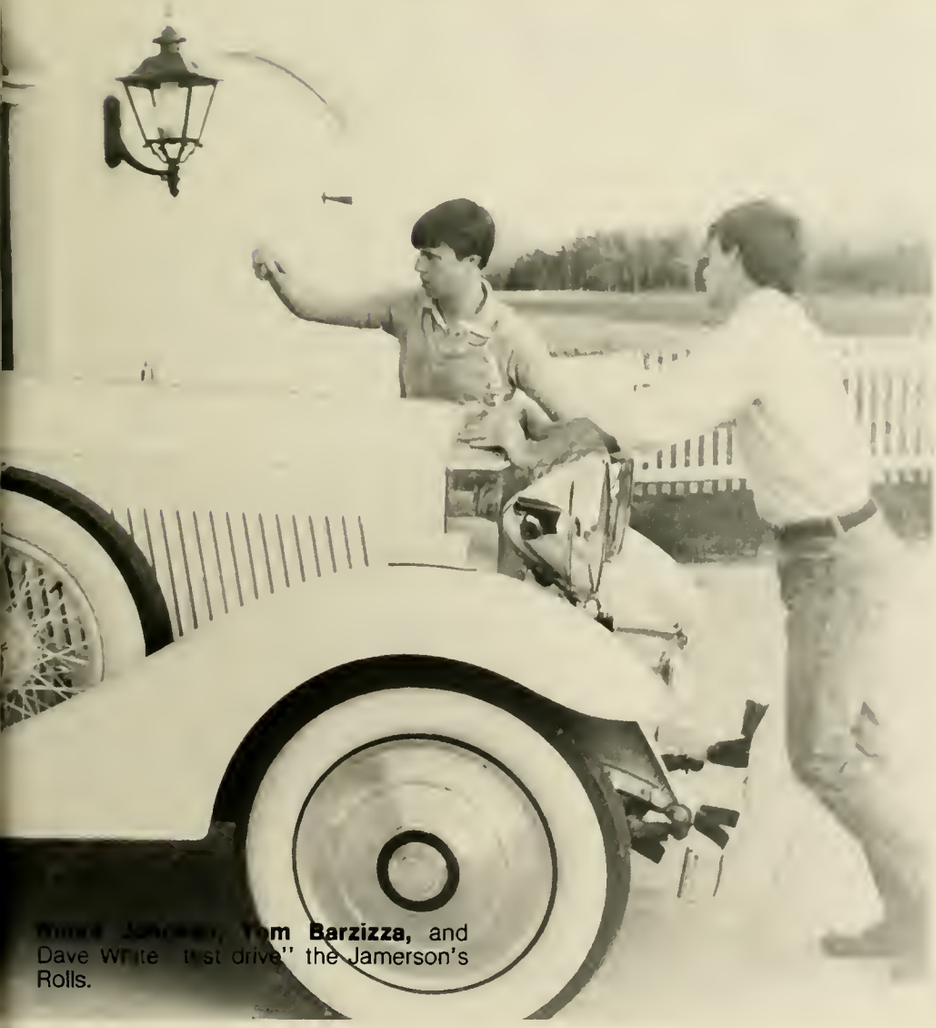






Members and guests gather at the house after a lacrosse game.

The *Kaleidoscope* would like to apologize to the Brothers of KA. We were unable to print a group picture because it was damaged. The members of KA are: David Allen, David Blankenship, Brian Brotzman, Neil Cowan, Scott Finney, Matt Hankins, T. A. Hickman, Brian Hoey, Bill Hubbard, Trey Lackey, Steve Neal, Donald Newton, Doug Parsons, Rick Rossetti, David Simmons, Brad Simms, Phil Suazo, Ed Tankard, Tim Veith, Frank Wheeler, Will White, Tom Barzizza, Ewing Buta, Donnie Clary, Hunter Craig, David Cullen, John Dickinson, Fred Doggett, Robbie Dupuis, Fred Griego, Bob Houska, Burke Johnson, David Jones, David Legg, John McJunkin, Amory Roach, Andrew Sager, David White, Chuck Arington, Tommy Cundiff, John Dickenson, Jack Horner, Rob Lee, Tim McCanna, Danny Miller, Jeff Neal, John Shwing, Litz VanDyke, Church Brown, Richie Davis, Jeff Johnson, Adam Laber, Bard Morgan, Cap Putt and Robbie Waldrop.



[illegible], **Tom Barzizza,** and Dave White "test drive" the Jamerson's Rolls.

KAPPA SIGMA

One Hundred Years at H-SC

As Kappa Sigmas at Hampden-Sydney during the 1983-84 year, we were an integral part of a very special event in our chapter's history — the one hundredth anniversary. For a fraternity chapter to reach its one hundredth year of existence is a rare and very grand occasion. It also clearly says something about the chapter and its brothers. The chapter is a very strong one and this is because of our close brotherhood comes from unity of our house. Kappa Sigma do everything together.

. . . The return to school seemed like a mad rush to get the house in shape for the Centennial celebration . . . Otway's summer help did wonders . . . Parents and Friends Weekend, many guests enjoyed the new deck; some idiots enjoyed the new deck as well, including the band — "The Offenders" live up to their name . . . Final touch-ups . . . The Centennial celebration Kappa Sigs invaded the Commonwealth Club in full force, young and old . . . Haywood did a scantily clad hula dance at the Holiday Inn to Natvig's date's surprise . . . Bluegrass and alumni before the football game . . . open bar, B-Bque, the Gandeurs and hordes of alumni after the game . . . Grandeurs donned the basement stage Saturday evening and "Jimmy O. and the Redy Teds" hit the Club early Sunday A.M. — "Morning Dady-O" . . . "Jaques Paris" Watson headed for Paris . . . Pledge Night — much energy — freshmen rushed the house . . . Bahamas Party — Disco Harrell and date went to Freeport . . . Bahamas Party Hangover leads into midwinters with Charlie Shag, Daly and other alumni showed up for the festivities . . . Thursday night parties lead to Friday morning apathy . . . Greek Week and year's end came quickly . . . too much work, too little time, too much T.V. . . . Chopper heads toward graduation after six years — we'll miss him . . .



Otway Wallace, Andy Blanton, John Healey and dates enjoy festivities at the House during a party.



Paul Thompson, Moncure Geho, and John Burge at the House after a football game.



Paul Thompson and date enjoy watching a lacrosse match on "The Hill."



First row: Rob Pilcher, Charlie Blocker, Armstead Mavek, Marshall Eldred, Chopper Craddack, Brian Feitshans, Slim Haskins, Otway Wallace, Wynn Jamison, Chip Smith (on Bike)
Second row: Haywood Hardin, Downs Spitler, Ryland Gardner, Burke Steele, Vee Pittman, Jeff Donk, Fleet Phillips, Mancure Geho, John Burge, Harvard Smith, Jamie Curry, Banks Sewell, Richard McCleary, Stitch Thompson
Not pictured: John Healy, Sam Moore, Thomas Parish, Andy Blanton, Patrick Kirchmier, Pop Jackson, Mike McCabe, Billy Goode, Church Young, Jeff Friend, Randy Harrell, Eric Olfsen, Greg Natvig, Russ Watson, Jule Peek, Thomas Pickett, Spaulding Showalter, Ross Hotchkiss, Whittfield Hamilton, Steve Bogusky.



Haywood Hardin and date take a break from the partying.



First row: Brian Peabody, Ward Green, Harry Warner, Marshall "Chief" Farmer, Bryan Jones, Alex Ware, Robert Hultslander, Greg Hoey, Sam Wallace, Phil Trapani, Micheux Raine, Kirby Arnall, Joe Mooney. **Second row:** Danny Tafel, Cameron Henry, Robert Lendrim, Frank Powell, Joe Bridges, Brad Young, Dave Schneider, George Cartledge, Tim Carr, Tim Hayes, Davey Wrinkle.



Joe Bridges, Frank Powell, and Greg Hoey enjoy an afternoon basketball game on the "Lambda Chi courts."

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA

DOT . . . DOT . . . DOT . . .

The Buzz . . . N.S.L. . . . Oh Yeah . . . Hi son, is Cameron there? . . . He's a rube . . . Ru ha ha . . . The sex dance . . . Hey Eyn Eyss. So what's your party like? . . . It's like you know Warren. Girls, girls, girls . . . Hey, it's me "X" . . . Pay your dues . . . I'm not a partier, I'm an athlete . . . Nice workday . . . G.C. . . . Leave it to Beaver . . . L.C.A. Division I Basketball . . . Don't touch the trailer; it's valuable . . . Let's go to Tuscaloosa . . . Those guys are losers . . . Good story Lendrim . . . Saucey wench . . . Girls just want to have fun . . . The pinky shake . . . Okay, why did you ball him Clark? . . . Sure Wrink, be with you in a minute . . . Don't say that in front of girls . . . SSSAARRH! . . . B.Y. Richmond . . . Martha . . . Shack Raine . . . I'm not getting in; I got it last time . . . What's on the box . . . Speak up Carr; we can't hear you . . . The Gurk . . . It's not Trapini; It's Tra-pan-i . . . Poodlehead . . . The only cure for a hangover — a radar dog . . . Doc says — !$#¢@ & ! . . . Hey, you'll get a date . . . Get a job Alex . . . We can't have anymore Thursday night parties; we're ruining them for everyone . . . Look it . . . Hey Tom, what's up . . . B.I.O. . . . I caught them in a lie, I did, and I burned them too . . . Jonesy is awesome! . . . Suzie Bruce . . . Come to Greek Week and dance the night away . . . You're calling a lot of shots for an uninitiated member . . . Hot Danna . . . Do you think I could come down and watch T.V.? . . . Cruise me to Wright's . . . Anyone want to go to dinner? . . . Mr. you know who . . . Is Marshall coming down this weekend? . . . Nice hair Ambrose . . . It doesn't matter to me — That's the thing! . . . Is Squirley still on springbreak? . . . How's your party? . . . B.Y.U. Hewes . . . Denna Wrink, Bad Boys get spanked . . .







Jockey Joe Bridges demonstrates how the chariot will look once it is completely assembled.

Hultsie Hultslander and Robert Lendrim prepare to make a "supply" run to Wright's.

Sam Wallace, Cameron Henry, Joe Bridges and David Schneider lead Lambda Chi's chariot "The Blue Flame" to the finish line.

PHI GAMMA DELTA

END OF THE YEAR AWARDS

When I was first assigned this project, one of my fraternity brothers said, "Whatever you do, don't make it too serious . . . You're always too serious!"

"No problem," I replied. So here goes. I could begin by saying how many freshmen Fiji pledged, how great the Heaven and Hell party was, or what we did for the underprivileged children — but I won't, because you guys would give me grief for being too serious. Thus, in an attempt not to be overly serious and keep up with trends concerning "new ideas," I've decided to start a new Phi Gam tradition by giving a few end of the year awards.

Most Likely to Date a Psycho — This one was not even close as Brother Hodge won this one hands down. "After first semester," Hodge said, "Celibacy is looking better and better." Rumor has it Hodge found a normal girl second semester.

Most Sleep in a Semester: Ted Cox

Funniest Laugh: Craig Shelle. No explanation needed.

Most Time Spent in the Commons: Chooch McCullough. He's always the first to arrive and the last to leave.

Arthur Murray Award: Andrew Clifford.

Most Likely to Work for Reynolds Wrap: Chris Altizer.

GQ Award: Franklin Clemmer. Does this guy ever have a hair out of place?

Memorable Phi Gam Quotes (the names of the speakers will be deleted for fear of libel.)

"I'm gonna regret it . . . I don't know . . . and I don't care."

"You can't change the laws of nature."

"Would you like a glass of white wine?"

"I'm gonna do it. Just wait 'til midnight."

"I'm using you!"

"Let's go see my piranha."

"You mean you're finally dating a normal girl?"



With help from Brian Jeter, Franklin Clemmer strings lights in preparation for the annual "Fiji Island Party."



Tommy Lewis and friend share some laughs at a party for underprivileged children in the community.



[illegible] Johnson and [illegible] from Mary Bald[illegible] "Islanders" at the annual [illegible] party.



Kneeling (l to r): Kenton Mackey, Joel Hutcheson, Wallace Huff. **First row:** Dee Novak, Gary Boswick, Will Trevillian, Mike Prizzi, Chris Altizer, Field Russell, Jim Mosely, Franklin Clemmer, Ray Taylor, Rob Taylor **Second row:** Peter Swain, Lee Hagan, Rob Nottingham, Erik Walter, Neal Davis, Rob Citrone, Gil Leyton, Bill Linden, Winston, Morris, Tom Lewis **Third row:** Chris Thorp, Brian Keyser, Mike Moles, Jow Otey, Jay Turner, Joe Metzger, Ted Cox, Brian Jeter **Roof:** Bruce Elliott, Ben Robinson, Craig Schelle, Gel Fehy, Chooch McCullough, Chris Nicklo, Kyle Johnson not pictured: Mils Green, John Stecker, Brian Crotty, Tom Bowling, Mike Hodge





Craig Schelle seriously doubts that Chooch McCullough can pass himself off as Humphrey Bogart.

Wallace Huff and Eric Walter prepare for the Chariot race that left tire tracks on Joe "Speed-bump" Metzger's back.

PI KAPPA ALPHA

First Annual Pika Weekend



Bill Ball enjoys a Pika tradition by "window-diving" during a party at the House.

The Brothers of Pi Kappa Alpha returned to school in 1983 to a completely renovated first floor, the result of a new brother-alumni fund raising campaign. Because of this new found relationship, the first annual Pika weekend was founded which brought together approximately 75 alumni and brothers for a weekend of festivities. The Pika house renovation spurred on a host of other improvements by the other frats, thus confirming Pi Kappa Alpha's leadership role.

Pi Kappa Alpha continued to be athletically minded placing seven men on the football and rugby teams, four on the lacrosse team, and one each on the basketball, baseball, and wrestling teams.

Socially, Pi Kappa Alpha continued to amaze the campus and



first row: Mark Heilshorn, Rick Miller, Robert Rodgers, J. C. Currence, Brad Smith, Jamie Lanham, David Mugford, Wallace Tarry, Joe McInnis, Bill Bailey, Richard Beach
second row: Ed Potter, Bill Ball, Bick Stark, Danny Gore, Mark McGee, Ward Stevans, Mike Neal, Franklin Blankenmeyer, Mark Slaydon, J. P. Harrison, Mark Johnson, Paul Toler, Wes Patterson, William Anthony, Steve Plunkert, Glenn Rowbotham, Allen Sanders, Curt Street, Jay Train
not pictured: Mike Adams, Skip Cerf, Mike Grace, John Haines, Ashby Coleman, Chris McGarry, Pete Neville, Scott Thomas

other fraternities on the circle, never closing any of its parties. The Annual Pledge Night "rushing" of the house saw one of the most fierce battles in recent years. It provided the participants and spectators who gathered to watch the annual spectacle with much excitement. And most participants were even able to party after the contest.

In the community, Pika has strong ties with the Students for Community Service Organization. Nine brothers are active in that organization, and we are even prouder of the fact that the president and vice-president of that organization were both Pikas. We also sponsored a bikethon for St. Judes Children's Hospital and various other smaller community service projects.









Mark Heilshorn, Alan Sanders, and Jamie Lanham pose during a weeknight party.

Pledges storm the house during Pledge Night.

Alumni brother Tom Robinson gives encouragement to Bill Bailey and Bick Stark before the annual Chariot Race during Greek Week.

Curt Street and Ward Stevans relax behind the House on a lazy Saturday afternoon.







First row: Scott Banning, Kip Keenan, Chaz Lewis, Brandt Swindell, Ted McKinney, Flint Liddon, Will Bettendorf, Burt Tait **Second row:** Hollins Clark, John Robinson, Bret Grieves, Bill Tavenner, Trip Thompson, Ted Tronnes, Doug King, Greg Miller, Greg Brooks, Dave Heaton, Eric Apperson, Tino Sheridan **Third row:** Scott Wherry, Brent Antrim, Tom Tillman, Ed Toledano, Jim Banning, Clark Barousse, Joy Mitchell, Tyler Dinsmore, Ben Bartlett, Howard Boyd, Ed McMullen, Gene Taylor, Bob Martin, Ed Gamble, Rob Stickley, Jonathon Waters, John Lineweaver, Bill Cozart **Not pictured:** Peter Quarles, Harry Thompson, Chris Dawson, John Lowrey, Fred Bryant, Ashley Marable, Firmadge Cruthfield, Tony Morris.



E. Dogs and Company "party" after Greek Week lacrosse match.

Mark Conger, John Lineweaver and their dates relax on lazy Saturday afternoon.



David Hobbs and Chris Dawson with the remains of their chariot.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

GASPAR AND MORE

Hampden-Sydney's SAE's embody fellowship, honor, and "an acute sense of propriety," so they may uphold their prominent brotherhood. The past year produced an excellent Fall rush, established fraternal ties with a native Bolivian, and triumphed as the South's preeminent band debuted. These events and those fantastic parties serve as outstanding achievements at Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

The parties ... Great parties are synonymous with SAE, and perhaps this year's activities exemplify that. Last fall, Hollins, Sweet Briar, and Randolph-Macon did not drive to Washington and Lee to see their favorite band, but came to SAE to hear the "White Animals" perform. Despite the inclement weather, the band's sound produced ecstatic shouts from the audience. Other fall parties included successful Homecoming and Christmas celebrations.

Rush, as in the past, helped SAE to gain a mixture of guys concentrating from the South. With help from our little sisters off 460, an annual Sweet Briar Boat House party and Hollins Apartment party were held to attract freshmen. Our efforts paid off as we obtained several pledges.

Though parties and rush helped establish SAE's popularity, the efforts to uphold a humanitarian code illustrates the desire to form long-standing relationships. Through Brother Rob Stickley's endeavors, SAE now fosters a Bolivian child named Gaspar. Gaspar's indigent situation does not allow him to eat well, so SAE financially contributes monthly to his well-being.

This year SAE held a fund-raising drive to renovate the chapter room. With the proceeds, we purchased a new sofa, tables, and chairs. We also bought a wood stove for the basement, so we could once again hold parties in the room without worrying about the cold. Plans for a deck and future additions are in the making.

While "The Dead," "Johnny Sportcoat," and the "White Animals" were making headwaves throughout the South, "The Capitols" were warming up for the Spring. SAE's own "The Capitols" features brothers David Heaton, Trip Thompson, Bill Cozart, Greg Brooks and Rob Stickley, and they have become famous. Their debut performances at Sweet Briar, Randolph-Macon, and North Carolina, not to mention Hampden-Sydney, brought them to the limelight. "The Capitols" omnipotent success earned them a spot as the back-up for the Producers at Greek Week.

With Greek Week, exams, and everything else, the Brothers still found time to hold the annual elections. Those elected exemplify the leadership that SAE combines with excellence. The members-elect are as follows: Ben Bartlett, Eminent Archon; Jay Mitchell, Eminent Deputy; Greg Miller, Eminent Treasurer; Kip Keenan, Eminent Correspondent; and Harry Thompson, Eminent Recorder.

Good luck SAE on a fine example of leadership and prosperity.



The Capitols: Bill Cozart, Greg Brooks, Rich McCarthy, Rob Stickley, Trip Thompson, and David Heaton.

SIGMA CHI

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK, AGAIN

The 1983-1984 school year was a turn around year for the fraternity system as a whole here at Hampden-Sydney. This "turn around" came in the form of a new pride and vigor which was felt and displayed by all the Greek organizations here on campus. In fact, Dean Drew announced that "I have never seen the fraternities do so well in all aspects of fraternity life."

One could see that the leadership for this fraternity circle renaissance was coming from those "new-kids-on-the-block" who were working their respective butts off in order to regain their national charter. President Josiah Bunting III himself informed Sigma Chi hierarchy that the members of the Sigma Sigma chapter "have done a fabulous job and deserve credit . . . this is a fine success story."

So with this presidential backing, the Sigs were initiated on December 3, 1983, and they celebrated that night with the sounds of "O-Boy." Other fall parties were highlighted by such bands as "The Nerve," "The Royal Kings," and our fraternity favorite, "John Florry's Red Neck Band." In the spring the Sigma Chi's partied with the help of "The Broken Crayons" and "The Good Guys."

Yes, 1983-1984 was a great year for Hampden-Sydney's Sigma Chi, and the reason and driving force for Sigma Chi's great year was a group of 15 very special seniors: Agee, Baronian, Curry, Farrand, Given, Gregg, Lovelace, Peterson, Pruitt, Richardson, Rosenberger, Slattum, Williams, Burroughs, and Borne.



Kevin Allocca, Robert Zipperer, and Jeb Sommers take time out from December 3rd's Initiation Party to pose for the cameraman.



George Becknell and friend Patti Amsler, from Hollins, take a break to rest during a work day at the House.



First row: Jim McCrew, Robert Given, Charlie Agee, Brian Pruitt
Second row John Gent, Steve Baronian
Third row Jon Terry, John Donelson, Jeff Richerdson, Jeff Curry, F. D. Rosenberger, Jey Jelenek, Baxter Pefter, Devid McEnderfer, Tommy Lovelece, Neil Stout, Paul Stone, Todd Ferrend, Bred Smith
Fourth row: John Flory, Seen Gregg, Jeff Peterson, Bill Brazil, Peyton Rey, Peter Dent, Bert Turney, Keith Slettum, Rick Godsey, George Becknell, Leif Wigren, Benks Peterson, John Stevenson, Ashby Wetts, Berkeley Young
Not pictured: Matt Robertson, Chris McGee, Richerd Williems, Tommy Burroughs, Alen Prultt, Robbie Bourne



Jay Jalenak, Baxter Peffer, and Bart Turney share laughs with Beth Patrick and friends during Midwinters Weekend.

Berkeley Young and Gordy Norman set about the task of renovating the House.



SIGMA NU

GROWING AND MATURING

Most people consider a fraternity to be merely a social organization, but the pledges and brothers of Sigma Nu consider our fraternity to be much more. In addition to social gatherings, Sigma Nu offers its members the opportunity to grow and mature together in a spirit of brotherhood that lasts long after graduation.

Every fall, Sigma Nu sponsors the Tiger-Yellow Jacket blood drive, followed in the spring by an annual Easter-egg hunt for the underprivileged children of the Prince Edward County area. Sigma Nu has proven its athletic prowess also by placing first overall in intramurals these past few years.

Despite such proud credentials, Sigma Nu prides itself most in the diversity and well-roundedness of its membership. While members may learn from one another through the unity of the brotherhood, Sigma Nu makes college at Hampden-Sydney a more valuable experience for its brothers.





Seniors: Troy Nottingham, Lyn Lewis, Barron Segar, Hap Furr, Dave Arias, Ray Thompson, Billy Hurt, Randy Parsons, Pete Kanelos, Joe Pontius, Danny Flynn.





Charlie Cochran, Kirk Edens, John Evett, Kevin Farina, John Grey, Bill Hilton, Chris Hodge, Rob Lawson, Joe Lipscum, Randy Parsons, Joe Pierce, Richard Rogers, Tim Siviter, Yancey Snavely, Ashton Williamson, Clark Addington, Carl Dalton, Gary Kessler, Larry Mansfield, Will McNeely, Woody Parsons, Gray Randolph, John Rice, Steve Thompson, Jeff Gibson, Doug Miller, Joe Noe, Mark Prince and Scott Sparks.



Barron Segar, Hap Furr and Woody Parson "study" in the library.

THETA CHI

CHANGING OUR IMAGE



Rich Foley and Clyde Kelley spend a lazy afternoon watching a Tiger baseball game.

Dickie Bragg, Clyde Kelley, and Bill Karslake enjoy an afternoon party at the House.



Whatever happened to the Theta Chi surf nazis? They must have ridden a wave home and now only return occasionally. Theta Chi has changed a great deal in five years. All that remains of the past is our pride in reckless fervor at social functions. Scholars, athlete, and politicans now inhabit our limitless domain of egomania. We are a diverse and yet stringent fellowship of brothers looking for a good time. Sybarites, work-a-holics, dipsomaniacs, intellectuals, and punk rockers abide the constraints of our walls until graduation. We are a curious lot, but we wouldn't have it any other way. We enjoy slamming with the Romantics, rocking with The Police and the Stones, absorbing the Grateful Dead, and swinging with UB 40 and Bob Marley. During the day you might notice us endeavoring in a game of stickball while at night you will find us pursuing our concupiscent tendencies. Our members dwell in such places as Orlando, Santa Barbara, New York, Houston, Chicago, and Hartford while the majority of us still reside in the Commonwealth. We promote our predicament because we all share a common goal. Specifically speaking, we are only "spirits in the material world" trying to enjoy life.

Burke King prepares for an afternoon oyster roast.





First row: Dicky Bragg, Jim Fortenberry, Todd Flemming **Second row:** Tim Jordan, Jim Wilkerson, Lance Boyd (sitting: Paul Stancs, Horace Tipton, Richard Johnson, Drew Waterbury), Clyde Kelly, Ros Willis, Johnny McCombs **Third row:** Tony Vermillera, David Spector, Dirk Schumacher, Mike Hodge, Bill Brown, Paul Farmer, Rich Foley, Matt Kenneally **Fourth row:** Randall Patterson, Chris Brown, Paul Nunnally, Jim Matheson, Tim Ashman **Not pictured:** Fred Helms, Alan Blow, Eric Kelley, Burke King, David Steinke, Donald Thompson, Patrick Williams, William Karslake





Randy Webb and date relax at a Greek Week party.

"Catch Rays, anyone?"





Clubs

"We were young enough still to harbor the glad illusion that organized forms of get-together were commendable."

—Emily Kimbrough

The Student Government



John McJunkin, *President*



Tom Barzizza, *Secretary-Treasurer*



Lyn Lewis, *Court Chairman*

Cabinet

Student Committee on Academic Affairs
Perry Sebreny, Art Sperry
Senior Liaison with College President
Joe Metzger
Student Finance Committee
Mark Wheeler
Student Food Committee
Donnie Clary, Bob Houska
Committee on Responsible Consumption
Donnie Clary
Committee on Elections and Surveys
Franklin Clemmer, Cam Bowman
Book Exchange Committee
Lucien Roberts
Booster Club Committee
John Haines, Ward Stevens
Bad Check Committee
Alan Nolan

Board of Publications

David Florence, *Garnet* (Chairman)
Marc Delaney, *Tiger*
(First Semester)
Harrison Clark, *Kaleidoscope*
Jeff Lee, *Photo Service*
David McEnderfer, *Photo Service*
(First Semester)
Hawes Coleman Spencer, *Tiger*
(Second Semester)
Eric Uhtenwoldt, *WWHS*
John McJunkin, *ex officio*
Dr. Mary Saunders, *Faculty Representative*
Dr. Richard McClintock, *President's Representative*

Residence Hall Council

Whitehouse — South House
Joseph Hatchett
Whitehouse — South Colonnade
Lee Hagan
Whitehouse — North House
Drew Waterbury
Whitehouse — North Colonnade
Larry Park
Whitehouse — West House
Al Schyman
Whitehouse — West Colonnade
David Simmons
Whitehouse — East House
Will Bettendorf
Cushing — 2nd Passage
Tee Thackston
Maples
Sean Gregg
Caravansary
Joe McInnis
Music House
Mike Moles
Wilson Drive Dorm
Arthur DuPuis
Hampden House Dorm (1-8)
Lawrence Jonak
Hampden House Dorm (9-16)
Andrew Sager
Hampden House Dorm (17-24)
Mike Marousek
Hampden House Dorm (25-32)
Todd Cox

IFC

Alex Ware, Lambda Chi Alpha
Chairman
Otway Wallace, Kappa Sigma
Secretary-Treasurer
P. A. B. Hoblitzel, Chi Phi
D. N. Deaton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon
M. A. Prizzi, Phi Gamma Delta
W. C. Tarry, Pi Kappa Alpha
D. F. Jones, Kappa Alpha
A. C. Blow, Theta Chi
J. M. Wallace, Sigma Nu
B. A. Moore, Alpha Phi Alpha
R. W. Given, Sigma Chi

Court

First row: Brian Jeter, Bill Knox, Lynn Lewis and Steven Parsons. **Second row:** Lee Hagan, Robert Zipperer, Tim McCanna and David Walker.



Senate

First row: Mike McIntyre, Maurice Jones, Lucien Roberts and Franklin Clemmer. **Second row:** Rob Lee, Greg Warner, Kurt O'Beck and Amory Roach.





H-S Singers

Perry Sebreny, Dr. Kidd, Chip Wiswall, Greg Hoey, Tommy Robertson, Jim Carpenter, Field Russell, Gary Boswick and Lee Hagan.



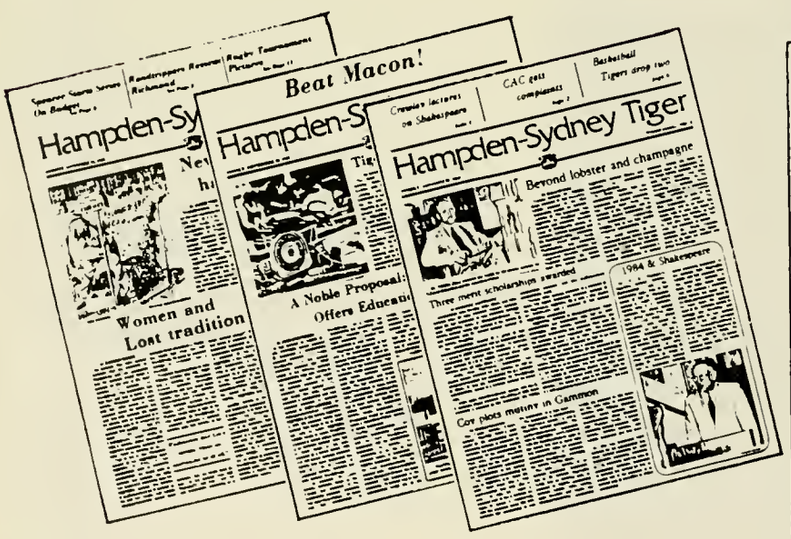
Noteables

Dr. James Kidd, Director, Art Stone, Noby Orita, Russell Sweet, Perry Sebreny, David Diggs, Chip Wiswall, John Hylton.

Hampden-Sydney Tiger



Sitting: Ted Tronnes, Bob Pullam, Mark Hinckley, Geoff Lewis, Richard McCarthy and Jim Heiberg. **Standing:** Chip Tarpey, Greg Warner, David Brown, Hawes Spencer and Rod Coates.



Hampden-Sydney Tiger

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The Tiger welcomes signed letters that are neither ob scene nor libelous The editor reserves the right to edit all material Deadline for letters to the editor is Tuesday the week of publication

The Tiger is published bi weekly by the students of Hampden Sydney College A year s subscription is $10 00 Please address all correspondence to The Tiger Box 635 Hampden Sydney Va 23943



THE GARNET

Radio Station

WWHS-FM is a non-profit commercial-free, educational radio station owned by Hampden-Sydney College and operated by Hampden-Sydney students. WWHS does not discriminate in any form, and any student of Hampden-Sydney College may apply for a position on the staff. WWHS broadcasts in stereo on an assigned frequency of 92.1 MHz with a power output of ten watts as authorized by the F.C.C.

1983 is the year of the NEW 92. WWHS underwent many changes for the better. What is the NEW 92? The *NEW* 92 has sparked the interest of many and motivated them to listen to their campus radio station. The NEW 92 is a new format for WWHS; previously WWHS had no format. The new format is basically Top-100 and classical rock. It is a popular format created for the Hampden-Sydney community and tailored to their tastes. Students responded to the WWHS music poll earlier in the year. They indicated their desire for a cross between WRXL and WRVQ. Students also indicated that they wanted a news program. The NEW 92 features nightly news summaries Monday thru Friday.

The NEW 92 has not forgotten its educational and cultural responsibilities. Certain time slots are allotted for deviations from the format. Slots are allotted to make room for peculiar variations of rock and roll. For the skinheads there is a show for new English releases and a progressive music show. For the religious at heart there is a religious rock and roll show. For the true rebels there is a Southern rock and roll show. For those desiring passion with a beat there is a soul show. Each week the music of a different rock artist is spotlighted.

The NEW 92 has an active sports department. At a great expense, the Hampden-Sydney Tiger Network brought you Hampden-brought you Hampden-Sydney football with Gettysburg College and Randolph-Macon College. The latter game was rebroadcast on WFLO so that all of Prince Edward County could listen.

The NEW 92 is a community radio station dedicated to serving the surrounding communities. WWHS makes an effort to announce every local event of any significance such as art fairs and community theater productions. WWHS publicizes school events such as Hampden-Sydney drama productions, Hampden-Sydney lectures, and Hampden-Sydney social events. WWHS promotes public service announcements pertaining to your health, safety, and well-being. Because of the growing concern over drunk driving in Virginia, WWHS h as been heavily promoting public service announcements warning those who drive drunk of the possible consequences.

The NEW 92 brings you information on the best parties to attend at the girls schools. Through our network of cute contacts, WWHS is able to bring you information on upcoming mixers and post-mixer parties. The "Party Locater" has successfully united many Hampden-Sydney students with parties at the woman's colleges.

The NEW 92 has endeavored into the field of prizes, drawings, and promotions. WWHS has delighted many Hampden-Sydney and Longwood students by giving away tickets to CAC mixers. The Hampden-Sydney Pep club donated 30 tickets to WWHS for the Tiger-Yellow-Jacket game making this giveaway one of the most successful. Surprisingly, the winners from Longwood equivocated the winners from Hampden-Sydney.

Except for equipment failure, WWHS has experienced tremendous continuity in its operation. This is attributed to an energetic management and a dedicated staff of disc-jockeys. The success of the NEW 92 is not only due to the WWHS staff, but to you — the listening audience. WWHS is dedicated to community service and community enjoyment. The NEW 92 has great plans forthcoming — listen in for details!!

— Robert Duke



Kneeling: Russ Ackers, Garrett Jeter and Ross Kelson. **Standing:** Carl Kirkpatrick, Banks Peterson, Andrew Gross, Robert Duke, Craig Schelle, John Simpson, Kent Pankey, Jim Carpenter and Mark Hinckley. **Not pictured:** Eric Untenwoldt, Chris Altizer, Eddie McGee, Bill Knox and Chris Apostle.



Circle-K

Scott Sparks, Al Schyman, Maurice Jones, Kurt O'Beck, Bill Munn, Kent Pankey, Sidney Hall, Advisor, and David Blackwell.



Photographic Arts

Sidney Hall, Edward Potter, Forrest Higginbotham, Chris Rudisill, Jay Saddler, David Diggs, M. J. O'Brien, Marston Jones, Stuart Cox, Rick Schofield, Greg Wells, Andrew Carter, Will Bettendorf, John Holdon, Wayne Lucas, Rick Wynn, Matt Robertson, Jay Jalenak, James Heiberg, Barry Campbell Jr., J. Scott Freeman, Glenn Wise, Ed Tully, John M. Parks, Dennis Lee, Pat Artz, Max von Arnswaldt, Peter Kanelos, Jerry P. Gross, Bill Munn, Bob Pullum, Rob Cheshire, Michael D. Lyster, R. Scott Wherry, Gregory Warner, Charles Cantus, Robert Duke, Dr. Ron Heinemann, Dr. Don Ortner, Dr. Larry Martin, Dr. Bill Shear, Dr. Stan Gemborys, David Walker, Tom Barzizza, Dr. Jorge Silveira, Jeff Lee, Art Stone, Rick Bramhall, Noby Orita, David Stifel, Jame Pate-Vondy, Trey Thomas, Mario Llaneras, Brian Pruitt, Mark A. Wheeler, Jim Fortenberry, Jay Turner, Peter Wood, Richard Hilton, John F. Lowrey, Kevin M. Allocca, John W. Pollock, Keith Kowalski, Clay Underwood, Jimmy King.

Skeet Club

Nash Strudwick, Forrest Higgenbotham, Jim Carpenter, Tee Thackston and Dr. Larry Martin, Advisor



IVCF

Sitting: Brian Wallace, Steve Parsons and Chris Poe. **Standing:** Jay Sadler, David Rath, Wratch Williams, Alaric Gust and Andrew Carter.





Madision-ians

Tom Foster, John Pollock, George Nolley, Mark Hinkley, Phil Snyder, Chip Wiswall, Rod Coates and Steve Jacobson. **Not pictured:** Roger Davis, Maurice Jones, Donn Marshall, D. J. LaChapelle, Jim Young and Dr. Roger Barrus



CAC

Brad Cary, John Pollock, Rick Lanham, T. A. Hickman and Joe McInnis. **Not pictured:** Jon Johnson, Tom Barzizza, Ed Tankard, Jeff Peterson, David Arias, Frank Wheeler and Will Bettendorf

Jongleurs

Tim Eller, Mike Boudreau, Richard Beach, Nelson Webber, Steve Colbert, Forrest Higgenbotham, John Simpson and Cliff Curlee



Student Admissions

First row: Brian Pruitt, Happ Furr, Brett Crieves, Anita Garland, Rik and Paul, and Amory Roach. Second row: Greg Brandt, Baxter Pefter, Ash Marable, Robert Duke (blocking me) and Jay Mitchell. Third row: Berkeley Young, Robert Zipperer, Mike Boudreau, Brian Jeter, Harrison Clark, Michaux Raine and Will Bettendorf. Not pictured: Jeff Peterson, Franklin Clemmer, Trip Thompson, Trey Thomas, Tony Morris and Bill Olds.





Spanish Club

First row: Noby Orita, Sal Gianetti, Michael Wilson, Advisor and Rune Hofslokken. **Back row:** Richard Redding, Tee Thackston, Will Bettendorf, Mide Marusak, Tom Lewis and John Lee.



German Club

Elmer Peters, Steve Ansam, Dr. Paul Jagasich, Advisor, Andrew Clifford, Burke Johnson, Stan West and Perry Sebreny.

College Republicans

Alan Jackson, Chip Tarpey, Mark Hinckley, Eddie Urbeau, Andrew Gross, Joe Metzger, Charles Reynolds, Chuck Roast, Robert Duke, Jim Heiberg, Kent Pankey and Bob Pullum. **Not pictured:** Russ Sweet, Gene Taylor, Russ Tanner, Harrison Clark, Greg Warner, Mike Shelton, Court West, Alan Nolan, Forrest Higgenbotham, Taylor Morgan, Ed McMullen, et al.



Math Club

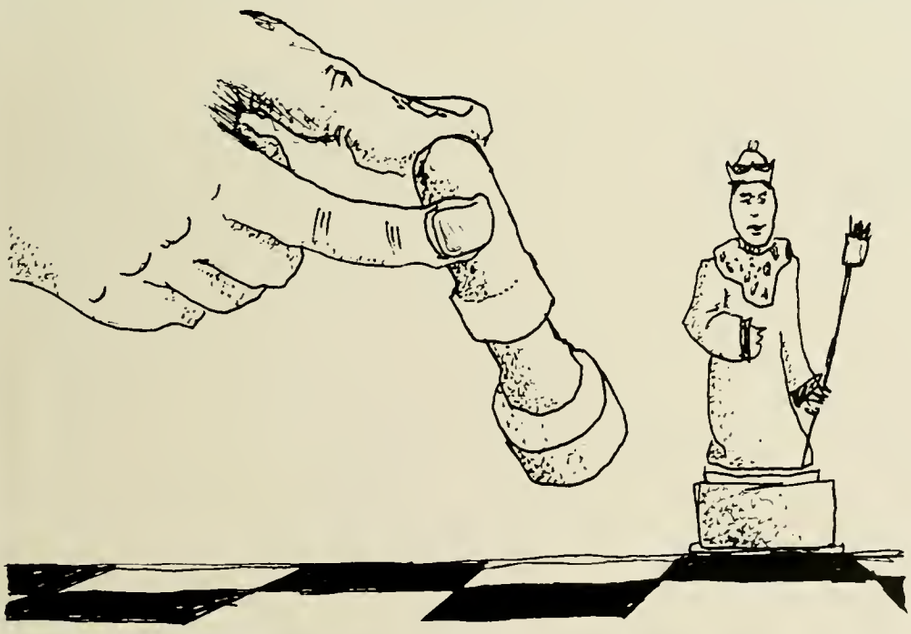
Dr. Koether, E. K. Loh, Paula Kline, Bill Myers, Dr. Bryce, Dr. Gaskins, Wil Mayo, Karen Senger, Jean Nailor, Elmer Peters, Jim Slunt, David Blackwell, Dr. Mayo, Penn DuPuis, Jim Gamble, Robert Nottingham, Lawrence Jonak, Perry Sebreny, Ed Utyro, Col. Franke, Dr. Seldon.





UPLS

Sitting: Sean Driscoll and Harrison Clark. **Standing:** Tom Foster, Chip Wiswall, John Pollock, Mark Hinckley, Rod Coates off by himself. **Not pictured:** Jim Young, Nat Pendley, Ed Hopper, Darryl Knight, Richard Eggleston, and Dr. Alan Farrell.



Chess Club

Mike Quesenberry, John Donaldson, Jerome Del Moral, Ed Dickenson, Eddie McGhee, Cam Bowman and Art Sperry



ΗΣΦ

Chris Ap
Dr. Jan
John Bash
Greg Brandt
John Brinkley
Harrison Clark
Dr. Lewis Drew
Patrick Fox
Phil Harper
Erica Heinemann
Kate Iverson
Garrett Jeter
Robert Lendrim
Dr. Richard McClintock
Eddie McGee
Dr. Donald Ortner
Nathanael Pendley
Jessica Perini
Banks Peterson
Brad Pyott
Matt Robertson
David Simmons
Mrs. Ronda Simms
Mike Sha
Arthur Sp
Brad Terry
Dr. Graves Thompson
Mrs. Leila Thompson
Dr. Wayne Tucker
Brian Wallace

ΟΔΕ

Dr. Jim Angresano
Sutton Baldwin
David Blankenship
Charlie Blocker
Cam Bowman
Brad Carey
Penn DuPuis
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busek
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McJunkin
Mike Moles
Lucien Roberts
Dr. Ken Townsend

ΦΔΚ

Mr
Sutt
Michael Bo
Davis Bo
John Br
Josiah
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Lewis Drew
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McJun
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rs. Linda M
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Thomas Robertson
Dr. Robert Rogers
Andrew Sager
Dr. Gil Simms
Dr. Homer A. Smith
Arthur Sperry
Wallace Tarry
Dr. Graves Thompson
John Walker

ΠΣΑ

Br
Ga
Mark John
Lyn Lewis
John McJunkin
David Marlon
Kenneth Pankey
Secor
es Simms



ΣΤ

Donni[illegible]
Ed Cra[illegible]d
Dr. Star[illegible] Gembory
Dr. Rob[illegible]erdegen
Dr. John He[illegible]ell
[illegible]obert Hous[illegible]
[illegible]omas Jo[illegible]r
[illegible] Llaneras
[illegible] Anne Lund
Ann Mayo
Dr. Thom[illegible] Mayo
Richa[illegible]ier
Dr. [illegible]d
And[illegible] S[illegible]g
Dr. W[illegible]liam Shear
Dr. Herb S[illegible]pe
Dr. Ho[illegible] Smith
Walla[illegible]ry

ΦΒΚ

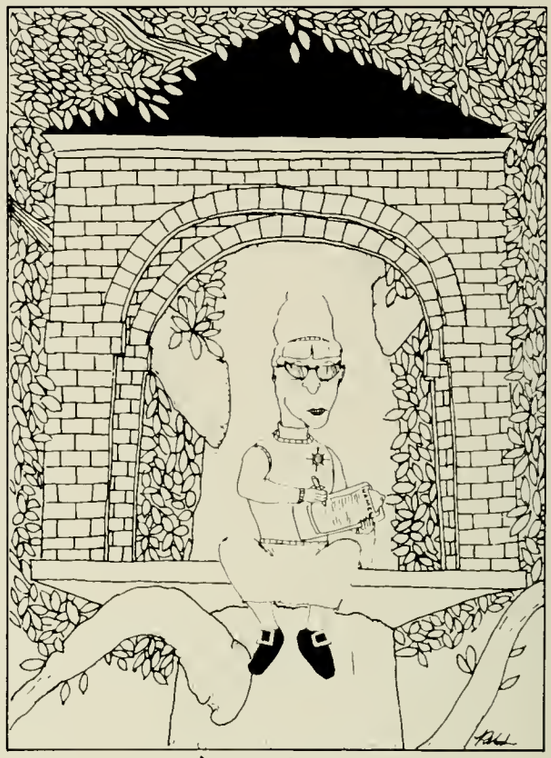
Sutton Baldwin
Michael Bou[illegible]
Gregory Bra[illegible]
Bradley Cary
Donald Clary
John Evett
James Gamble
[illegible]lan Garrison
[illegible]avid Heaton
Robert Houska
Joel Hutcheson
Garrett Jeter
Richard Lanham, Jr.
Mario Llaneras
John McJunkin
Kenton Mackey
Andrew Sager
James Secor III

ΦΣΙ

C[illegible] Apostle
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[illegible]a[illegible] [illegible]dreau
B[illegible]y Cary
Dr. Alan Farrell
William Farthing, Jr.
William Florence
James Gamble
Alan Garrison
Gerhard Gross
DeWitt Helm III
Rune Hofslokken
Edmund Hopper
Joel Hutcheson
Diana Jagasich
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Perry Sebreny, Jr.
James Secor III
John Stecker
Dr. Jorge Silveira
Wallace Tarry

ΧΒΦ

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Jim Gamble
Robert Given
Brian Hoey
Bob Houska
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Kurt Obeck
Steve Parsons
Frank Powell
Mike Ques[illegible]
Tom Robert[illegible]
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Andrew Sager
Wallace Tarry
David Vallentine



Index

"If you can read this, thank a teacher."



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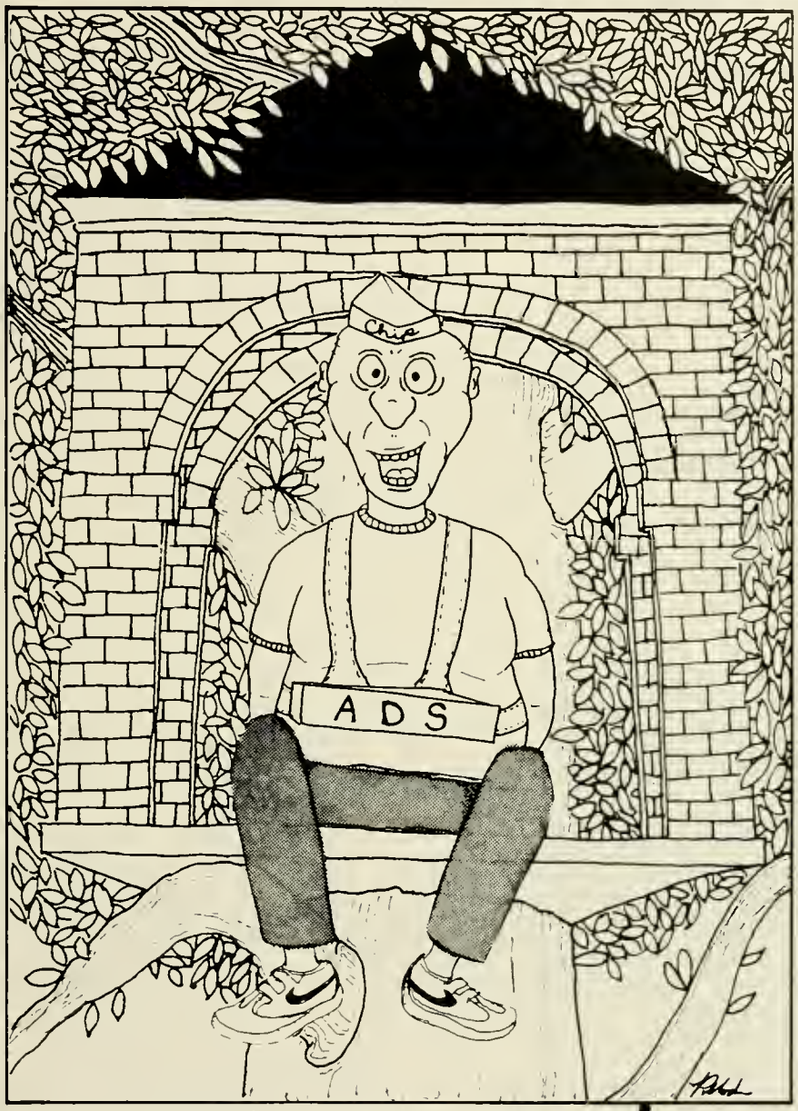
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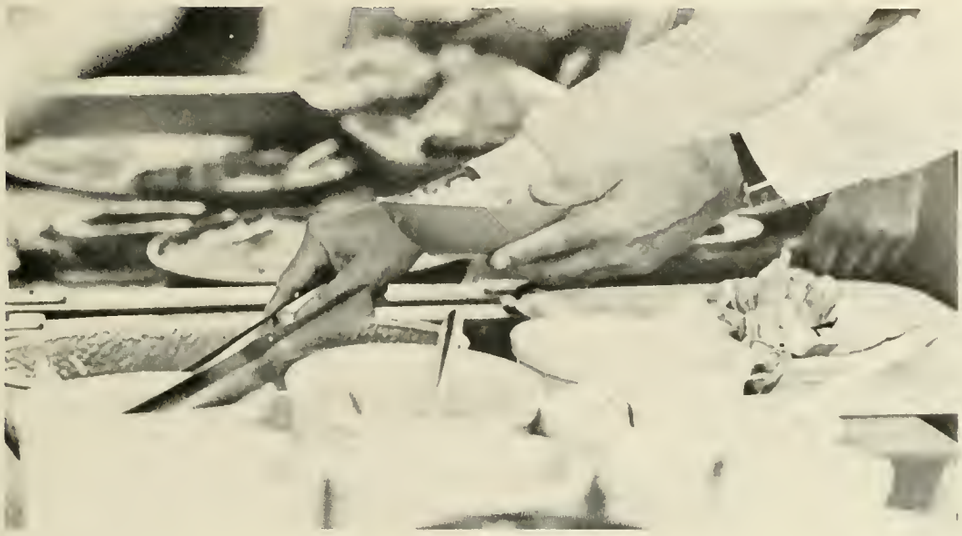
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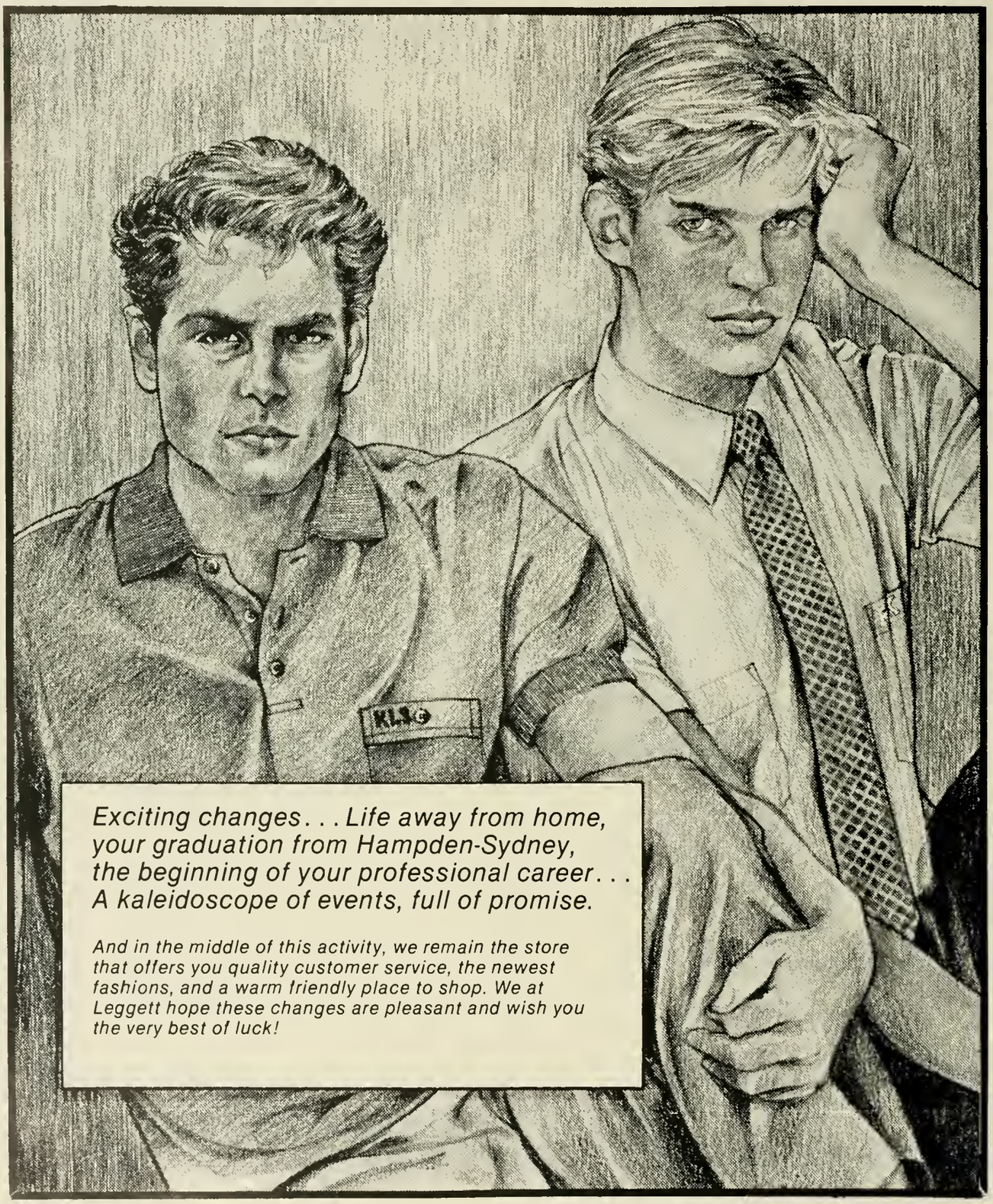
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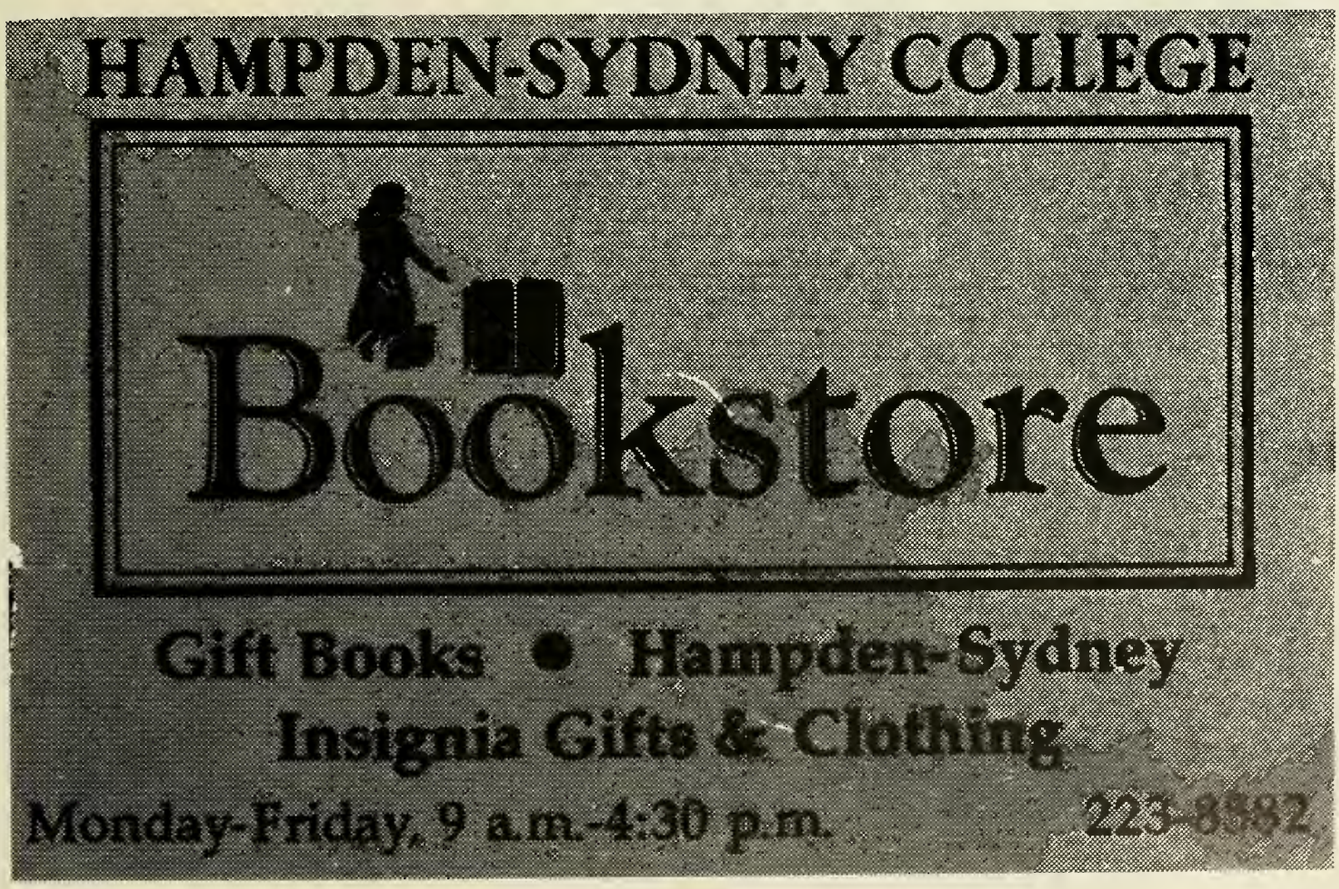
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Editor's Note

I was all prepared to write a long dissertation about how much fun and work it was doing this yearbook, but I am tired and I am ready to go home, so I just have three things to say:

1) I hope that everyone likes the book — I know there are many things that can be improved and I hope that John will learn from my mistakes.

2) I would like to apologize to all of the people that I yelled at or upset — I guess I expected everyone to be as dedicated to the yearbook as I was.

3) Thank God, thank you staff and especially thank you Ma.

That's all for me, folks.

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Richard E. McLean quotations which were used for the theme and fraternities divider page were taken from "The Clubhouse," by William F. Buckley, Jr. ('About Men' Section) August 28, 1983. *New York Times Magazine,* Copyright 1983 by the New York Times Company. Reprinted by permission.

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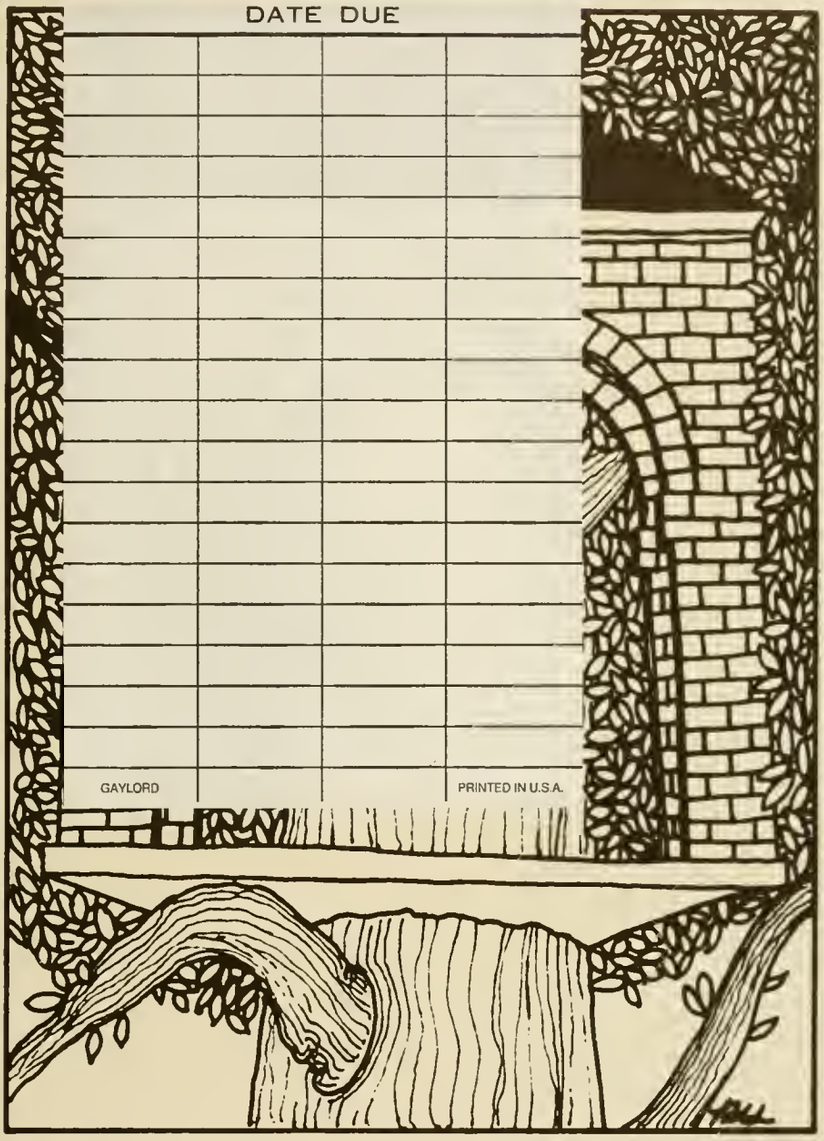


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